



THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

LUTHER'S CORRESPONDENCE AND CHARACTER.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Dr. Martin Luther's Briefe, Sendschreiben und Bedenken vollständig aus den verschiedenen Ausgaben seiner Werke und Briefe, aus andern Büchern und noch unbenutzten Handschriften gesammelt, Kritisch und Historisch bearbeitet. Von Dr. Wilhelm Martin Leberecht De Wette. 5 vols. Svo. Berlin.

(*Dr. Martin Luther's Entire Correspondence, carefully compiled from the various editions of his Works and Letters, from other Books, and from Manuscripts as yet private. Edited, with Critical and Historical Notes, by Dr. Wilhelm Martin Leberecht De Wette.*)

WE are not sure that the familiar letters of a great man, if they are sufficiently copious, written on a variety of themes, and really unpremeditated, do not furnish us with more accurate data for estimating his character, than either the most voluminous deliberate compositions, or the largest traditional collections of his conversation. The former will always conceal much which letters will disclose;—will give not

only an imperfect but perhaps false idea of many points of character; and will certainly suggest an exaggerated estimate of all the ordinary habitudes of thought and expression. The latter will often fall as much below the true mean of such a man's merits; and what is of more consequence, must depend—except in the rare case in which some faithful Boswell continually dogs the heels of genius—on the doubtful authority and leaky memory of those who report it. Letters, on the other hand, if they be copious, unpremeditated, and not intended for the eye of the world, will exhibit the character in all its moods and phases, and by its own utterances. While some of them will disclose to us the habitual states of thought and feeling, and admit us even into the privacy of the heart, others, composed under the stimulus of great emergencies, and in those occasional auspicious expansions of the faculties, which neither come nor go at our bidding, will furnish no unworthy criterion of what such a mind, even in its most elevated moods, and by its most deliberate efforts, can accomplish.

If ever any man's character could be advantageously studied in his letters, it is surely that of Luther. They are addressed

to all sorts of persons, are composed on an immense diversity of subjects, and, as to the mass of them, are more thoroughly unpremeditated, as well as more completely suggested *ex visceribus causæ*, as Cicero would say, than those of almost any other man. They are also more copious; as copious even as his great contemporary Erasmus, to whom letter-writing was equally business and amusement. What appear voluminous collections in our degenerate days—those of Sévigné, Pope, Walpole, Cowper, even of Swift, dwindle in comparison. In De Wette's most authentic and admirable edition, they occupy five very thick and closely-printed volumes. The learned compiler, in a preface amusingly characteristic of the literary zeal and indefatigable research of Germany, tells us, that he has unearthed from obscure hiding-places and mouldering manuscripts more than a hundred unprinted letters, and enriched the present collection with their contents. By himself, or his literary agents, he has ransacked 'the treasures of the archives of Weimar, the libraries at Jena, Erfurt, Gotha, Wolfenbüttel, Frankfort on the Maine, Heidelberg and Basle;' and has received 'precious contributions' from Breslau, Riga, Strasburg, Munich, Zurich, and other places. There are many, no doubt, which time has consigned to oblivion, and perhaps some few which still lie unknown in public or private repositories—undetected even by the acute literary scent of De Wette, and his emissaries. But there are enough in all conscience to satisfy any ordinary appetite, and to illustrate, if any thing can, the history and character of him who penned them.

Even in a purely literary point of view, these letters are not unworthy of comparison with any thing Luther has left behind him. They contain no larger portion of indifferent Latin, scarcely so much of his characteristic violence and rudeness; while they display in beautiful relief all the more tender and amiable traits of his character; and are fraught with brief but most striking specimens of that intense and burning eloquence for which he was so famed. Very many of them well deserve the admiration which Coleridge (who regretted that selections from them had not been given to the English public) has so strongly expressed. 'I can scarcely conceive,' he says, 'a more delightful volume than might be made from Luther's letters, especially those written from the

Wartburg, if they were translated in the simple, sinewy, idiomatic, hearty *mother tongue* of the original. . . . A difficult task I admit.' He is speaking, of course, of Luther's German letters. Almost all, however, from the Wartburg are in Latin.

Of late years they have received considerable attention. M. Michelet, in his very pleasing volumes, in which he has made Luther draw his own portrait, by presenting a series of extracts from his writings, has derived no small portion of his materials from the letters; while all recent historians of the Reformation, especially De Aubigné and Waddington,* have dug deep, and with immense advantage, in the same mine. Not only do they form, as De Wette says, 'a diary, as it were, of Luther's life,' 'gleichsam ein Tagebuch seines Lebens,' but here better than in almost any history, because more minutely, may the whole early progress of the Reformation be traced.

As we conceive that Luther's character could be nowhere more advantageously studied than in this voluminous correspondence, we propose in the present Article to make it the basis of a few remarks on his most prominent intellectual and moral qualities.

No modern author, in our opinion, has done such signal injustice to Luther's intellect as Mr. Hallam, whose excellent and well practiced judgment seems to us, in this instance, to have entirely deserted him. 'Luther's amazing influence on the revolu-

* We cannot mention the name of Dr Waddington without thanking him for the gratification we have derived from the perusal of the three volumes of his History of the Reformation, and expressing our hopes that he will soon fulfil his promise of a fourth. Less brilliant than that of D'Aubigné, his work is at least its equal in research, certainly not inferior in the comprehensiveness of its views, or the solidity of its reflections; and in severe fidelity, is perhaps even superior. Not that, in this last respect, we have much to complain of in D'Aubigné; but as he has great skill in the selection and graphic disposition of his materials, so he sometimes sacrifices a little too much to gratify it—as, for example, in the dramatic form he has given to Luther's narrative of his interview with Miltitz—(Vol. II. p. 8-12) There is also a too uniform brilliancy, and too little repose about the style.—But it were most ungrateful to deny the rare merits of the work. We only hope its unprecedented popularity may not deprive us of another volume from the pen of Dr Waddington. His History of the Reformation is in our judgment very superior to his previous work, which we had occasion to notice, in less favorable terms, in our account of it in this journal.

tions of his own age, and on the opinions of mankind, seems,' says he, 'to have produced, as is not unnatural, an exaggerated notion of his intellectual greatness.'* And he then proceeds to reduce it to assuredly very moderate dimensions—founding his judgment principally on Luther's writings.

Now, if Mr. Hallam had been nothing more than a mere critic, we should not have wondered at such a decision. It would have been as natural in that case to misinterpret the genius of Luther as for Mallet to write the life of Bacon and 'forget that he was a philosopher.' But when we reflect that Mr. Hallam is *not* a mere literary critic, and that whatsoever honors he may have achieved in that capacity, are yet inferior to those which he has attained as a philosophical historian, we confess our astonishment at the low estimate he seems to have formed of Luther's intellect.

This seems to have arisen from contemplating Luther's character too exclusively in the point of view suggested by the literary nature of the work on which the critic was at the time engaged. It is true that the Reformer's mind did not belong exclusively, or even prevaillingly, to either of the two principal types with which we more usually associate genius, and which almost divide the page of literary history between them. The one is the prevaillingly philosophical temperament, with numberless specific differences; the other the prevaillingly poetical, with differences equally numerous: the passion of the one class of minds is speculative and scientific truth—that of the other, ideal beauty. Yet there is another, and not less imposing form of human genius, though it does not figure much on the page of literary history, which has made men as illustrious as man was ever made, either by depth or subtlety of speculation,—by opulence or brilliancy of fancy. This class of minds unites some of the rarest endowments of the philosophical and poetical temperaments; and though the reason in such men is not such as would have made an Aristotle, nor the imagination such as would have made a Homer, these elements are mingled in such proportions and combinations as render the product—the *tertium quid*—not less wonderful than the greatest expansion of either element alone. To these are superadded

some qualities which neither bard nor philosopher ever possessed, and the whole is subjected to the action of an energetic will and powerful passions. Such are the minds which are destined to change the face of the world, to originate or control great revolutions, to govern the actions of men by a sagacious calculation of motives, or to govern their very thoughts by the magical power of their eloquence. They are the stuff out of which great statesmen, great conquerors, great orators, are made;—by the last, however, not meaning the mere 'mob orator,' who attains and preserves a powerful influence by just following the multitude he appears to lead, and who, if popular, is popular in virtue of Swift's receipt for becoming a wise man—that is, by agreeing with whatever any one may tell you; we mean the man who, if need be, can stem the torrent as well as drift upon it; who, upon occasion, can tell unpalatable truths and yet rivet attention. To be *such* an orator requires many of the qualities of the philosophical statesman—the same deep knowledge of the mechanism of human nature in general, the same keen perception of the motives and feelings of the so-conditioned humanity with which it has to deal, the same ready appreciation of the topics and arguments likely to prevail, the same sagacity in calculating moral causes and effects; and we need not wonder, therefore, that the great statesman and the persuasive orator have so often been found united in the same individual.

Now, to achieve any of the great tasks to which this class of minds seem born; to manage vast and difficult affairs with address, and bring them to an unexpectedly prosperous issue; to know how to seize the critical moment of action with proper decision, or to exercise patience and self-control in waiting for it; to penetrate the springs of human conduct, whether in the genus or the individual; to sway the minds of whole communities, as whole forests bow at once before the voice of the tempest; to comprehend and calculate the interaction of numberless causes and effects; to originate and execute daring enterprises in the face of many obstacles, physical and moral, and not only in the midst of opposite wills and conflicting interests, but often by means of them—all this seems to us to imply as wonderful a combination of intellectual qualities as that which enables the mathematical Analyst to disentangle the intricacies of a transcendental equation, or

* *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, vol. i. p. 513.

the Metaphysician to speculate profoundly on the freedom of the human will, or the origin of evil. Nor do those who have been both authors and actors in the *real* drama of history, appear to us less worthy of our admiration than those who have but imagined what the former have achieved. There are, unquestionably, men who have been as famous for what they have done, as others have been or can be for what they have written.

It is precisely to such an order of genius—whatever his merits or defects as a *writer*—that the intellect of Luther is, in our judgment, to be referred; and, considered in this point of view, we doubt whether it is very possible to exaggerate its greatness. In a sagacious and comprehensive survey of the peculiarities of his position in all the rapid changes of his most eventful history; in penetrating the characters and detecting the motives of those with whom he had to deal; in fertility of expedients; in promptitude of judgment and of action; in nicely calculating the effect of bold measures, especially in great emergencies—as when he burnt the Papal Bull, and appeared at the Diet of Worms; in selecting the arguments likely to prevail with the mass of men, and in that contagious enthusiasm of character which imbues and inspires them with a spirit like its own, and fills them with boundless confidence in its leadership;—in all these respects, Luther does not appear to us far behind any of those who have played illustrious parts in this world's affairs, or obtained an empire over the minds of their species.

And surely this is sufficient for one man. No one ever thinks the intellect of Pericles or Alexander, Cromwell or Napoleon, inferior to the highest order, merely because neither of them has left ingenious treatises of philosophy, or beautiful strains of poetry, or exhibited any of the traces either of a calm or beautiful intellect. And in like manner it is enough for Luther to be known as the author of the Reformation.

Such are the original limitations of the human faculties, and so distinct the forms of intellectual excellence, that it is at best but one comparatively little sphere that even the greatest of men is qualified to fill. Take him out of that, and the giant becomes a dwarf—the genius a helpless changeling. Aristotle, though he wrote admirably on rhetoric, would have made, we fear, but an indifferent Demosthenes;

and Demosthenes would probably have been but an obscure expounder of the principles of his own art. After making all allowances for the influence of education, and conceding that it is difficult to calculate the condition of any mind under a different training, we are compelled to admit that there are cases, and those usually of minds pre-eminently great in a single department, where the native bias is so strong, that it is beyond the art of all the school-mastering in the world to alter it.

Earnestly contending that Luther's intellect is to be principally regarded in the light we have indicated, we must yet profess our belief, that even in a purely literary point of view Mr. Hallam has done him less than justice. When we consider the popular design of his writings, and that they fulfilled it, many of their apparent defects will disappear; and when we consider their voluminousness—the rapidity with which they were thrown off—and the overwhelming engagements under the pressure of which they were produced, many defects may well be pardoned. A word or two on each of these topics.

As to their character, they were chiefly designed *ad populum*—addressed to human nature so-and-so conditioned; and whether we look at what history has told us of the state of that public mind to which they appealed, or to their notorious effects, we think it must be admitted that they were admirably calculated to accomplish their purpose. We have already said that we must look in the mind of Luther for the species of greatness which may fairly be expected there; and not for one to which an intellect so constituted could make no pretensions. No man will challenge for him the praise of metaphysical subtlety, or calmness of judgment in dealing with evidence. To neither the one nor the other surely can *he* lay claim, who flatters himself that he has found an escape from the absurdities of transubstantiation in the equal absurdities of consubstantiation; or who thinks himself warranted in setting aside the evidence for the authenticity of the Epistle of James, because he supposes he has found a sentence in it which contradicts his interpretation of an Epistle of Paul—the authenticity of which has no higher evidence. The class of intellects to which we have ventured to refer that of Luther, are robust and sagacious rather than subtle or profound; little fitted for the investigation of abstract truth, and impatient

of whatever is not practical; better adapted for a skilful advocacy of principles than for calm investigation of them, and little solicitous, in their exhibition, of philosophic precision, or theoretic completeness. Seizing with instinctive sagacity those points which are best calculated to influence the common mind, they are not very ambitious (even if they could attain it) of the praise of a severely logical method. But they well know how to do that for which in his turn the mere philosopher would find himself strangely incapacitated. They estimate precisely the measure of knowledge or of ignorance, the prejudices and the passions of those with whom they have to deal, and pitch the whole tone of argument in unison with it. They judge of arguments, not so much by their abstract value, or even by the degree of force they may have on their own minds, as by the relation in which they are likely to be viewed by others: if necessary, they prefer even a comparatively feeble argument, if it can be made readily intelligible, and be forcibly exhibited, to a stronger one, if that stronger one be so refined as to escape the appreciation of the common mind.

And such topics they treat with a vivacity and vehemence of which a philosopher would be as incapable as he would be disgusted with the method. He is but too apt, when he assumes the uncongenial office of a popular instructor, to generalize particular statements into their most abstract expression; he resembles the mathematician, who is not satisfied till he has clothed the determinate quantities of arithmetic in the universal symbols of algebra; he must assign each argument its place, not according to its relative weight, but according to his own notions of its abstract conclusiveness; he must adopt the only method which philosophical precision demands, and to violate it would be more than his fastidious taste can prevail upon itself to concede to that vulgar thing—the *practical*.

It is not necessary to institute any comparison as to the comparative value or dignity of the functions of those whose calm intellect best qualifies them to investigate truth, and of those whose prerogative it is to make it triumph, not only over the understandings of men, but over their imaginations and affections; to give it a vivid presence in the heart. It suffices that neither class can be fully equipped for their high tasks without a mental organization

exquisitely adapted to its object and well worthy of the highest admiration. They are the complements of each other, and neither can be perfect alone. 'The wise in heart,' says Solomon, 'shall be called prudent, but the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning.' Truth at the bottom of her well is of about as much use as water there, and is of very little use without some appliances to bring it to the lips of the thirsty.

We must bear such considerations in mind if we would do such a man as Luther justice in the perusal of his controversial writings. We must recollect that they were most of them composed *pro re nata*,—for the purpose of impressing the popular mind in given circumstances in an age of great ignorance, barbarism and coarseness. We are at best not altogether qualified to judge how far they were wisely adapted to their end; but we are convinced that the more carefully the whole relations of Luther and his age are studied, the more they will be found to justify his general sagacity, and the less reason will they leave us to wonder at their astonishing success.

Even his positive faults—as, for example, his violence of invective and his excessive diffuseness—which we do not deny flowed in a great measure, the one from the vehemence of his nature, and the other from the haste with which he wrote—were often deliberately committed by him as most likely to answer his purpose. We should hesitate to state this, were it not for Luther's repeated and explicit declarations on this very point, in his Letters. We should hesitate, because we are jealous of that biographical prejudice which will still find out that the object of its blind eulogy had some deep design even in the veriest blunders; and that foibles and failings not only 'leaned to virtue's side,' but were themselves virtues.

In both the above points, Luther unquestionably has sins enough to answer for, and is, we freely acknowledge, as often tedious and inelegant as offensively coarse. Still, though it may be thought that we are defending his sagacity at the expense of things quite as valuable—his taste and good feeling—nothing is clearer, from his own admissions, than that he often committed these faults of set purpose, and with his eyes wide open. Thus for the diffuseness of certain compositions, he apologizes in his Letters (No. 32 and No. 134,) because they were designed for the 'rudest ears and un-

derstandings.' To the common mind of his day, truths which are to us truisms—which will hardly bear the briefest expression—which, in fact, are so familiar that they are forgotten—were startling novelties. The populace required, in his judgment, 'line upon line, and precept upon precept,' not only 'here a little, and there a little,' but here, and there, and every where a great deal. The same apology is required for the diffuseness of other theologians of that day, of far severer intellect and much more elegance—Calvin and Melancthon, for example. As to his arrogant tone and rude invective, though both were natural expressions of the enthusiasm and vehemence of his character, they were also systematically adopted, and were both no doubt upon the whole most subservient to his purpose. Timidity and irresolution would have been his ruin. On the other hand, his self-reliance and fearlessness—the grandeur and dilation of his carriage—his very contempt of his adversaries—all tended to give courage and confidence to those who possessed them not, and to inspire his party with his own spirit. His voice never failed to act like a trumpet-call upon the hearts of his followers—to reassure them when depressed, and to reanimate them when defeated. No other tone, no other language could have had the same effect. Considering his position, there is a sort of sublimity in his audacity. 'I know and am certain,' says he to Spalatin, (1521,) 'that Jesus Christ our Lord lives and reigns, and, buoyant in this knowledge and confidence, I will not fear a hundred thousand Popes.' 'My doctrines will stand,' says he the following year in his reply to King Henry, 'and the Pope will fall in spite of all the powers of air, earth, hell. They have provoked me to war; they shall have it. They scorned the peace I offered them—peace they shall have no longer. God shall look to it; which of the two shall first retire from the struggle—the Pope or Luther?' Five hundred such expressions might be cited. On the whole, we are disposed to acquiesce in the judgment of Dr. Waddington as expressed on another occasion. 'I have no question,' says he, 'that the cause of Luther was, upon the whole, advanced and recommended even by the temerity of his unsparing invective; and that, had he given less offence to his enemies, he would have found less zeal, less courage, and far less devotion in his friends.*

* *History of the Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 32.

It is not un instructive to hear Luther in some of his Letters defending *on plan* the vehemence of his invective. 'I am determined,' he says in his reply to King Henry, 'to assume, day by day, a loftier and loftier tone against these senseless little tyrants, and to meet their madness with a madness like their own.' 'I suppress many things,' he writes to Spalatin as early as 1519, 'for the sake of the Elector and the University, which I would otherwise pour out against Rome—that destroyer alike of Scripture and the Church. It cannot be that the truth respecting either can be treated without giving offence to that wild beast. Do not hope that I shall keep quiet and safe, unless you wish to see me abandon theology altogether. Let your friends think me mad if they will.*' 'What is it to me,' he says to Spalatin in his account of the Leipsic disputation—'what is it to me if I speak rashly and offensively, if I but speak truth, and that Catholic truth? . . . Why, it was always so; truth has ever been rash, bitter, seditious, offensive. . . . What is it to me that the Thomists are offended with truth? It is sufficient for me that it is neither heretical nor erroneous.†' 'I know,' he says to Spalatin in 1522, 'that whatever I might write against the King of England would offend many, but I chose to do it—*sed ita placuit mihi*—and many causes rendered it necessary.‡' And to another friend (unknown) in August of the same year, he says, 'My gracious prince and many other friends have often admonished me on this subject: but my answer is that I will not comply, nor ought I. My cause is not a cause of middle measures, (*ein mittel-handel*), in which one may concede or give way, even as I, like a fool, have hitherto done.§' Few readers of Luther, however, will think there was much reason for this self-accusation.

It will not be supposed for a moment that we are the apologists of his too habitual virulence and ferocity of invective. Not even the spirit of the age can form an apology for them; though in all fairness it ought to be remembered, that so completely were these offensive qualities of controversy characteristic of it, that then, and long after, they were exhibited by men who had neither Luther's vehement passions, nor his provocations to plead in extenuation; often so unconsciously, indeed, that the refined

* De Wette, vol. i. p. 260.

† *Ibid* vol i p 500 301

‡ *Ibid*. vol ii p. 244.

§ *Ibid*. p. 244.

and equable Thomas More imitates and transcends the Reformer's coarseness even while he reproves it.

But whatever the defects and inequalities of Luther's writings, there is one quality not unsparingly displayed, which ought to have protected him from so mean an estimate as Mr. Hallam seems to have formed—we mean his *eloquence*—for which he was famed by all his contemporaries—which he was not grudgingly admitted to possess even by his enemies—and which still lives in numberless passages of his writings to justify their eulogiums. Yet Mr. Hallam says, that in his judgment, Luther's Latin works, at least, 'are not marked by any striking ability, and still *less by any impressive eloquence!*' Surely he must have been thinking only of the moderate Latinity when he used the last expression; for unquestionably the *soul* of eloquence is often there, however rugged the form. Far more justly speaks Frederick Schlegel, 'Luther,' says he, 'displays a most original eloquence, surpassed by few names that occur in the whole history of literature. He had, indeed, all those properties which render a man fit to be a revolutionary orator.' If this be so, the intellect of Luther must be regarded as one of the rarest phenomena which appear in the world of mind. Such, at least, has been hitherto the uniform judgment of criticism. To possess a genius for consummate eloquence is always considered to imply intellectual excellence of the highest order; and if we judge either by the rarity with which it is bestowed, or consider how various, how exquisitely balanced and adjusted are the powers which must equip the truly great—the first-rate—orator, we shall see no reason to quarrel with this judgment. So peculiar are the required modifications and combinations of intellect, imagination, and passion, that it may be pretty safely averred we shall as soon see the reproduction of an Aristotle as a Demosthenes.

All the prime elements of this species of mental power, Luther seems to have possessed in perfection. We have admitted that he had not a mind well fitted for the investigation of abstract truth; but he had what was to him of more importance, great practical sagacity, and vast promptitude and vigor of argument. His imagination, though as little solicitous about the abstractly beautiful, as his reason about the abstractly speculative, was fertile of those brief, homely, energetic images which are most

effective in real eloquence; and in intensity and vehemence of passion, even Demosthenes was not his superior. His native language he wrote with the utmost force; and when he pleased, none could express himself with a more pregnant brevity. To the continuous excellence, the consummate taste, the exquisite finish, the minute graces of him who 'fulminated over Greece,' Luther, it is true, had no pretensions—as indeed might be expected, considering the circumstances and the age in which his intellect was developed; but in every part of his controversial works, most frequently in his briefer writings, as in his 'Appeal to a future Council,' his 'Babylonish Captivity,' and his appeal to the German Nobility,' and not least in his Letters, occur frequent bursts of the most vivid and impassioned eloquence. He abounds in passages, which, even at this distance of time, make our hearts throb within us as we read them. Such is the expression with which he defied the sentence of excommunication. 'As they have excommunicated me in defence of their sacrilegious heresy, so do I excommunicate them on behalf of the holy truth of God; and let Christ, our judge, decide whether of the two excommunications has the greater weight with him.' Such is that memorable sentence with which he dropped the Papal Bull into the flames, and which, even from his lips, would, a few years before, have thrilled the assembled multitudes with horror. 'As thou hast troubled and put to shame the Holy One of the Lord, so be thou troubled and consumed in the eternal fires of hell.' Such, above all, is that noble declaration with which he concluded his defence at Worms. 'Since your majesty requires of me a simple and direct answer, I will give one, and it is this; I cannot submit my faith either to popes or councils, since it is clear as noon-day that they have often erred, and even opposed one another. If, then, I am not confuted by Scripture or by cogent reasons . . . I neither can nor will retract any thing; for it cannot be right for a Christian to do any thing against his conscience. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me.' This eloquence, indeed, is transient; it flashes out, like the lightning, for an instant, and again withdraws into the cloud. But it is the lightning that blasts and scathes wherever it strikes.

The influence which Luther's eloquence exerted over his contemporaries is testified, not only by the deference with which he

was listened to by those who were predisposed to applaud—a very inadequate criterion of merit—but by the profound attention which he was able to command, even from those who were hostile or alienated. This was seen, not only on great occasions, as at Worms—not only in the enthusiasm with which he had imbued a whole nation—but by the success with which he performed the equally difficult task of restraining the fanatical excesses of some of his own followers. When, under the leadership of the acute but impetuous Carlstadt, some of them had been induced, during his residence at the Wartburg, to outrun Luther's zeal, and to do what he admitted might be right to be done, but in a wrong spirit—with violence and uncharitableness—all eyes were directed to Luther as the only man who could appease the tumult. Braving all personal danger, and in defiance of the wishes of the Elector himself, he descended from his retreat, and all was quiet again. For many successive days he preached against the innovators, though without mentioning Carlstadt's name, and his progress was one continued triumph. It is true, that, in his subsequent visit to Orlamund, he had not the same success: but, in addition to his being in the wrong on the Sacramentarian question, Carlstadt was at that spot regarded as another Luther.

Of the briefer compositions of Luther, few are more eloquent than the letter he wrote to Frederic, when the Legate Cajetan wrote to urge that Prince to abandon the hated monk to the tender mercies of Rome. In this remarkable composition, which was thrown off on the same day in which he received the legate's letter, he assures Frederic that he would prefer exile, to protection at the peril of his Prince's safety. The nobility of mind, the magnanimity it displays, are well worthy of Luther; but without denying them, we cannot but think that the whole letter, as well as that to Spalatin on the same occasion, is constructed with consummate skill; and that, while resolving on that course which his own bold and lofty spirit prompted, he has introduced all those topics which were likely either to move the sympathy or alarm the pride of the Prince. 'If we praise his magnanimity,' says Dr. Waddington, 'we must at the same time admire his forethought and discretion.' The very pathos is irresistible. 'I am waiting your strictures,' says he to Spalatin, though the letter was, of course, intended for his mas-

ter's eye, 'on the answer that I have sent to the legate's letter, unless you think it unworthy of any reply. But I am looking daily for the anathemas from Rome, and setting all things in order; so that, when they arrive, I may go forth prepared and girded like Abraham, ignorant whither I shall go—nay, rather well assured whither—for God is every where.'*

One brief passage in this letter, not given by Waddington, and sadly mutilated by D'Aubigné, seems to us most happily conceived and expressed. Cajetan had urged the Elector to give up the monk, but contents himself with simply averring his 'certain knowledge' of his guilt. Luther thus replies:—'But this I cannot endure, that my accuser should endeavor to make my most sagacious and prudent sovereign play the part of another Pilate. When the Jews brought Christ before that ruler, and were asked, "What accusation they preferred, and what evil the man had done?" they said, "If he had not been a malefactor, we would not have delivered him to thee." So this most reverend legate, when he has presented brother Martin, with many injurious speeches, and the prince may possibly ask, "What has the little brother done?" will reply, "Trust me, illustrious prince, I speak the truth from certain knowledge, and not from opinion." I will answer for the prince—"Let me know this certain knowledge; let it be committed to writing; formed into letters; and when this is done, I will send brother Martin to Rome, or rather I will seize and slay him myself; then will I consult my honor, and leave not a stain upon my fair fame. But as long as that 'certain knowledge' shuns the light, and appears only in assertions . . . I cannot trust myself in the dark." . . . Thus would I answer him, illustrious prince. But your far-famed sagacity needs neither instructor nor prompter.'*

Of Cajetan, during the negotiations with him, he writes to Carlstadt—"The legate will not permit me to make either a public or private defence. His wish, so he says, is to act the part of a father rather than of a judge; and yet he will listen to nothing from me but the words, "I recant and acknowledge my error"—and these words will I never utter. . . He styles me, "*sein lieben Sohn*" . . . I know how little that means. Still, I doubt not I should be most

* De Wette, vol. i. p. 189.

† Ib. pp. 183-4.

acceptable and beloved if I would but say the single word *Revoco*. But I will not become a heretic by renouncing the faith which has made me a Christian. Sooner would I be banished—burnt—excommunicated.* In the same lofty spirit of faith he eloquently exclaims, in a passage not cited by Waddington or D'Aubigné, 'Let who will be angry,—of an impious silence will not I be found guilty, who am conscious that I am "a debtor to the truth," howsoever unworthy. Never without blood, never without danger, has it been possible to assert the cause of Christ; but as he died for us, so, in his turn, he demands that, by confession of his name, we should die for him. "The servant is not greater than his Lord." "If they have persecuted me," he himself tells us, "they will also persecute you; if they have kept my saying, they will keep yours also."†

Passages such as these are constantly occurring in Luther's letters; and if they contain not the elements of eloquence, we profess that we are yet to seek the meaning of the term.

And even if Luther's writings were less fraught with the traces of a vigorous intellect than they are, there are two achievements of his, the like of which were never performed except where there was great genius. First, such was his mastery over his native language, that, under his plastic hand and all-subduing energy, it ceased to be a rugged and barbarous dialect, almost unfit for the purposes of literature; for which, indeed, he might be said to have created it. Secondly, he achieved, almost single-handed, the translation of the whole Scriptures; and (whatever the faults which necessarily arose from the defective scholarship of the age) with such idiomatic strength and racy energy, that his version has ever been the object of universal veneration, and is unapproachable by any which has since appeared. The enthusiasm with which such a man as Frederic Schlegel speaks of it, shows that, in the eye of those who are most capable of judging, it is thought to have immense merit.

In estimating the genius of Luther, as reflected in his writings, it is impossible to leave wholly out of consideration their quantity, the rapidity with which they were composed, and the harassing duties amidst which they were produced. He died at the no very advanced age of sixty-two, and

yet his collected works amount to seven folio volumes. His correspondence alone fills, as we see, five bulky octavos.

When we reflect that these works were not the productions of retired leisure, but composed amidst all the oppressive duties and incessant interruptions of a life like his, we pause aghast at the energy of character which they display; and wonder that that busy brain and ever-active hand could sustain their office so long. Of the distracting variety and complication of his engagements, he gives us, in more than one of his letters, an amusing account. Their very contents, indeed, bear witness to them.—The centre and mainspring of the whole great movement—the principal counsellor in great emergencies—the referee in disputes and differences amongst his own party—solicited for advice alike by Princes, and Scholars, and Pastors, on all sorts of matters, public and private—having the care of 'all the churches,' and beset at the same time by a whole host of inveterate and formidable adversaries—the wonder is, not that he discharged many of his duties imperfectly, but that he could find time to discharge them at all. Not only are there numberless letters on all the ordinary themes of condolence and congratulation, but of recommendation on behalf of poor scholars and pastors—of advice to distant ministers and churches in matters of ecclesiastical order and discipline—but letters sometimes affording whimsical proofs of the triviality of the occasions on which his aid was sought, and the patience with which it was given: now he replies to a country parson who wanted to know how to manage the exordium and peroration of his sermons; now to a worthy prior to tell him the best mode of keeping his conventual accounts—that he may know precisely how much 'beer' and 'wine'—'*cerevisia et vinum*'—was consumed in the *hospitium* and 'refectory' respectively;* now to make arrangements for the wedding festival of a friend; now to plead the cause of a maiden of Torgau, whose betrothed (no less than the Elector's own barber) had given her the slip.†

The very style of the letters bears evidence to the pressure of duty under which they were written. Most of the shorter ones are expressed with a brevity, a business-like air, which reminds us of nothing so much as the style of a merchant's counting-house.

* De Wette, vol. 1. p. 161.

† Ib. p. 334.

* De Wette, vol. i. p. 23.

† Ib. vol. ii. 317.

Of the variety of his engagements, even before the conflict of his life commenced, (1516,) he says to his friend John Lange—'I could find employment almost for two amanuenses; I do scarcely any thing all day but write letters, so that I know not whether I may not be writing what I have already written:—you will see. I am conventual preacher, chaplain, pastor, and parish minister, director of studies, vicar of the priory, that is, prior eleven times over, inspector of the fisheries at Litzkau, counsel to the inns of Herzeberg in Torgau, lecturer on Paul, and expounder of the Psalms.' At a later period he found there might be engagements yet heavier than these. In excuse of an absurd blunder in translating a Hebrew word, he writes (1521)—'I was distracted and occupied, as often happens, with various thoughts. I am one of the busiest of men: I preach twice a-day; I am compiling the psalter, laboring at the postils, replying to my adversaries, assailing the bull both in Latin and German, and defending myself, to say nothing of writing letters,' &c.* 'I would have written to both our friends,' he says to James Strauss, (1524,) 'but it is incredible with what business I am overwhelmed, so that I can scarcely get through my letters alone. The whole world begins to press me down, so that I could even long to die or be translated.' '*Opto vel mori vel tolli.*'†

These last two passages, not cited by D'Aubigné or Waddington, perhaps better illustrate the pressure of his duties than the first, which they both have given.

When, in addition to all this, we take into account the promptitude of his pen, and that his antagonists seldom had to wait long for an answer, we cannot be surprised that much which he wrote should have inadequately represented his mental powers.

Nor is mere bulk to be left out of consideration in estimating the vigor of his intellect; for, though it is itself no criterion of genius—many of the most voluminous writers having been among the worst and dullest—yet if we find large fragments of such writings richly veined with gold, however impure the ore in which it is discovered, we may reasonably infer that if their authors had written less and with more elaboration, they would have left behind them far more splendid monuments of their genius; and thus, in the estimate of

its true dimensions, the *quantity* of what they have written becomes an essential element. This consideration ought, in all fairness, to be applied not only to Luther but to all his great contemporaries, and to all the theologians of any eminence in the succeeding age. They wrote with far too great rapidity and frequency to do themselves full justice. The gold of genius is in their works, but spread out thin; its essence is there, but undistilled; in the shape of a huge pile of leaves, not in a little phial of liquid of intense odor.

None can be more deeply convinced that the hasty and voluminous writings of Luther afforded but an inadequate index of his powers than was Luther himself. This is evident from his own estimate of his writings, formed at the close of life, and expressed in the general preface to his collected works. He there laments the haste with which they had often been composed, and the want of accuracy and method which distinguishes them. He even speaks of them in terms of unjust depreciation, and declares, no doubt in sincerity, but in strange ignorance of himself, his willingness that they should be consigned to oblivion, and other and better works which had subsequently appeared, substituted in their place. The following are sentences from this memorable preface. '*Multum diuque restiti illis qui meos libros, seu verius confusiones mearum lucubrationum voluerunt editas, tum quod nolui antiquorum labores meis novitatibus obrui, et lectorem a legendis illis impediri, tum quod nunc, Dei gratia, extent methodici libri quam plurimi. . . . His rationibus adductus, cupiebam omnes libros meos perpetuâ oblivione sepultos, ut melioribus esset locus.*'

But whatever the merits of Luther's writings, we have already admitted that it is not in them that we look for the chief evidences of the power and compass of his intellect. His pretensions to be considered one of the great minds of his species, are more truly, as well as more wisely, rested on his actions—on the skill and conduct which he displayed through the long conflict with his gigantic adversary, and the ineffaceable traces which he left of himself on the mind of his age, and on that of all succeeding time. The more his position at various periods is studied, and the deeper the insight into the history of his times, the more obvious, we are persuaded will appear his practical sagacity, the soundness as well as promptitude of his judgment,

* De Wette, vol. i. p. 554. † Ib. vol. ii. 505.

the wisdom as well as boldness of his measures. It will be seen, too, that in not a few instances his very boldness was itself wisdom.

From his first encounter with Tetzels, and the appearance of the celebrated Theses, to the Diet of Worms, and his abduction to the Wartburg, his history is perhaps as eventful as that of any man can well be; and it is impossible, we think, not to see that he conducted his arduous enterprise with infinite address, as well as energy. Again and again did his formidable enemy, unfamiliar with defeat—before whom every antagonist had for ages been crushed—exhaust her power, her menaces, her flatteries, her arts in vain. For the first time, her famed diplomacy, her proverbial craft, were at fault; Nuncios and Legates returned bootless to their Papal master. Cajetan, and Miltitz, and Eck, and Alexander were all foiled at their own weapons. But he displayed his singular sagacity not more strongly by his address in these negotiations, and in the fertile expedients by which he frustrated or parried the efforts of his enemies, than in his quick perception of the turning-points of the great controversy, and the judicious positions in which he intrenched himself accordingly.

Let us be permitted to remind the reader of a few instances. Against the usurping and all-presuming spirit of Rome, he opposed the counter principle of the absolute supremacy of Scripture, and to every clamorous demand for retraction, replied to Legates, Nuncios, Diets, alike, 'Let my errors be first proved by *that* authority.' Nothing is more frequently iterated by him than this maxim, which he often lays down with a brief energy which reminds us of the celebrated sentence of Chillingworth.

Aware that this principle involved another equally opposed to the jealous policy of Rome, he foresaw the immense importance to his cause of placing the Bible in every body's hands; and providing the means, as well as foreseeing the results, he toiled day and night till he had unlocked for the people the treasures of Scripture in his own rich and idiomatic version. If he did not always *consistently* pursue this principle to its extreme limits, and practically assert the right of private judgment, yet he admitted it in theory. Such expressions as the following will prove this:—'The right of inquiring and judging concerning matters of faith belongs to all Christians, and to each; and so absolutely, that cursed be

he who would abridge this right by a single hair's-breadth.'*

In opposition to that system of spiritual barter which formed the essence of Romanism, and by which it had so deeply degraded the gospel, he arrayed, sometimes too paradoxically it is true, the forgotten doctrine of justification by faith.

Perceiving that the dominion of Rome was founded in ignorance, and that his constant appeal must be to the intelligence of the people, he labored incessantly to promote the interests of learning and the diffusion of knowledge; and did much by his enlightened advocacy to give the Reformation one of its most glorious characteristics—its close alliance with scholarship and science.† Deeply disgusted with that scholastic philosophy, which, without being perhaps fully versed in it, he knew to be a main pillar of the Romish system, he not only labored to supplant it by a scriptural theology, but was scarcely less anxious than Erasmus himself that polite letters should be substituted in its stead. An equally decisive example of his sagacity is to be seen in the uniform repudiation of physical force as fatal to his cause; the more remarkable, when we reflect on the impetuosity of his own character, and the notions of that age—an age when violence was so familiar, and almost the sole, as it was the most welcome, instrument of all revolutions. He consistently asserted the moral power of truth throughout his whole career, even when the menaces of his enemies seemed to justify an opposite course, and when the indiscreet zeal of some of his friends, more especially Philip Landgrave of Hesse,‡ Sickingen, and Von Hutten, were impatient to try sharper weapons than those of argument. In January 1521, (not June, as stated by Dr. Waddington,) he writes to Spalatin—'You see what Hutten wants. But I am averse to strive for the gospel by violence and bloodshed. By the Word of

* Cont. Reg. Angliæ, L. Op., vol. ii. p. 532.

† This is fully proved by citations from Luther's writings given by D'Aubigné, vol. iii. pp. 236-243. Luther's truly enlarged views on this subject are also frequently disclosed in his correspondence.

‡ If Luther had as strongly resisted every other erring impulse of this impetuous Prince, he would have escaped the heaviest imputation on his character. But alas! the document in which for *state reasons* Luther and Melancthon, and Bucer, and others, sanctioned Philip in *bigamy*—dispensing in *his* case with what they admitted to be a general law of Christian morals—remains, and can be read only with grief and shame.

God was the world subdued, by that Word has the Church been preserved, and by that Word shall it also be repaired.* 'I hear,' he writes to Melancthon from the Wartburg, 'that an attack has been made at Erfurdt on the houses of the priests. I wonder that the senate has permitted or connived at it, and that Prior Lange has been silent. For though it is well that these impious adversaries should be restrained, yet the mode of doing it must bring reproach and a just defeat upon the gospel.† 'We have a right to speak,' he firmly admonished the rash innovators, who had begun to demolish images and windows, 'but none whatever to compel. Let us preach; the rest belongs to God. If I appeal to force, what shall I gain? Grimace, forced uniformity, and hypocrisy. But there will be no hearty sincerity, no faith, no love. Where these are wanting all are wanting; and I would not give a straw for such a victory.'

We all know that it was not for want of courage Luther adopted this pacific course. The fearlessness with which he faced the plague in 1516, saying, 'the world will not perish because brother Martin falls,' followed him through life. It is a noble trait of his character, that on the above occasion he dispersed the students, though he persisted in not quitting his post himself; and on a subsequent occasion, he was anxious that his friend Melancthon should not imitate his own heroism. 'Obsecro,' he writes to Spalatin, (1521,) 'ne Philippus maneant, si pestis irruat.'

Nor was his sagacity less shown in much of the by-play of the great drama. On his letter to Frederic, and the skill with which he pleaded his cause, even while he seemed to abandon it, we have already touched. Let us take another instance. The centre of a stupendous revolution, surrounded with enthusiastic spirits, an enthusiast himself, it is astonishing how far he kept himself and his followers from practical fanaticism.‡

* De Wette, vol. i. 543. † *Ib.* vol. ii. pp. 7, 8.

‡ We, of course, do not mean to assert that Luther was always thus *personally* superior to spiritual illusion. His reputed encounters with the Devil at the Wartburg are quite sufficient to prove this. But the example of Cromwell and many others may teach us that religious enthusiasm, or even fanaticism, is not inconsistent with the deepest practical sagacity and the wisest conduct of affairs. We are also disposed to think, that very many of the expressions on which this species of illusion has been charged on Luther, are but strong tropical modes of representing those internal conflicts of which every Christian is sensible, but which few have waged with so itennse an

When Mark Stubner and his associates appeared at Wittemberg with their confident claims to revelation, during Luther's residence at the Wartburg, even Melancthon wavered. Luther remained firm: he adhered to his great principle of the supremacy of the Scriptures, disclaimed all new revelations, and declared that any messenger from God must prove his commission by the only credentials—the power of working miracles. He, at the same time, adhered to another principle, and declared that these fanatics ought not to be subjected to persecution.—In the deplorable war of the peasants, we have similar proofs of his penetration. He pleaded for a timely redress of many of their wrongs, and foretold the consequences of neglecting them. But when the people commenced their horrid excesses, he advocated with superfluous, and even rabid violence, the adoption of the severest measures of chastisement. Some of his expressions, indeed, are perfectly shocking; and we can only account for their vehemence by supposing, that foreseeing what was actually the case, that the popular excesses would be malignantly attributed to the Reformation itself, he was determined to anticipate slander, and provide, as he has done by even an ostentatious opposition, for the defence of himself and his adherents.

The same singular sagacity is seen in the temperate manner in which he attempted to realize the results of the Reformation, and to reconstruct the edifice he had demolished. He was no violent iconoclast—no rash innovator like Carlstadt. But we need say nothing on this head; the subject has

agony as himself. The incidents at the Wartburg cannot be thus accounted for. But none will be surprised at these, who will peruse the accounts he himself gives of his health in the letters written from that place. Deep solitude, unwonted diet, prolonged sleeplessness, intense anxiety, had evidently produced the most extensive derangement of all the digestive processes. The distressing 'tinnitus capitis' of which he complains, as well as of other exquisitely painful symptoms to which we cannot more particularly advert, show the condition he was in. No physician reading certain sentences, (vol. ii. pp. 2, 6, 17, 22,) would wonder at any fancies in which Luther's hypochondriacal imagination might indulge; or that, in his case, those fancies took the direction of his habitual thoughts. The same hypochondriacal symptoms often appeared subsequently; and they are, as might be expected, generally associated with religious depression.

On the subject of Luther's spiritual encounters, (as well as on some other interesting points of his history) we beg to refer the reader to some remarks in an article in this Journal, Vol. lxix. p. 273.

been beautifully noticed by D'Aubigné in the commencement of his third volume; where he shows, that the impression that Luther was a rash, headlong revolutionist, is altogether erroneous.

But we further mean to assert, that in the most audacious actions of his life, that very audacity, in the majority of instances, was itself wisdom. Take, for example, his letter from the Wartburg to Albert Archbishop of Mayence, commanding rather than beseeching him, not to revive the infamous Indulgences. We do not defend the taste or decency of the style; but the result proves that Luther knew his man. It was followed by a reply as deferential as if the monk had been the archbishop, and the archbishop the monk. It was on this occasion that he used some most remarkable expressions to Spalatin, who had enjoined silence, and who had enforced his injunctions by those of Frederic:—'I have seldom read more unwelcome letters than your last,' he writes; 'so that I not only delayed to reply, but had determined not to reply at all. I will not bear what you have said, that the Prince will not suffer the Archbishop to be written to, nor that I should disturb the public peace. I will rather lose you—the Prince—and every creature on earth. If I have resisted the Archbishop's creator, the Pope—shall I succumb to the Pope's creature? . . . Non sic, Spalatine; non sic, Princeps. . . I am resolved not to listen to you; fixum est, te non auditum iri.*

In like manner, his Appeal to a Future Council, prepared while awaiting the fulmination of the Bull, but surreptitiously published before it came, (as Luther expressly affirms,) brought thousands to his standard; and still more may be said for those bold and unsparing invectives against the abuses of Rome, in the 'Babylonish Captivity,' and in the 'Address to the German Nobility.' It may be similarly asserted, that no measure whatever could have been so critically well-timed as that most decisive one of committing the decretals and entire pontifical code to the flames, and crowning the hecatomb with the formidable bull itself. It is not only one of the most striking events of history, and exhibits the chief actor in an attitude truly sublime, but was a most felicitous and politic expedient. It is curious, however, to hear Luther admitting, in his correspond-

ence, that even *his* heart sometimes misgave him before the performance of that most significant act. 'I burnt the Papal books and the bull,' he writes to Staupitz a month after, 'with trembling and prayer; but I am now better pleased with that act than with any other of my whole life.*

The same wisdom marked the courageous obstinacy with which, in spite of entreaties, intimidations, and sickness, he persisted in presenting himself at the Diet of Worms. He alone, of all his party, seemed duly to appreciate the importance, the necessity, of that act to the safety of his great enterprise. At that critical moment, advance as well as retreat was full of danger; but the path of true policy, as well as of true magnanimity, was to advance. His obstinacy at this crisis has something absolutely sublime about it. While his enemies, more perspicacious than his friends, distrusted, and at last dreaded his appearance, employed all sorts of machinations to deter him, and plainly hinted that the road to Worms was the road to destruction, while his friends, with a terrible remembrance of the fate of Huss before their eyes, to whom even the Imperial safe-conduct had been no protection, painted, in appalling colors, the certain martyrdom to which he was exposing himself, Luther remained inflexible. The repeated and varied forms in which he energetically expressed his purpose, showed the importance he attached to the act, and the obstinacy with which he had resolved upon it. Two are well known:—'Should they light a fire which should blaze as high as heaven, and reach from Wittemberg to Worms, at Worms I will still appear.' 'Though there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the houses, in would I go—*noch wolllt ich hinein*.' But his letters, written on his progress thither, abound in expressions of the same inflexibility. 'We come, my Spalatin,' he writes from Frankfort. . . . 'We will enter Worms in spite of all the gates of hell, and all the powers of the air.†' 'Will you go on?' said the Imperial herald to him at Weimar, where they were placarding the Imperial edict against him. 'I will,' replied Luther; 'though I should be put under interdict in every town—I will go on.'

And his appearance and language at Worms, did more to promote the cause of the Reformation than any other act, whether

* De Wette, vol. ii. p. 94.

* De Wette, vol. i. p. 543. † *Ib.* vol. i. p. 587.

of preceding or succeeding years. He himself, as he repeatedly intimates in his correspondence, had serious apprehensions that his career would terminate at Worms, and evidently left it with much of the feeling with which a man might find that he had safely got out of a lion's den. There is an obvious tone of hilarity in the letters dated immediately after his departure from the Diet, which contrasts oddly enough with regrets that he must escape, in temporary concealment, the honors of martyrdom. Witness the following to Luke Cranach, the painter, in which he ludicrously characterizes the proceedings of the Diet with all the point, brevity, and sarcastic energy, which he could so well assume:—"I thought that his Imperial Majesty would have summoned some doctor, or some fifty, and eloquently confuted the monk. But nothing more is done than just this, 'Are these books thine?' 'Yes.'" "Will you retract them or not?" "No." "Then get about your business." *So heb dich.*

During the sittings of the celebrated Diet of Augsburg, (held nearly ten years after that of Worms,) Luther, it is well known, was persuaded to remain at Coburg, whence he watched with intense and, as his letters at this period so often testify, impatient interest, the proceedings of his less prompt and perspicacious colleagues. On this occasion he showed his thorough knowledge of the treacherous and crafty policy, the spirit of subtle intrigue, which had so often characterized Rome—those 'Italian arts,' *Italitates* as he designates them when speaking so many years before of the feigned cordialities of the Nuncio Miltitz—'arts' which he dreaded for Melancthon more than violence, and of which the Papal diplomacy was never more prodigal than on this occasion. While the timid Melancthon was 'cutting and contriving' to perform impossibilities, to find a common measure of incommensurables—"sewing new cloth upon old garments, and putting new wine into old bottles," striving to diminish to an invisible line the interval between some of the doctrines of his adversaries and his own, adopting all sorts of little artifices and convenient ambiguities of expression, to show the harmony of doctrines which must be eternally discordant—Luther boldly remonstrates against a policy so ruinous; assures him that, whatever the apparent pliability of Rome, nothing but absolute submission would satisfy her imperious spirit; and that the true policy of the Reformers was what

it had been—that of uncompromising firmness. In the most energetic language he denounces the vanity of all projects of verbal compromise; refuses all participation in any acts which should have that object; and threatens to shiver in atoms any league by which Rome and Luther should be bound together. 'I have received your apology,' he writes to Melancthon, 'and wonder what you mean when you ask, What and how much should be conceded to the Pope? For myself, more than enough has already been conceded in that apology, and if they refuse that, I see not what more I can possibly grant them.'* And shortly after, 'For myself, I will not yield a hair's-breadth, or suffer any thing to be restored. I will rather endure every extremity. Let the Emperor do as he will.† And two days after, to Spalatin, 'Hope not for agreement. If the Emperor will publish an edict, let him. *He published one at Worms!*‡' 'Should it come to pass,' he writes to the same friend a month after, that you concede any thing plainly against the gospel, and enclose that eagle in a vile sack, Luther, (never doubt it,)—Luther will come, and, in a magnificent fashion, set the noble bird free.§ M. D'Aubigné's work has not yet reached this period; but there are no letters of Luther more interesting than the series which relate to the proceedings of this memorable Diet.

With such talents for the conduct of affairs, we need not wonder that the prudent Frederic so often sought his counsels; that Melancthon should have so eulogized his sagacity in his funeral panegyric; or that Cajetan should have wished to decline further encounters with him. 'I will have nothing more to do with this beast, for he has deep-set eyes, and wonderful speculations in his head.'

We have repeatedly stated, that the intellect of Luther did not particularly fit him for the investigation of abstract or speculative truth; but in all matters of a practical nature—in all that concerned the management of affairs or the conduct of life, his judgment was both penetrating and profound. Hence, while nothing can be more flimsy than his metaphysics, nothing can be more generally sound than his practical judgments. Incapable of stating truth with philosophical precision, or laying it down with all its requisite limitations, he was a great master of that rough moral computation, which contents itself for practical pur-

* De Wette, vol. iv. p. 52.

† Ib. p. 88.

‡ Ib. p. 92.

§ Ib. p. 155.

poses with approximate accuracy. This was especially the case in relation to that class of truths, in which a magnanimous mind, and lofty moral instincts, anticipate the lagging deductions of reason; and which are better understood and enforced by the heart than by the head. His writings abound in weighty and solid maxims, in which both the data and the demonstration are alike suppressed.

To great sagacity Luther also added, in a pre-eminent degree, that passionate earnestness of character which leads men not only to hold truth tenaciously, but to take every means in their power to diffuse, propagate, and realize it; to make it victorious. In Luther, no doubt, the principal spring of this impulse was depth of religious conviction; but the tendency itself is as much an element of character in some men, as the love of contemplation is in others. It is a form of ambition—a noble one, it is true—the ambition of intellectual dominion; and has actuated many a philosopher who flattered himself that he was single-eyed in his pursuit of wisdom. This warlike and polemic spirit is, no doubt, often most inconsistent with a calm and cautious survey of all the relations and details of great questions. But it is well for the world that there are some who, with speculative powers at least robust enough to enable them to seize large fragments of truth, are immediately impelled to communicate it. Partial truth diffused, is better than perfect truth suppressed—better than stark ignorance and error—better than that condition of things in which Luther found the world.

And if the vehemence, natural to such minds, sometimes precipitates the conclusions of reason, or substitutes prejudices for them, it is to be remembered that it will be long before the same earnestness and zeal, in contending for truth, will be manifested by those intellects which abstractedly are best qualified to investigate it. It would, doubtless, be very beautiful to see the tranquillity of the philosopher conjoined with the fire of the advocate—first, intellect without passion, and then intellect with it. But it is a condition denied to us. If there be great energy of character, the processes of reason will often be precipitated or disturbed; if the coolness and equanimity of temperament which these require, the same qualities will unhappily continue to operate when their work is completed. The philosopher will still be apt to vindicate his

character, and look most provokingly philosophic as to whether his views are effectually urged on mankind or not. At all events, if he become a zealous writer on their behalf, it requires something more to encounter suffering for them; and while almost every religion has had those who have dared all and endured all in its defence, the annals of science scarcely present us with the name of a single authentic martyr. Philosophers have been illustrious benefactors of mankind; but it requires more energy of passion, and a sterner nature than generally falls to their lot, to ruffle it with the world—to encounter obloquy, persecution, and death in defence of truth. Even Galileo was but too ready to recant when menaced with martyrdom, and to set the sun, which he had so impiously stopped, on his great diurnal journey again. It is true that he is said to have relapsed into heresy the moment after he had recanted, and drolly whispered, 'But the earth does move though.' Yet while the profession of error was uttered aloud, the confession of truth was made *sotto voce*. As Pascal says of the reservations of the Jesuits, *C'est dire la vérité tout bas, et un mensonge tout haut*.

Nor can it be said that the class of philosophers have in general been disposed to risk more, where truth has been practical and better calculated to influence the affections. The ancient philosophers are a notorious example of the contrary. They saw and scorned the puerilities of the ancient systems of superstition, but without vigorously attempting to destroy them, or to substitute better notions in their place. It was sufficient for them to make the convenient distinction between the *exoteric* and the *esoteric*. They could join in the popular rites with gravity of face and laughter in their hearts, and worship their gods and sneer at them at the same time.

The vehemence of Luther's passions, and the energy of his will, formed most remarkable features of his character—as much so assuredly as any quality of his intellect—and enabled him, in conjunction with that lofty confidence, that heroic faith—which seemed to take for literal truth the declaration, 'what things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them'—to effect greater things than were probably ever effected by the same qualities before. Not only the pliant Melancthon yielded to the superior decision and energy of his nature, as much, at least, as to his judgment, but Princes and No-

bles often yielded to it; and as to the common people, his confident bearing and resolute will achieved more than half his victory over them. In many instances, he seems to have made his way solely by the influence of an all-conquering enthusiasm and an inflexible purpose. His faith realized its own visions, and almost literally proved itself to be capable 'of removing mountains.'

On comparatively trivial occasions, and when in the wrong, (not seldom the case,) this intensity of passion and inflexibility of purpose, must have made him no very pleasant coadjutor. Even the amiable Melancthon murmured after his death at the severity of that yoke, which, while Luther lived, he bore with much enduring meekness. We wish, for Melancthon's own manhood, he had either murmured earlier, or not murmured at all. But in a great crisis, and where the Reformer was in the right, the qualities of mind we are now considering, exhibit him in aspects full of grandeur. His enthusiasm is heroic, his energy of will sublime. It is curious to contrast his almost childish obstinacy and rabid virulence in relation to Zwingli and the Sacramentarians, with the dignity of his deportment, under the influence of similar inflexibility of character, before and at the diet of Worms. It was with him as with many powerful minds—great occasions calmed him; the energy was commensurate to the objects which called it forth; the weight upon the machine was proportional to its momentum; and slow and majestic movement took the place of a self-destroying and turbulent force.

There was one peculiarity about Luther, of which we know not whether it most illustrates the robustness of his intellect or the energy of his will, but it renders his character absolutely unique. We mean the rapidity and comparative ease with which he triumphed over the deepest prejudices of his age and education;—Roman Catholics would doubtless say over his happiest *prepossessions*. But this matters not to our present observation, which respects the singular character of the transformation, not its nature;—though Protestants have pretty well made up their minds, that in all the great principles he so vigorously extricated and so boldly avowed, he showed as well the rectitude as the force of his understanding—as in his advocacy of the supremacy of the Scriptures, and in his condemnation (under the guidance of that principle) of

indulgences, of the monastic institute, of the celibacy of the clergy, of the mass, of the usurpations of the Pope. The spectacle is a noble one. The maxims and the institutes which he denounced with so much energy and confidence, had been consecrated by universal veneration, and were covered by the 'awful hoar of ages.' The prejudices which he vanquished had been instilled into his childhood, and they were retained till he reached manhood; they were the prejudices of all his contemporaries; they held dominion not only over the most timid, but over the most powerful intellects; they had bound even 'kings in chains, and nobles in fetters of iron;' and almost every attempt, certainly all recent attempts to demolish them, had been crushed by a despotism which united the utmost degree of craft with the most ruthless employment of violence, and was the most compact and formidable the world ever saw. That he should have been able to denude himself of such prejudices—boldly to avow this great mental revolution—and give utterance to a series of novel and startling dogmas in opposition to them, is an example of independence and fearlessness of mind, which the world had never before witnessed.

Our wonder is still further increased, when we reflect that Luther himself was originally as passionate a devotee of the system he renounced, as he afterwards became of that for which he renounced it. Nor could he have been otherwise. The very depth and sincerity of his character forbade that he should hold any thing lightly; and whether he was right or wrong, he was always in earnest. While he was a Papist, he was a blind one; like Paul, 'an Hebrew of the Hebrews; and, as touching the law, a Pharisee.' He was none of those half-infidel ecclesiastics who abounded at Rome, and were the natural offspring of the age; men who saw through the superstition which they yet sanctioned, and conducted, with edifying solemnity of visage, the venerable rites at which they were all the while internally chuckling. He himself tells us, (1539)—'I may and will affirm with truth, that at the present time there is no Papist so conscientiously and earnestly a Papist as I once was!' He repeats this in various forms in his letters.

The account of his youthful visit to Rome, as given by himself, confirms this statement. The profound veneration with which he approached the holy city; the passionate devotion with which he visited

sacred places, and engaged in public rites; the shock and revulsion of feeling with which he discovered that others were not so much in earnest as himself—all show how sincerely he was then attached to the ancient system, and by what severe struggles his spirit must have shaken off its thralldom. The spectacle of this mental revolution is rendered still more imposing by the comparative rapidity with which it was effected. In 1516 Luther was still a zealous Papist; in October 1517, he published his Theses against Indulgences, and in less than four years from that date, he had committed himself to a contest with Rome on all the great principles of the Reformation. How rapidly those principles disclosed themselves, as the controversy proceeded, is sufficiently clear from constant evidences in his correspondence. In a letter dated Dec. 2, 1518, when expecting banishment by Frederic, he says to Spalatin—‘If I remain here, I shall be without freedom of speech and writing; if I go, I will discharge my conscience, and pour out my life for Christ.’ A week after he says—‘I shall yet one day be a little freer against these Roman hydras.’ Three months later, he writes to Lange—Our friend Eck is meditating new contests against me, and will compel me to do what I have often thought of; that is, by the blessing of Christ, to inveigh more seriously against these monsters. For, hitherto, I have but been playing and trifling in this matter.’ He repeats nearly the same words a fortnight after, to Scheurl—‘I have often said, that hitherto I have been trifling; but now more serious assaults are to be directed against the Roman pontiff and the arrogance of his ministers.’ In March 1519, he made this memorable confession—‘I am reading the pontifical decretals,’ (for the Leipsic disputation,) ‘and I know not whether the Pope is Antichrist himself, or only his apostle.’ In February 1520, he writes,—‘I have scarcely a remaining doubt that the Pope is verily Antichrist . . . so well does he agree with him in his life, his acts, his words, and his decrees.’ On the 10th of July, soon after the appearance of the bull of condemnation, he says to Spalatin—‘For me the die is cast—*jacta est alea*—the Papal wrath and Papal favor are alike despised by me; I will never be reconciled to them, nor communicate with them more. Let them burn my writings. I, unless I am unable to get a little fire, (doubtless alluding

to the interdict,) will condemn and publicly burn the whole pontifical code.’

Perhaps, next to his journey to Worms, the two most daring acts of his life were the burning the Papal bull, and his marriage. Of the former, and of the tremendous defiance it implied, we have already spoken. But the latter step required almost equal courage. His prejudices in relation to his monastic vows, as is seen by his correspondence, troubled him as much as any he had to vanquish. Nor had he vanquished them fully till his return from the Wartburg. When he resolved to marry, (a resolution taken suddenly enough), one of his prime motives, if we may believe himself, was to give the utmost practical efficiency to his convictions, and encourage his followers in a conflict with a most powerful, because most distressing class of associations. *Supposing* this his motive, it was certainly not only one of the boldest, but one of the most politic expedients he could have adopted. He assures us, after giving other reasons for the step, that one was, ‘ut confirmem *facto* quæ docui, tam multos invenio pusillanimes in tanta luce evangelii.’*

That this was his principal motive, we may well doubt; with passions so strong as his, it was not likely to be more than co-ordinate with others. But that it was a very real motive, we may safely conclude: he was now past the heyday of passion—was forty-two years old—had lived in the most blameless celibacy, and had at first predestined his Catharine for another. Never did the cloister close upon one who was better qualified to appreciate and reciprocate the felicities of domestic life. As a husband and a father, his character is full of tenderness and gentleness; nor is there any part of his correspondence more interesting than his letters to his ‘Kate,’ and their ‘little Johnny;’ or those in which he alludes to his fireside.

The clamors of his adversaries show how bold was the step on which he had ventured. ‘Nothing less than Antichrist,’ they said, ‘could be the fruit of the union of a monk and a nun.’ The taunt well justified the caustic sarcasm of Erasmus—‘That there must already have been *many* Antichrists if *that* was the sole condition of their appearance.’

Rapid as was Luther’s conquest over his own prejudices, the revolution was still in perfect analogy with similar revolutions in

other minds. It was only more extensive and less gradual. Gradual such a change must ever be, from the limited capacities of our nature, and its law of gradual development. It would be not less absurd to suppose, that when he first protested against Indulgences he foresaw the results of that contest, than it would be to suppose that Cromwell anticipated his Protectorate at the time of the battle of Newbury; or that Napoleon had already predestined himself to more than half the thrones of Europe when he entered on his Italian campaigns. As with them, so with Luther in his more hallowed enterprise—the horizon continually widened as he climbed the hill. Nor was it, as the confessions of Luther abundantly prove, without severe struggles, and momentary vacillations of purpose, that he pursued his arduous way. This is especially seen in that wavering letter to the Pope, written at the suggestion of Miltitz, in which, in language which more than approached servility and adulation, he deprecated the anger of Leo, and declared that nothing was further from his purpose than to question the authority, or separate from the communion of Rome. We do not mean to affirm that Luther intended to deceive his enemies; such a course was foreign from his whole nature, and opposed to his ordinary conduct. Yet it is certain that before this period he had intimated his increasing doubts whether the Pope was not Antichrist, and his convictions that the war with Rome was but just commenced. We cannot defend the *servility* of the letter at all; and can only defend its *honesty* on the supposition that it was written in one of those moments of vacillation to which we have adverted;—with the wish, inspired by his recent conferences with the Nuncio, that the controversy might be amicably set at rest, and with his mind almost exclusively bent on whatever promised such an issue.* Marvellously rapid as was the revolution in his mind compared with what might be expected, it was by repeated exorcisms, and terrible convulsions of spirit, that the legion of demons was expelled. The current did not flow all one way; it was the flux and reflux of a strong tide.

The very honesty of purpose and love of truth by which he was unquestionably actuated, prevented at all events any artificial obstacles to his progress. He did not at-

tempt, as so many do, to reconcile inconsistencies and harmonize counter-declarations. He frankly acknowledged the fallibility of his nature—his early errors and imperfect views. To every taunt of having receded from any position, he boldly said, in effect—‘I thought so once; I was wrong. I think so no more. I appeal from Luther in ignorance, to Luther well-informed.’ This was the case in relation to the memorable letter to which we have just referred—‘I am truly grieved,’ says he, ‘that I *did* make such serious submissions; but, in truth, I then held respecting Popes and Councils just what is vulgarly taught us. . . . But as I grew in knowledge, I grew in courage; and in truth they were at infinite pains to undeceive me, by an egregious display of their ignorance and flagitiousness.’

One of the most striking facts which appear in the correspondence of Luther, is the indication it affords of very early discontent with the prevailing system of theology, and the actual condition of the church. It is evident that he was predestined to be a great reformer; that the germ of the Reformation existed in his bosom long before the dispute with Tetzel; and that, if the dispute respecting Indulgences had not led to its development, something else would. Even before Tetzel’s ‘drum’ was heard in the neighborhood of Wittenberg, he speaks with absolute loathing of the scholastic subtleties; expresses his conviction of the necessity of returning to a Scriptural theology; loudly contends for that doctrine of justification by faith which he afterwards made the lever of the Reformation; and expresses an abhorrence of Aristotle, which might more justly have been transferred to those dreaming commentators who had absurdly exalted a heathen philosopher into an oracle of the Christian church. Most of these passages will be found in the two Histories so often referred to.

It has often been matter of surprise that the great contest of the Reformation should have turned upon so comparatively trivial a controversy as that which respected the Indulgences—a point which was soon after absolutely forgotten. But it is not the first time that a skirmish of outposts has led to a general engagement. It may be added, that insignificant as that one point may at first sight appear, it was most natural that the contest should begin there. And though the tide of battle rolled away from it, partly because even the hardihood of Rome

* Dr. Waddington has given an exceedingly fair and impartial statement on this subject.

could scarcely dare to defend such a post, and partly because the Reformers ceased to think of it in those more comprehensive corruptions which formed the object of their general assault, (in which, indeed, this particular abuse, with many others like it, originated,) it was not only the most natural point at which the conflict should begin, but it was most improbable that it should *not* begin there. Habituated as men's minds were to the corruptions of the church, steeped in superstition from their very childhood, it could only be by some revolting paradox that they could possibly be roused to think, examine, and remonstrate. The whole enormous expansion of the Papal power had been but one long experiment on the patience and credulity of mankind. Each successive imposition was, it is true, worse than that which had preceded it; but when once it had fastened itself upon men's minds, and they had grown familiar with it, there was no further chance of awakening them from their apathy. Something further was needed, and a still more prodigious corruption must minister the hope of reformation. Now Indulgences, as proclaimed in the gross system of Tetzels, and of other spiritual quacks like him, was at once the ultimate and consistent limit of that huckstering in 'merits,' to which almost all the other corruptions of the church had been more plausibly subservient; and formed just that startling exaggeration of familiar abuses which was necessary to awaken men's minds to reconsideration. The notion of selling pardons for sins, wholesale and retail—of collecting into one great treasury the superfluous merits of the saints, and of doling them out by the pennyweight at prices fixed in the compound ratio of the necessities and means of the purchaser,—was a notion which, however monstrous, however calculated to awaken the drowsy consciences of mankind, was in harmony with the specious nonsense of works of supererogation, and the doctrine of penance. It was simply the substitution of the more valuable medium of solid coin for mechanical rites of devotion, tiresome pilgrimages, and acts of austerity; of golden chalices or silver candlesticks for scourges and horse-hair shirts; and provided it implied the same amount of self-denial, what did it matter? The former plan was undeniably more profitable to Holy Church, and as to the penitent, few in our day but will admit that either plan was likely to be equally efficacious. The substitution

of the merits of great saints for the transgressions of great sinners, or the remission of the pains of purgatory, might, for aught we can see, be as reasonably affected by pounds, shillings, and pence, as by walking twenty miles with pebbles in one's shoes.

The system of Indulgences, therefore—in the grosser form in which such men as Tetzels proclaimed it—was but the dark aphelion of the eccentric orbit in which the Church of Christ had wandered: and from that point it naturally began to retrace its path to 'the fountain itself of heavenly radiance.'

It may be said, perhaps, that the system of Indulgences had been proclaimed under one modification or another for more than a century and a half before Tetzels appeared, without producing any remarkable reaction. We answer, first, that they had seldom or never been proclaimed in so disgusting and offensive a form, or with such consummate impudence, as by Tetzels; and secondly, that the reception given even to the more cautious and limited exhibitions of the system, proves the truth of what we have been asserting; for it was always on this, as the most obvious and most revolting corruption, that the early reformers and satirists of the church most bitterly fastened. The moral instincts of such men, indeed, were not so vitiated as to render them insensible to the vices and the profligacies of the ecclesiastical system generally: but the idea of bartering the justice and mercy of God himself for gold, naturally seemed the quintessence of every other corruption. What, indeed, could rouse mankind, if the spectacle of the ghostly peddler openly trafficking in his parchment wares of pardon for the past, and indulgence for the future—haggling over the price of an insult to God, or a wrong to man—letting out crime to hire, and selling the glories of heaven as a cheap pennyworth—did not fill them with abhorrence and indignation? The contempt with which Chaucer's Pilgrims listened to the impudent offer of the pardoner, well shows the feelings which such outrages on all common sense, and every moral instinct, could not fail to excite.

So gross was this abuse that even the most bigoted Papists—Eck, for example—were compelled to denounce it; nor were there any more caustic satirists of it than some of themselves. Witness the witty comedy of Thomas Heywood, who, though a Catholic, hated the mendicant friars as

heartily as any of his Protestant contemporaries. But no satire, however extravagant, could be a caricature of the follies and knavery of this class of men. One of the wittiest sarcasms of the play is but a translation of Tetzels impudent assertion, that 'no sooner did the money chink in the box, than the souls for which it was offered flew up into heaven.'

'With small cost and without any pain,
These pardons bring them to heaven plain;
Give me but a penny or two-pence,
And, as soon as the soul departeth hence,
In half-an-hour, or three-quarters at most,
The soul is in heaven with the Holy Ghost.'

And, we doubt not, that that most humorous chapter in the ancient and popular satire of Howleglass, in which that worthy enacts the part of a Franciscan friar, is little more than a literal version of the tricks of that class, of whom, knave as he was, he was but an insufficient representative.*

But though it was natural that the struggle of the Reformation should commence with Indulgences, it was impossible that it should end there. Luther soon quitted the narrow ground and the mean antagonist of his first conflicts; and asserted against that whole system of spiritual barter and merit-mongering, of which Tetzels doctrine was but an extreme type, his counter principle of the perfect gratuitousness of salvation—of 'justification by faith alone.' On his mode of exhibiting this great doctrine, we shall now offer a very few remarks.

With that pregnant brevity with which he knew so well how to express himself, he showed his sense of the importance of this doctrine, and its commanding position in the evangelical system, by describing it as *Articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiae*. He might more truly have called it so, had he always duly guarded the statement of it; and while repudiating the doctrine, under whatsoever modification, that the tribunal of heaven can be challenged, or its rewards achieved in virtue of deeds, of which every good man is himself the *first* to acknowledge the manifold imperfections—much less by fantastical devices of human invention, destitute of all moral qualities—he had uniformly connected his doctrine in *expression*, as he did in *fact*, with its just practical consequences. This, however, he did not do; and we are constrained to lament,

* The same story is also found, with certain variations, in *Friar Gerund* and other fictions of the like class.

with Mr. Hallam, the very frequent recurrence of exaggerated expressions, to which the critic gives the name of *Antinomian paradoxes*. We do not think, however, that even here Mr. Hallam has quite done the Reformer justice. He candidly admits indeed that Luther 'could not mean to give any encouragement to a licentious disregard of moral virtue;' 'though,' he adds, 'in the technical language of his theology, he might deny its proper obligation.'* More truly, in our judgment, has Jortin, whose doctrinal moderation is well known, represented the matter in his *Life of Erasmus*. 'Luther's favorite doctrine was justification by faith alone; but we must do him the justice to observe that he perpetually inculcated the necessity of good works. According to him a man is justified only by faith; but he cannot be justified without works, and where those works are not to be found, there is assuredly no true faith.' And Melancthon, in a passage cited by Mr. Hallam himself, declares, 'De his omnibus,' (after enumerating with other doctrines the necessity of good works,) 'scio re ipsa Lutherum sentire eadem, sed ineruditi quædam ejus *σοφισματα* dicta, cum non videant quo pertineant, nimium amant.' Dr. Waddington truly remarks that not even the strongest passages in Luther's treatise, *De Libertate Christiana*, prove that the author would deny the necessity of good works *except* as a means of justification—as a ground, in fact, of saying to the Divine Being, 'You *must* reward me—for I am entitled to it.' In proof of this, Dr. Waddington cites the passage 'Non liberi pro fide Christi ab operibus, sed *ab opinionibus operum*, i. e. a stulta præsumptione justificationis per opera quæsitæ. Fides enim conscientias nostras redimit, rectificat, et servat, qua cognoscimus justitiam esse non in operibus, licet opera abesse neque possint neque debeant.'

Every thing obviously depends on the sense in which Luther 'would deny the necessity of good works.' It is by no means true, we apprehend, that he would have denied, that while no man can challenge 'the free gift' of salvation (Scripture itself calls it) as the 'wages' of good works, good works form the only real evidence and the necessary result of the possession of that 'faith which justifies.' With relation to

* Introduction to the Literature of Europe. Vol. i. p. 416.

the influence of the system he advocated, and the system he opposed, on practical morality, he would have said that the principal difference was not that the former dispensed with it, but that it appealed mainly to totally different principles of our nature for its production; to the cheerful impulses of gratitude and hope, rather than to the 'spirit of bondage' and the depressing influence of fear. And both philosophy and fact may convince us that they are certainly not the least powerful impulses of the two.

But whatever Luther's early paradoxes on this subject—of which we are by no means the apologists, and regret that there should have been so much cause for censure—his later writings afford ample proof that he had corrected them. When Agricola had adopted and justified them in their unlimited form, and pushed them to their theoretic results, with a recklessness which perhaps first roused Luther to take alarm at their danger, the Reformer instantly assailed, refuted, and condemned him, and succeeded in compelling the rash theologian to retract. Several deeply interesting documents on this subject occur in the Correspondence,* which fully show that the faith which Luther made the basis of his theology was that of which the only appropriate evidence is goodness, and which necessarily creates it.

Mr. Hallam admits that passages inconsistent with the extreme views he attributes to the Reformer may be adduced from his writings; but affirms, 'that in treating of an author so full of unlimited propositions, no positive proof as to his tenets can be refuted by the production of inconsistent passages.' But the question is, whether these inconsistent passages ought not to modify those which establish the supposed 'positive proof?' If we are to pause at the unqualified reception of the one class of propositions we may well pause also before the like reception of the other. If two statements in a writer 'much given to unlimited propositions,' appear inconsistent, we should endeavor to make the one limit the other; and even if they are absolutely irreconcilable, we are hardly justified in taking either as the exclusive exponent of the writer's views, without the adjustment arising from a collation of passages. There are propositions of Scripture itself which may be and which *have been*, as much wrested to the support of 'Antinomian par-

adoxes,' as almost any declarations of Luther could be.

Such a candid construction of Luther's real views, seems to us the more necessary, precisely because, as Mr. Hallam justly says, he is so 'full of unlimited propositions.' It is ever the characteristic of oratorical genius to express the truths it feels with an energy which borders on paradox. Anxious to penetrate and exclusively occupy the minds of others with their own views and sentiments, such as possess it are not solicitous to state propositions with the due limitations. It may be further remarked, that Luther's abhorrence of prevailing errors naturally increased this tendency; action and re-action, as usual, were equal; the liberated pendulum passed, as was to be expected, to the centre of its arc of oscillation. This we believe to be one principal reason of the many really objectionable statements of Luther on this subject. Our veneration for the great Reformer, and the influence which even the errors of such a writer as Mr. Hallam is apt to exercise, must be our apology for the freedom of the preceding strictures. The work containing the observations upon which we have felt ourselves constrained thus to remark, is one for which all intelligent inquirers must always be largely its author's debtors, both for instruction and rational delight.

On the whole, few names have such claims on the gratitude of mankind as that of Luther. Even Rome owes him thanks; for whatever ameliorations have taken place in her system have been owing far more to him than to herself. If there are any two facts which history establishes, it is the desperate condition of the Church at the time Luther appeared, and the vanity of all hopes of a self-sought and voluntary reformation. On the former we need not dwell—for none now deny it; it appears not only on every page of contemporary history, but in all the forms—especially the more popular—of mediæval literature. Never was a remark more just than that of Mr. Hallam, that the greater part of the literature of the middle ages may be considered as artillery leveled against the clergy.

Of the second great fact—the hopelessness of any effective internal reform—history leaves us in as little doubt. The heart itself was the chief seat of disease; reformation must have commenced where corruption was most inveterate: nor, until certain great principles should be reclaimed,

* Vol. v.

and the Bible and its truths restored—a result necessarily fatal to a system which was founded on their perversion, and which was safe only in their suppression—could any reformation be either radical or permanent. It would be as nugatory as that which was sometimes directed against subordinate parts of the system—Monachism for instance. Again and again did reformation strive to purify that institute, and as often, after running through the same cycle of precisely similar changes, did it fall into the same corruptions. Each new Order commenced with the profession, often with the reality, of voluntary poverty and superior austerity, and ended, as supposed sanctity brought wealth and power, in all the concatenated vices of the system. The reason is obvious; its principles were vicious, and hence the rapidity and uniformity of the decline—one of the most remarkable and instructive phenomena of ecclesiastical history. ‘That which is crooked cannot be made straight;’ and if man will attempt even a style of supposed virtue for which God never constituted him, he will meet with the same recompense as attends every other violation of the divine laws.

For similar reasons, nothing but the recovery of principles fatal to the Papal System could be expected to effect the Reformation; and these the champions of that system could not be expected to busy themselves about. An usurper will hardly abdicate his own throne—however wrongfully gained. Any reform which had merely touched externals, and left the essence of the system what it was, would have been useless; the Church would soon have fallen back, like the purified forms of monasticism, into its ancient corruptions. Nor was it amongst the least proofs of the sagacity of Luther, that he so early perceived, and so systematically contended, that a reformation of doctrine—the restoration of evangelic truth—was essential to every other reform.—But in fact, even the most moderate reforms, owing to the corruption of Rome itself, and its interest in their maintenance, were all but hopeless. Often did the Papal Court admit its own delinquencies, and as often evade their correction. The Papal concessions on this point, were a perpetual source of triumph to Luther and the Reformers. Even when a Pope really sought some amendments, he found it impossible to resist the influences around him. Adrian, the successor of the refined and luxurious Leo, gave in-

finite disgust by the severity of his manners, and his sincere desire to see some sort of reformation; and his long catalogue of abuses which he wished to be corrected, delivered in at the diet of Nuremburg, (and inconsistently accompanied with loud calls for the violent suppression of the Reformation,) was never forgiven by his own adherents. ‘The Church,’ said he, ‘stands in need of a reformation, but we must take one step at a time.’ Luther sarcastically remarked—‘The Pope advises that a few centuries should be permitted to intervene between the first and second step.’

Hence we may see the comparative futility of the small time-serving expedients of Erasmus. His satire, bitter as it was, was not directed against the heart of the system—he waged war only with the Friars. Not that we undervalue his labor: as a pioneer he was invaluable. Nor, if we except Luther, Melancthon, and Zwingle, do we know any man who really effected so much for the cause of the Reformation. The labors of Luther and himself terminated in one result; the streams, however different, flowed at last in one channel—

‘Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prorapido fluit
Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.’

Such are our deliberate views of the character, labors, and triumphs of Luther. We have been the more copious in our account of them, that we may do what in us lies to honor his memory, at a period when there is a large party of degenerate Protestants, who, not content with denying the unspeakable benefits which he conferred upon mankind, have not hesitated to speak of him with contempt and contumely, and in some cases to question the honesty of his motives and the sincerity of his religion!*

DEPÔT OF GERMAN PUBLICATIONS.—Among the subjects of deliberation at the recent congress of German booksellers at Leipsic, was the realization of that project which we some time since announced to our readers, for the establishment, in one of the large transatlantic cities, of a great central depôt; by means of which their native works should be published simultaneously in Germany and America, and the American pirates defeated. This plan, a good practical anticipation of treaties, it has been determined to carry into effect at New York; and a delegate has been appointed to proceed to that city and take steps for founding the establishment.—*Athenæum*

* ‘Some of the Oxford men,’ says Dr. Arnold, ‘now commonly revile Luther as a bold bad man; how surely they would have reviled Paul.’—*Life and Correspondence*. Vol. ii. p. 250.

LORD BROUGHAM'S LIVES OF MEN OF LETTERS.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the time of George III. By Henry Lord Brougham, F. R. S. Member of the National Institute of France and of the Royal Academy of Naples. Svo. London: 1845.

LORD BROUGHAM has now given us three goodly volumes upon statesmen and lawyers during the time of George III.; and this is the first volume of what we hope will prove at least as large a series devoted to the literary and scientific ornaments of the same period.

It is well known that no man has gone beyond Lord Brougham in the patient finish of particular passages of his speeches; he has himself recorded that the ultimate peroration on Queen Caroline's case was written ten times over before he thought it worthy of the occasion; and we have heard from his lips within these last few years several outpourings on the Whigs, which no doubt had been concocted with equal and more delightful elaboration. But with rare exceptions we cannot believe that he spends much time on the detail of any of his productions; nor do we suppose that his oral eloquence would be more effective than it is, if he took more pains in immediate preparation:—the preparation of life-long study is a far better and here a quite sufficient thing. But it is somewhat different in the case of compositions avowedly and exclusively for the press. In these, we think, the public might reasonably expect more of care and deliberation than can usually be recognized in the authorship of Lord Brougham. Nothing like imbecility need be feared—but when there is such obvious strength, it is a pity that there should often be as obvious rashness. Does he, after all, write in general, or content himself with dictating?

The present volume contains Lives of Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, Robertson, Black, Priestly, Cavendish, Watt, Simson, Davy; and it is impossible not to admire the sagacity and range of information displayed in describing so many extraordinary men, whose characters and fortunes, gifts, attainments, pursuits, and performances offer such variety. The biographer seems to feel equally at home with poetry, history, mathematics, chemistry; and as respects

the personal features of the heroes, there are several articles throughout which one hardly ever loses the agreeable feeling that what his Lordship supplies is the fruit of ripe thought and reflection, not merely a very clever man's hasty deductions from materials collected for the nonce. We are sorry to say, however, that such is not the case with all of them; and that the most signal exception occurs, according to our judgment, in the life of by much the most brilliant and influential personage included in the book—Voltaire. As to Voltaire's works, considered merely in a literary point of view—in reference to their intellectual and artistical merits—we have little complaint to make. We may differ from Lord Brougham's opinion as to this or that particular piece, or even as to some whole classes of his prose or verse; but no one can doubt that here we have genuine criticism, the result of long familiarity—criticism conveyed and above all condensed in a style which no *cramming*, no *reading up*, will ever enable a Voltaire himself to rival. But it appears to us that Lord Brougham's study of the man has been comparatively superficial; that in drawing the character he has overlooked even well-known facts, and neglected frequently to apply serious thought to the facts which he mentions.

This is the more strange, because he sets out with a severe censure of the superficiality of all preceding lives of Voltaire. He says most truly that not one of the French biographers appears even to have thought of examining thoroughly the twenty volumes of his own correspondence. We expected copious evidence of Lord Brougham's having done what his predecessors thus neglected; and it was equally natural to suppose that he must have sifted the numerous memoirs and epistolary collections connected with the names of Voltaire's associates or opponents, which have issued from the press since Voltaire's own letters were first included in a general edition of his works. In the essay before us we find slender proof of this sort of preparation. We believe it gives only *one* circumstance of the slightest moment as to Voltaire's personal history, which was not given in Condorcet's meagre life of the 'Patriarch.' Very many incidents and transactions, brought to light and clearly established and explained by works published since that date, and which are of the first importance to a right understanding of Voltaire's career and character, seem whol-

ly to have escaped the new biographer's cognizance. There is not a single line from which it need be inferred that Lord Brougham ever read even Grimm. If ever he read Madame de Graigny, he had utterly forgotten her book before he thought of writing his own. The reference to it in his *Appendix* seems indeed to imply this very distinctly. However his Lordship may be justified in despising the character of Longchamps, even that evidence ought not to have been passed over as if it had no existence. No dispassionate person can believe it to be a mere tissue of malicious inventions. In many important particulars it is very far indeed from standing alone.

It will be anticipated, of course, that as Lord Brougham has chiefly relied on Condorcet, his life also is an apology for Voltaire. It is so; but we are very far from insinuating that Lord Brougham indicates any sympathy with the anti-Christian opinions projected in every page by his shallow and coxcombical predecessor. Lord Brougham in this as in all his writings, avows himself a Christian: he deplores what Condorcet makes the chief theme of his eulogy—but, condemning infidelity, he suggests some strange enough apologies for the arch-infidel.

He first of all says that an unfair prejudice has been raised by the charge of *blasphemy* constantly brought against Voltaire. 'Blasphemy,' says his Lordship, 'implies belief.' Voltaire believed in the Deity of natural religion, and of that Deity he never wrote irreverently. Not believing in any revealed religion, he is unjustly reproached with blasphemy for having devoted his talents to overthrow the whole system of Christianity, which was in his eyes no more than the most recent and triumphant of a long series of fraudulent fictions—all alike devised by priestly impostors for tyrannical purposes—to profess belief in any one of which ever has been and ever will be clear proof of either imbecility or hypocrisy. Such is the substance of his Lordship's exordium.

We doubt very much if there ever was an Atheist—in the broadest sense of that term—a rational being, who seriously and fixedly believed the universe to be the result of chance; but we may content ourselves with quoting a couple of sentences from Condorcet's summary, and asking whether Voltaire was not, by his prime eulogist's showing, as near as possible what

mankind generally understand by an *Atheist*:—

'Il a paru constamment persuadé de l'existence d'un Etre suprême, sans se dissimuler la force des objections qu'on oppose à cette opinion. Il croyait voir dans la Nature un ordre régulier; mais sans s'aveugler sur des irrégularités frappantes qu'il ne pouvait expliquer. Il était persuadé, quoiqu'il fût encore éloigné de cette certitude devant laquelle se taisent toutes les difficultés. Il resta dans une incertitude presque absolue sur la spiritualité—et même sur la permanence de l'âme après le corps; mais comme il croyait cette dernière opinion utile, de même que celle de l'existence de Dieu, il s'est permis rarement de montrer ses doutes.'—*Vie de Voltaire*, p. 179.

It would, we apprehend, be very easy to bring together very many passages in which—even taking Lord Brougham's notion of blasphemy as the rule—Voltaire blasphemes; but we should be sorry to fill even a page in such a manner for any purpose whatever. His Lordship proceeds to say that, dismissing the blackest charge, Voltaire's hostility to Christianity itself must fully expose him to our condemnation, unless we believe that he had taken due and fair pains to examine into the evidences before he formed his creed.

'No man,' says Lord Brougham (*and this is no new doctrine with him*), 'is accountable for the opinion he may form, the conclusion at which he may arrive, provided that he has taken due pains to inform his mind and fix his judgment: but for the conduct of his understanding, he certainly is responsible. He does more than err if he negligently proceeds in the inquiry; he does more than err if he allows any motive to sway his mind save the constant and single desire of finding the truth; he does more than err if he suffers the least influence of temper or of weak feeling to warp his judgment; he does more than err if he listens rather to ridicule than reason—unless it be that ridicule which springs from the contemplation of gross and manifest absurdity, and which is in truth argument and not ribaldry.'

'Now by these plain rules we must try Voltaire; and it is impossible to deny that he possessed such sufficient information, and applied his mind with such sufficient anxiety to the discovery of the truth, as gave him a right to say that he had formed his opinions, how erroneous soever they might be, after inquiring, and not lightly. The story which is related of the master in the Jesuits' seminary of Louis le Grand, where he was educated, having foretold that he would be the Corypheus of deists, if true, only proves that he had very early begun to think for himself.'—p. 5.

Now Voltaire was a mere boy when he left this Jesuits' college. It will hardly be maintained that he had at that period taken the 'due pains,' and possessed himself of the 'sufficient information,' that Lord Brougham insists upon: but whether the story of the superior's prophecy be or be not true, it is certain that in the earliest of Voltaire's productions we find his infidelity exactly the same, in kind and in degree, that it appears in the latest of his works. The epistle to *Uranie* (Madame Rubelmonde), which is among the very first, is pointed out by Condorcet for our special admiration, as containing in its few stanzas, the sum and substance of the doctrine of Ferney! We have no wish to dwell on a word, but surely Lord Brougham employs his words with less than 'sufficient anxiety.' He does not believe any more than ourselves that any man, especially a man of unsurpassed acuteness, can inquire diligently 'with the single desire of finding the truth,' and yet, in the upshot, 'fix his judgment' that the evidences of Christianity are a heap of fables and delusions, which he may spend his life in deriding, without exposing himself to any minor modification even of the charge of blasphemy.

With the inconsistency of an advocate who feels that he has a bad case in hand, Lord Brougham turns to a better argument. He pleads that Christianity was placed before the young mind of his client as inextricably interwoven with the lying legends, the corrupt doctrine, the scandalous history of papal Rome; assent to the fundamental truths and to the super-imposed fictions being claimed as upon the same authority; and we are admonished to endeavor to place ourselves in Voltaire's situation before we denounce him as without excuse. Did it not occur to Lord Brougham that these were as nearly as possible the circumstances under which Christianity was presented to those who were enabled to 'sift the wheat from the chaff' (as he himself expresses it) in the sixteenth century—to those minds, all educated under the full influence of the Romish system, when that system was far more powerful than in the days of Voltaire, in whose case the result was emancipation from Rome, but no confounding of the Christian revelation with her super-additions? We are very far from denying weight to Lord Brougham's extenuating suggestion—without doubt it was most unfortunate that a mind and a temper such as Voltaire's should have been exposed at the

outset to the influences here pointed out—without doubt, of all popish educations, bad at best, the worst for him must have been that of a Jesuit college; but the biographer, in our opinion, exaggerates his point. It appears to us that in Voltaire's revolt against the system of his college the grand motive was precisely what every reconsideration of his story has more and more impressed on us as the grand motive of all his subsequent doings and writings—namely, the gratification of a vanity such as never before or since was connected with an intellect of the like grasp. In our opinion that wonderfully precocious creature rebelled against the religion of his tutors, not in the main because it involved the errors of popery, but because it was taught by those placed in authority over him. It would probably have been much the same, whether he had been subjected to the discipline of Salamanca, or Cairo, or Benares—of Geneva, of Wittemberg, or of Oxford.

In this particular direction, however, of his beardless presumption, as well as in others, he had supporters, whose interference (though scarcely alluded to by Lord Brougham) deserves some thought. When a mere child he first got by heart the gems of the *Moisade*, and then indited irreverent rhymes of his own, for the express purpose of annoying his elder brother, who was a youth of pious disposition, and afterwards declared himself an adherent of the Janse-nists. The father, a decent old notary, sided with the elder son; but the younger found countenance—probably in his mother—certainly in his god-father, one of those many priests who figured in the gay society of Paris as avowed freethinkers and freelivers—the clever and profligate Abbé de Châteauneuf, the worthy confessor of Ninon de l'Enclos. This reverend joker of jokes may very probably have done for his godson's boyish blasphemies what the godson did in the sequel for those of the King of Prussia—at all events he carried the boy (*Ann. Etat.* 13) and the ballads to Ninon, who was enchanted with both; and thenceforth the young prodigy's holidays were spent not so often at home as in the brilliant boudoirs where a company of Nions predominated over a hierarchy of Châteauneufs. Voltaire thus, at the very opening, had the opportunity of forming a set of acquaintance totally unlike what his birth entitled him to; he became the chosen companion, by and by, of some of the most prominent among the young nobility. The

society he thus started in was opposed bitterly to the court-system of Louis XIV.'s old age, and every month endeared more and more among them the sparkling genius, who hardly needed their encouragement to develop an audacity matchless as his wit, in libels and pasquinades all tending to cover with ridicule the religion of the great enemy of all the Châteauneufs, the Père la Chaise, and the quondam friend of Ninon, Madame de Maintenon.*

We think the original direction of his wit is pretty clearly accounted for; and also the scorn with which, on quitting the Jesuits, he treated his father's desire that he should turn himself to the study of jurisprudence with a view to a place in the magistracy. His vanity had already soared far above such views as M. Arouet's. There ensued a series of domestic quarrels, of which we have few distinct details, except that when at length the notary turned him out of doors, he was sheltered by his mother's oracle Châteauneuf, and that gentleman's liberal friends, one of whom (to complete the picture) was a bishop. Before his rejection of the paternal counsels had exposed him to any very severe inconveniences, the notary and the elder brother both died: and he found himself in every

* Lord Brougham has a note on Ninon in which he refers to Voltaire's letter in the *Mélanges Littéraires*, vol. iii. p. 246, as 'doing justice to some of her great qualities.' We have reperused the letter. It is a gay, jocular summary of Ninon's career as a wit and a strumpet. He recites the most celebrated of her amours and the most indecent of her jests:—but 'many great qualities!' One—and but one—honest action is stated—a lover having given her a casket of money to keep for him, she restored it with integrity. Common honesty is certainly more creditable than uncommon profligacy or uncommon impudence—but still it hardly amounts to a 'great quality' even in a courtesan—at least not in a rich courtesan. What can Lord Brougham have meant?

But Lord Brougham has made no reference to another article on Mademoiselle de l'Enclos which occurs in Voltaire's *Mélanges Historiques*, vol. i. p. 217, &c. This is entitled, 'D'Abraham et de Ninon l'Enclos';—and here, after some pages of the usual mockery of the Old Testament, we have a full account of the Abbé de Châteauneuf's own love-passages with *Ninon sexagenaire*—thus concluded: *Voilà la vérité de cette historiette que l'Abbé de Châteauneuf, mon bon parrain, à qui je dois mon baptême, m'a raconté souvent dans mon enfance, pour me former l'esprit et le cœur*. As it appears from the paper which Lord Brougham does cite that Ninon had been of old well acquainted with Madame Arouet, the mother of Voltaire, we think the whole affair of no small importance to his early history.

sense his own master, with the command of what all accounts agree in describing as 'an easy fortune,' though none of them afford any exact notion of its amount. Condorcet says, that on reckoning his inherited means he perceived he had no need of any profession. He adds, that (as we may easily suppose) the company he kept had given him high notions on the article of expenditure; and, in fine, that resolving henceforth to be a man of fashion, with literature for the occupation of his mornings, he determined also to increase, if possible, his fortune by some preliminary methods, to such an extent as should enable him to dispense with the usual gains of literary employment—in other words, to exert his talents according to his own taste and bent, without caring whether the results might or might not pass muster with royal or ecclesiastical censors, and receive or want accordingly the protection of the law as property. What methods he took remains in some obscurity; that dabbling in the funds was one of them, all his biographers seem to take for granted. We have little doubt that this was the chief resource, and, moreover, that he was assisted by persons in high station, who sheltered their own disgraceful traffic in the *raw material* of official knowledge by conducting it in the name of this *roturier* strippling. Lord Brougham seems to think that Voltaire owed his largest accession of wealth to some merely commercial speculations, in which he engaged under the guidance and patronage of one Falconer, an English merchant, during the few years that he spent, when still a very young man, in or near London. Where Lord Brougham found this story we are not aware. To the old suspicion that he profited very much by the Mississippi bubble, he objects that Voltaire was not apparently resident in Paris during that insanity; but he admits that he might have speculated through agents: and that he had Parisian friends well skilled in such affairs, seems the best ascertained fact in this department of his history. It is probable that he continued through life as determined a stock-jobber as his disciple Talleyrand; and there were not a few occasions on which Voltaire must have possessed means of access to government secrets both in France and elsewhere, as precious for the purposes of this trade as Talleyrand himself, or any surviving Liberal but one, ever enjoyed. There is no doubt that long before his fortieth year he was master of

an estate not only abundant but splendid. After that time he seems to have acted as a sort of banker to many of the French nobles—and even to several of the smaller German potentates. When he died he left, besides some landed possessions, a moneyed capital producing a revenue of full 7000*l.* a-year—equal in France then to double the sum in England now *at the very least*. And we see no reason to suppose that any part worth mentioning of this great fortune was derived from *the sale* of those productions which had been piled on or under every counter in Europe during half a century of uniform and unrivalled popularity.

From eighteen to seventy-eight this indefatigable stock-jobber and money lender was continually before the world as a productive author; no modern diligence ever equaled his—not Southey's, or Goethe's, or Scott's. In all these years not one can be pointed out in which he did not add something considerable to the anti-Christian literature of Europe. In all his voluminous correspondence there is not one letter, not one line, indicating the slightest pause of doubt or hesitation in his hostility to the whole scheme of revealed religion. We should be curious to know at what period Lord Brougham inclines to fix his 'turning his mind with sufficient anxiety' to the evidences of Christianity. Did any man ever study those evidences with any anxiety, and yet discover not even reason for a momentary halt—a slight shade of suspicion that the system might be true?

He had other occupation for his time: and Condorcet glories in avowing it. 'I am weary,' said Voltaire, ere his career was half done, 'of hearing it eternally said that twelve men were sufficient to establish Christianity; ere I die I shall have proved that one man was sufficient to destroy it.' This was his purpose—this was his ambition—in this cause it was that his monstrous vanity had been embarked at the outset—and in this cause he never faltered. Whatever he read was read not with a view to the ascertainment of truth, but in quest of fresh ammunition for the post which he had pledged his vanity—his all—to maintain.

It is indeed true that at three different times—once when still a young man—once when in the meridian brightness of his course—and once again when within sight of the gates of death—Voltaire made solemn professions of his adherence to the Church of Rome: but Lord Brougham

omits all reference to these incidents, and Condorcet only mentions them to deplore that such a mind should have condescended, for obvious reasons of personal interest or convenience, to a momentary dereliction of the path of truth. In even the last of the three cases he almost instantly retracted. Even then he found time to renounce by an insolent sarcasm, the Saviour, in whose sacrament he had not feared to participate. We rather wonder that Lord Brougham did omit these things. They might perhaps have afforded him some support in his views as to the effect of the Jesuit education. He might have observed that Voltaire had at least taken in so much of its doctrine as to be at ease whenever it suited him, in the practice of subscribing creeds in the 'non-natural sense.'

Voltaire is distinguished among infidels—we mean of course among infidels at all entitled to be considered of his order in mind and accomplishment—by two circumstances, both of which seem pregnant with extraordinary difficulty for those who assert that he had really turned his mind with honest anxiety to the study of Christianity. He stands alone, among really eminent 'men of letters,' in his uniformly maintained opinion of the Bible. Many before, and many more after him, have denied not only the inspiration of the sacred volume, but the reality of the most momentous facts recorded in it; but Voltaire was the first who constantly denied its title to be considered at all events as the most curious monument of remote antiquity, and the repository of some of the sublimest effusions of human genius. He treated it, boy and man, as a bundle of course imbecilities. In this, we believe, we may safely say he had no predecessor. Far different was the tone even of his master Bayle—the master from whom he drew nineteen-twentieths of what is called his ecclesiastical learning, and also how and where to get at the other twentieth; far different was the tone even of his greatest successor, Gibbon. Entirely different is that of every French infidel, possessing any considerable reach of capacity, in the present age.

The other point is that evidence of honest study supplied by his stubborn refusal to admit that Christianity, whether a revealed or a human system, has had any beneficial influence on the human race—that it has been a humanizing religion. You will find no denial of this in any preceding student of classical antiquity—but in that de-

partment at least Voltaire merited Johnson's description 'vir paucarum literarum.' Neither, however, will you find any denial of it in any real student even of the history and literature of the ages subsequent to the Christian era—except only, if as a *student* he must here be excepted, Voltaire. Slender, nevertheless, as Voltaire's stock of classical, perhaps we might add of mediæval, learning may have been—he had enough of both to render it very hard to reconcile his obstinacy on this head with the theory that considers him as an honest man; more than enough to overwhelm all who attribute to him either the smallest respect for purity of morals, or the slightest comprehension of the efficacy of social regulations in raising or lowering the general standard of well-being among mankind and *womankind*. Here, however, Voltaire has had a plentiful succession. He is the parent of that new German school (recruited largely from the philosophizing Jews) by which religious unbelief is proclaimed in the same breath with systematic depravity of morals. To him, of whom we may well say, as Milton does of Belial, that

‘A spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven,’

we may trace those myriad abominations of the modern continental press, in which the religion of the Gospel is boldly denounced as a tyrannical scheme for the abridgment of the natural liberty of man in the indulgence of every passion embraced in his nature, as we have that nature before us. But indeed even many infidels who have not ventured to avow the Voltaire doctrine on this score, appear to betray no scanty sympathy with it. From the old Italian scoffers downwards it is curious to trace the almost perpetual combination of skepticism and lubricity. In Bayle's Dictionary, that grand arsenal of all learning, all wit, and all wickedness, it is difficult to say which element is the more copiously exhibited; and it is much the same with Gibbon's History.

We do not well understand Lord Brougham's meaning where he analyzes and quotes this or that Poem or Essay of Voltaire's, and then remarks that nothing but Romish 'bigotry' could have 'detected' infidelity 'lurking' in the piece. Whether glaring or lurking, it is always there—you can never detect what does not exist. Voltaire's ambition was to destroy Christianity—but by what means? By

means of an intellectual supremacy to be established for himself over the mind of the civilized world. How could this influence be created if he were to set at defiance openly upon every occasion the prevailing opinion and sentiment of the world—how maintained, strengthened, consolidated, unless by a most sedulous conciliation of that opinion and sentiment, through a thousand arts—especially the affectation, in performances meant to be put into the hands of women and young people, of some sympathy and respect for what it was well known parents and guardians, generally speaking, still esteemed and cherished? It is, we repeat, impossible to point out the year, aye, or the month in which he was not laboring at some directly and avowedly infidel work; and to say that 'bigotry' only saw the same infidelity in contemporaneous productions of a less flagrant blazon, is in fact to say that 'bigotry' alone considered these last with 'sufficient anxiety for the discovery of the truth.' When Voltaire in a tragedy introduces a scornful description of priests, what does it signify that, as Lord Brougham observes, the priests are those of some pagan superstition? Did the intention escape any one familiar with Voltaire's works? Did it ever elude the Parisian *parterre*? How could it, when he had a thousand times explained that all priests are part and parcel of the same conspiracy; not less of the same brotherhood, because this calls himself a Druid, that a Bonze, a third an Imaum, the fourth a Bishop, than soldiers are efficient members of the same army for wearing, one of them a blue uniform, a second red, another bottle-green? But we are still more at a loss to understand Lord Brougham's calling attention to passages of tragic verse in which Voltaire expresses the faith and feelings of Christians, as if such things ought to have at all disturbed the judgment of the 'bigots.' The 'bigots' must have been blockheads truly if they had considered the Christianity of one play as more reflective of the author's opinion than the Islamism of the next in the scroll. Men of religious conviction were quite justified in not only not attaching any value to such 'patches of piety,' but rejecting them with even greater indignation than the most unblushing of his libels (since we must not say *blasphemies*) against their Saviour.

We think most readers will agree with us in regretting these specimens of loose phraseology; but we shall probably be

classed with the worst of the bigots when we say that Lord Brougham seems to us to give Voltaire a great deal too much credit for his conduct in the famous cases of *Calas* and *de la Barre*—a conduct which indeed has been extolled in very unmeasured terms by many who regard his general character much as we ourselves have always done. We are not so absurd as to question that Voltaire would have heard the details of such atrocious injustice as that in the *Calas* case with sincere indignation, in whatever part of the world it might have been perpetrated; but it is impossible not to consider his pertinacious zeal and diligence in the matter as having been principally stimulated by the fact that the barbarity was instigated by his own elected enemies, the French Clergy. He saw the opportunity of carrying the sentiments of all mankind with him against *them*—and he seized it and used it with matchless energy, adroitness, and success. In the affair of *La Barre* his personal interest—not merely that of his vanity as pledged to the ruin of the clerical influence, but that of his own immediate safety—was directly compromised. The shocking cruelty of which *La Barre* was the victim had been invoked in the name of outraged religion; and one of the assigned proofs of the unfortunate youth's infidelity was that he had Voltaire's works in his chamber. The patriarch was bitterly twitted with these particulars by his own friends the *Encyclopédistes*, when, at a later period, he refused to give them any assistance in the affair of *M. de Morangiés*.

Lord Brougham admits that Voltaire was guilty of many meannesses—he especially notices the levity with which he communicated his most obnoxious writings to all that approached him, and the astounding solemnity with which he constantly denied his concern in these writings, when they got into circulation, and threatened to bring him into trouble. There was hardly a year in his life that he did not subject himself to this sort of humiliation. The eternal succession of dirty petty personal quarrels that kept him all his days in hot water is mentioned—and his reckless vindictiveness is alluded to, condemned, and lamented. But Lord Brougham does not go into any one of these affairs so as to give his uninformed reader the very slightest notion of the, in truth, unparalleled baseness of which Voltaire was capable. Not a word of the infamous calumny which at

seventy years of age he invented and propagated against an innocent girl of seventeen—whose only offence had been that the attractions of her acting in some old play deferred the production on the Parisian stage of his own '*Lois de Minos*.' Not a word of the enforced completeness of the jealous old tyrant's retraction—not a word of the shout of scorn that reached his ears from even his own most steadfast partisans in the capital.

His Lordship rivals Condorcet in the lenity with which he dismisses Voltaire's conduct in relation to the King of Prussia. We hear enough of Frederick's offences, which were worthy of all contempt as well as wonder; but the Patriarch gets off as if he had merely been the innocent victim of the despot's caprice.—'The King,' says Lord Brougham, 'claims the whole blame.' It seems to us that the more you load the King with the blame of the separation, the more abominably shabby is the figure that Voltaire makes, when one turns over the large portion of his writings occupied in one shape or another with the King. Voltaire, says his Lordship, had given Frederick no cause of offence—he had only served and praised and extolled him—his dismissal was wanton in the highest degree: Voltaire would have continued at Berlin all his days but for this odious outbreak of the tyrannical temper. Very well—and what did Voltaire do after he left Prussia? Did he not immediately commence a series of satirical writings, in every possible shape of prose and verse, by which the King was held up to universal odium, scorn, nay, *horror*—the materials all supplied by what Voltaire had observed of Frederick's conduct and manners from day to day, from night to night, during the residence in Berlin and Potsdam—the period when Voltaire had been not only worshipping him to his face with unwearied adulation, but representing him in every book and every letter he wrote as the model of every virtue, as well as of universal genius? * Did ever vituperation recoil so dreadfully upon its author? Nor was any possible creeping paltriness omitted. Can any man contemplate without blushing the *various readings* in Voltaire's earlier *Epitres*, &c., &c., to and about his '*Achille—Homère*?'—every high wrought panegyric, every delicate compli-

* Lord Brougham has a mysterious little note about the usual Ferney nickname for Frederick—*Luc*. We infer that his Lordship has not penetrated the shocking meaning of the Patriarch.

ment, erased and supplanted by a fierce burst of hatred, or a savage sneer of disgust—all the original eulogy, as he shortsightedly fancied, for ever cancelled and annulled—but all raked up and renewed by the blind zeal of his own chosen disciples in their enthusiastic determination that the world should

‘——lose no drop of the immortal man !’

There is one small subject on which it equally amazed and amused us to find Lord Brougham taking up the cudgels for Voltaire. After a lively but imperfect account of his long retirement at the chateau of Cirey—lively, for it is Lord Brougham's; most imperfect, because he has neglected the best authorities;—we have the following paragraph on ‘the nature of the attachment’ between Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet:—

‘Many conjectures have, of course, been raised, as at the time much scandal was circulated. There seems upon the whole no sufficient reason to question its having been Platonic. The conduct of the husband, a respectable and honorable man, *the character of the lady herself*, but above all the open manner in which their intimacy was avowed, and the constant recognition of it by persons so respectable as the Argentals and Argensons, *so punctilious as the Deffands and the Henaults*, seem to justify this conclusion. It is well known that, both in former times and in our own, the laws of French society are exceedingly rigorous, not indeed to the exclusion of the realities, but to the saving of the appearances—“*Les convenances avant tout*” is the rule. It is never permitted, where a grave suspicion exists of a criminal intercourse, that the slightest appearance of intimacy should be seen in public between the parties. Voltaire's letters to all his correspondents, in which he speaks of Emily to some, of Madame la Marquis to others, of Chatelet-Newton to others, giving her remembrances to them, and himself inviting them to the chateau—all seems wholly inconsistent with the rules of social intercourse observed by our neighbors, on the supposition of her having been his mistress.’

Can Lord Brougham be serious? The Marquis du Chatelet was an elderly nobody—the tame stupid appendage of an imperious voluptuous young blue-stock and fury, who never condescended to the slightest affectation of regard for him, or for any of the vulgar duties and virtues of her sex. The ‘respectability’ of the husband and the ‘character of the lady’ were such that Voltaire, on discovering that he had been supplanted in her fancy by St. Lambert,

observed to M. du Chatelet that St. Lambert had only served him as he (Voltaire) had served M. de Richelieu,—‘one nail,’ said the bereft lover to the respectable and honorable husband—‘one nail will drive out another.’ Condorcet eulogizes her as ‘supérieure à tous les préjugés, et n’ayant pas la faiblesse de cacher combien elle les dédaignait.’ As to the ‘punctiliousness of the Henaults and Deffands,’—the *liaison* of Louis XV. with his Pompadour was not more openly blazoned to the world than was during a long succession of years that of the President Henault with Madame du Defand—whose whole previous and subsequent history (down to old age and blindness) was as respects these matters a duplicate of Madame du Chatelet's. Lord Brougham has had good opportunities of observing French Society; but when he says that the strongest argument for the Platonic purity of the attachment is the rigor with which French society forbids all such demonstrations of intimacy between guilty lovers, as were implied in Voltaire's domestication at Cirey, we must ask whether Lord Brougham considers of no importance what was the universal opinion of French society as to the particular case here in question? Who ever heard of any doubt on the subject among the French society at the time?—where did Lord Brougham find any trace ‘of conjectures?’ He mentions various appellations for the lady that occur in Voltaire's letters—but he omits one—‘*Venus-Newton*.’ It is plain, in short, that granting the rule of society to have been what Lord Brougham states, Voltaire and Madame du Chatelet claimed an exception—and that their claim was allowed. In English society also we have had and still have some very strict rules: yet Lord Brougham knows that the influence of *party* can now and then override the severest of them in what calls itself the highest life of London.

Lord Brougham has this note at p. 80:

‘An expression which occurs in Voltaire's letter to Madame du Deffand, announcing the Marchioness's death, seems strange. Though it clearly proves nothing, yet it was an extraordinary thing to say at such a moment. He asks to be allowed to weep with her for one “qui avec ses faiblesses avait un âme respectable.”—(Cor. Gén., iii. 365.) In all probability this referred to her violent temper, of which Madame du D. might have heard him complain, as he certainly suffered much under it.’

We think it more than probable that Voltaire referred to Madame du Chatelet's, for him mortifying, and to herself fatal, affair with St. Lambert. To allude to mere conjugal infidelity as a *faiblesse* in the lamented *esprit fort*, would have been extremely unpolite in Voltaire writing to Madame du Deffand.

A note at p. 98 seems also notable:—

'It was the fate of many writings left by Voltaire at Cirey to be burnt by the base fanaticism or low jealousy of the Marquis's brother, after Madame du Chatelet's death.'

What in the Condorcet dialect was called *fanaticism*, may have led to the destruction of some valuable MSS. of '*Mélanges Historiques*.' We think it probable, also, that the Marquis du Chatelet's brother considered it his duty to obliterate, as far as he could, the records and monuments of a connection disgraceful to the head of his house—to the name of his noble family. But we should like to know whether this low, base, jealous burning of papers is thought by Lord Brougham to countenance the notion that Voltaire's intimacy with the lady of Cirey was regarded as one of pure friendship by the contemporary society of France.*

At Cirey, Voltaire divided his mornings between studying Newton under the tutorship of his charming hostess, and the composition of the *Pucelle*, in which also she is supposed to have given him great assistance. She was in her 24th year when the affair began, he in his 36th. The amiable Marquis (who was in embarrassed circumstances) had allowed Voltaire to add a wing to his ancient and naked château. On the ground floor of this wing the Platonic man of letters had his apartment—three or four rooms *en suite* splendidly furnished. He had also decorated an upper apartment for the lady—all one blaze of luxury. Into these bowers of bliss the Marquis, when he happened to be at home, was admitted twice a day—half an hour at noon for breakfast, and at supper—till he had eaten his fill—when he immediately retired, and the reading and polishing of the new stanzas of the *Pucelle* commenced with due accompaniment of

champagne. Madame de Grafigny, who was allowed during her visit to remain after the *bon homme*, alias the *cocher*—alias the husband—had withdrawn—says these readings sent her to her chamber 'as mad as a young man.' Lord Brougham's criticism on the chef-d'œuvre of this innocent seclusion, is in these words:—

'It is painful and humiliating to human genius to confess, what yet is without any doubt true, that this is of all his poetical works, the most perfect, showing most wit, most spirit, most of the resources of a great poet, though of course the nature of the subject forbids all attempts at either the pathetic or the sublime; but in brilliant imagery—in picturesque description—in point and epigram—in boundless fertility of fancy—in variety of striking and vigorous satire—all clothed in verse as natural as Swift's, and far more varied as well as harmonious—no prejudice, however naturally raised by the moral faults of the work, can prevent us from regarding it as the great masterpiece of his poetical genius. Here of course the panegyric must close, and it must give way to indignation at such a perversion of such divine talents. The indecency, often amounting to absolute obscenity, which pervades nearly the whole composition, cannot be excused on the plea that it is only a witty licentiousness, instead of one which excites the passions; still less can it be palliated by citing bad precedents, least of all by referring to such writers as Ariosto, who more rarely violates the laws of decorum; whereas Voltaire is ready to commit this offence at every moment, and seems ever to take the view of each subject that most easily lends itself to licentious allusions. But this is not all. The "*Pucelle*" is one continued sneer at all that men do hold, and all that they ought to hold, sacred, from the highest to the least important subjects, in a moral view—from the greatest to the most indifferent, even in a critical view. Religion and its ministers and its professors—virtue, especially the virtues of a prudential cast—the feelings of humanity—the sense of beauty—the rules of poetical composition—the very walks of literature in which Voltaire had most striven to excel—are all made the constant subjects of sneering contempt, or of ribald laughter; sometimes by wit, sometimes by humor, not rarely by the broad grins of mere gross buffoonery. It is a sad thing to reflect that the three masterpieces of three such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, should all be the most immoral of their compositions.'

* Let any reader turn to our articles on Madame de Grafigny (Quart. Rev., vol. xxiii.), on Grimm's *Memoirs* (Quart. Rev., vols. ix and xi.), and on Miss Berry's *Life and Correspondence of Madame du Deffand* (Quart. Rev. vol. v.).

We must also, in justification of some of our previous remarks, extract the paragraph which immediately follows this eloquent description of the '*Pucelle d'Orléans*.'

'But here it would be unjust to forget that the same genius which underwent this unworthy prostitution, was also enlisted by its versatile possessor in the service of virtue and of moral truth. There may be some doubt if his moral essays, the "*Discours sur l'Homme*," may not be placed at the head of his serious poetry—none whatever that it is a performance of the highest merit. As the subject is didactic, his talents, *turned towards grave reasoning and moral painting*, adapted rather to satisfy the understanding than to touch the heart, and addressing themselves more to the learned and polite than to the bulk of mankind, occupied here *their appointed province, and had their full scope*. Pope's moral essays gave the first hint of these beautiful compositions; but there is nothing borrowed in them from that great moral poet, and there is no inferiority in the execution of the plan. A strict regard to modesty, with the exception of a line or two, reigns throughout, and the object is to inculcate the purest principles of humanity, of tolerance, and of virtue. None but a Romanist bigot could ever have discovered the lurking attack upon religion in the noble verses against substituting vain ceremonies for good works, and attempting to honor the Deity by ascetic abstinence from the enjoyments which he has kindly provided for our happiness. Nay, the first panegyric on the ministry of Christ is to be found mingled with the same just reprehensions of those who pervert and degrade his doctrines (*Disc. vii.*).—p. 48.

We protest once more against being trifled with in this manner. We ask if it be possible that Lord Brougham can really expect any man to read with a grave face about 'the finest panegyric on the ministry of Christ' from the author of the '*Pucelle d'Orléans*' and the '*Dictionnaire Philosophique*'—the man whose motto was '*Ecrasez l'infame*'?

We own we were not less startled by some sentences in the account of Voltaire's '*Essai sur les Mœurs*':—

'This work has thus become *the true history of human society, indeed of the human race*. To this work was prefixed a treatise on the "*Philosophy of History*;" but *the whole book might justly be designated by that name*. The execution is marked by the peculiar felicity of the author; but it is also to be remarked that in the two great qualities of the historian he eminently excels—his diligence and *his impartiality*. Voltaire, in no part of his work, disguises his peculiar opinions, but in none can he fairly be charged with making his *representation of the facts bend to them*. To take an example of the former, it would not be easy to find a more accurate account of the Council of Trent than in the 172nd chapter. We may safely affirm that no histo-

rical treatise was ever given to the world more full of solid and useful instruction. That there should have crept into the execution of so vast a design, perhaps the most magnificent that ever was conceived, errors of detail, is of no consequence whatever to its general usefulness, any more than the petty inequalities on the surface of a mirror are sufficient to destroy its reflecting, and, if concave, its magnifying power; because we read the book not for its minute details, but for its *general views*, and are not injured by these faults any more than the astronomer is by the irregularities of the speculum which might impede *the course of an insect*, as these inaccuracies might the study of one who was *groping for details* when he should have been looking for great principles. But whoever has studied history as it ought to be studied, will confess his obligations to this work, holding himself indebted to it *for the lamp by which the annals of the world are to be viewed*.'—pp. 104, 105.

When Lord Brougham remarks that 'a Treatise on the Philosophy of History is prefixed, but the whole book might justly be designated by that name,' some hasty reader may be apt to understand him as meaning to say—not that the Treatise is improperly designated, but that the whole book might be so designated with equal justice as the Introduction; for the 'Treatise' of Lord Brougham is, in Voltaire, the 'Introduction' to the '*Essai sur les Mœurs*.' But Lord Brougham can have no such meaning: for this Treatise, bearing the impudent title of '*Philosophie de l'Histoire*,' is neither more nor less than a condensed summary of infidelity, drawn up in the first instance, for Madame du Chatelet's edification, in which the history of the Bible is scoffed at, chapter after chapter, page after page, precisely in the grave historical style of the '*Dictionnaire Philosophique*.' There is no devise of anti-Christian insolence and malice which does not lend its bitterness to this as well as to the other *consommé* of Voltairism. His Lordship, by the way, barely alludes to the existence of the famous '*Dictionnaire*.'

In the '*Essai*' itself, without doubt we have a most piquant and picturesque review of the events of many centuries, such as could not have been penned without a great deal of preliminary reading, as well as most brilliant abilities; but surely Lord Brougham is the only Christian critic—nay, the only philosophical critic of this time—who would have dreamt of praising the work on the score of 'solid useful instruction'—'the lamp by which the annals of the world

are to be viewed.' The lamp is a dark lantern, and the only side of it that is glass is colored glass. The whole book is in the spirit of the Introduction. The origin of Christianity—the spread of it—every feature in its subsequent annals and *influence*—all is seen through this one narrow and false medium. Is this all pervading assumption a mere 'error of detail,'—to be detected only by *gropers* for trifles—no more interfering with the general value of the 'true history of the human race' than the value of Lord Rosse's monster-mirror is affected by the trivial 'irregularity' that might impede 'the course of an insect?' Lord Brougham desires us to admire the impartial chapter on the Council of Trent. Dominican dogma and Franciscan dogma, Spanish party and Italian party, were much the same to him: why should he have troubled his head to misrepresent one side more than the other? But can any man deny that in this 'accurate account' it is implied throughout that the Church of Christ is an institution founded on imposture?

Lord Brougham calls on us to admire more especially his impartiality in regard to Leo X., Luther, and Calvin:—

'Full justice is rendered to the character and the accomplishments of Leo, as well as to his coarse and repulsive antagonists; and with all the natural prejudice against a tyrannical Pontiff, a fiery zealot, and a gloomy religious persecutor, we find him praising the attractive parts of the Pope's character, the amiable qualities of the apostle's, and the rigid disinterestedness of the intolerant reformer's, as warmly as if the former had never domineered in the Vatican, and the latter had not outraged, the one all taste and decorum by his language, the other all humanity by his cruelty.'—p. 104.

What wonder that Voltaire should sympathize on one side with Leo—the patron of literature and the arts—the voluptuary—the *infidel Pope*—whose 'gravest occupations never interfered with the *delicacy* of his pleasures?' What wonder that he should have some sympathy, on the other hand, even with Luther and Calvin, seeing that, though they had the folly to be Christians, they yet set the first examples of successful rebellion against the sacerdotal power? What wonder, at any rate, that the cleverest of men should avoid the monstrous folly of attempting to represent, without any admixture of truth, three as well understood characters as could have been selected from the whole history of mankind?

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We have perhaps dwelt too long on this subject; but our error, if error it be, has proceeded from our sense of the importance attached to Lord Brougham's name and authority—from our deep regret that by writing *currente calamo*, and as we have no doubt without having recently read many of the works he is writing about, he should expose himself to the danger of being considered, for a moment, as not fully alive to the wicked injustice of the whole of Voltaire's 'Philosophy of History,' and of the leading doctrine and sentiment of his 'Essai sur les Mœurs des Nations.' We are sure he meant to exclude both from his eulogy; but his language seems to us to require a stern revision. What he says in his Appendix of Condorcet's 'unbalanced eulogy' will not save the text.

Much of the criticism embraced in this 'Life,' more especially that of Voltaire's plays and romances, is so masterly that the author should spare no pains in bringing the whole piece up to the same high mark. We confess that we think he rather exaggerates the merit of the tragedian, though we will except the case of the 'Zaïre;' but Voltaire's method in the *romans* was never perhaps so happily characterized as in this essay. He plays 'Candide' at the head of all his works—'in genius the most perfect:'

'It is indeed a most extraordinary performance; and while it has such a charm that its repeated perusal never wearies, we are left in doubt whether most to admire the plain sound sense, above all cant, of some parts, or the rich fancy of others; the singular felicity of the design for the purposes it is intended to serve, or the natural yet striking graces of the execution. The lightness of the touch with which all the effects are produced—the constant affluence of the most playful wit—the humor, wherever it is wanted, abundant, and never overdone—the truth and accuracy of each blow that falls, always on the head of the right nail—the quickness and yet the ease of the transitions—the lucid clearness of the language, pure, simple, entirely natural—the perfect conciseness of diction as well as brevity of composition, so that there is not a line, or even a word, that seems ever to be superfluous; and a point, a single phrase, sometimes a single word, produces the whole effect intended: these are qualities that we shall in vain look for in any other work of the same description, perhaps in any other work of fancy. That there is a caricature throughout no one denies; but the design is to caricature, and the doctrines ridiculed are themselves a gross and intolerable exaggeration. That there occur here and there irreverent expressions is equally true; but that there is any-

thing irreligious in the ridicule of a doctrine which is in itself directly at variance with all religion, at least with all the hopes of a future state, the most valuable portion of every religious system, may most confidently be denied.'—pp. 108, 109.

In point of conception, and not less of execution, 'Candide' seems to us the first of all Voltaire's prose writings. Its language, among other merits, is more easy, has fewer marks of the endeavor to be brilliant, than we see in any other of the romances—or in any but the very earliest of the historical works. Whether it is 'in genius' the first of all Voltaire's performances, may be more doubtful. The question, however, lies only between it and the 'Pucelle.'

Connected with Voltaire's name are several subjects on which we could have wished to say something, but we really have not room. The great share that personal vanity had in every movement of the man is one; but here we can only observe that, pitiable as his vanity was, it is impossible *now* to look back and see what things sometimes wounded it and envenomed the marking genius of the century, without a melancholy thought for the short-sighted folly of the ruling powers who owed their ultimate ruin mainly to Voltaire. Nothing angered him more than the exclusiveness of the French court, as contrasted with the homage which he commanded from the greatest of foreign monarchs. Hear, under this head, Madame du Hausset, first lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Pompadour:—

'Le Roi (Louis XV.) étoit flatté qu'il y eût sous son siècle un Voltaire : mais il le craignoit et ne l'estimoit pas. Il ne put s'empêcher de dire : "Je lui ai donné une charge de gentilhomme ordinaire et des pensions. C'est ne pas ma faute s'il a fait des sottises et s'il a la prétension d'être chambellan, d'avoir une croix, et de souper avec un roi. C'est ne pas la mode en France"—et puis il compta sur ses doigts,—"Maupertuis, Fontenelle, Voltaire, Montesquieu"—"Votre majesté oublie," dit-on, "D'Alembert et l'Abbé Prévôt"—"Hé bien," dit le Roi, "depuis vingt-cinq ans *tout cela* auroit diné ou soupé avec moi!"'—*Journal de Mad. du Hausset*, p. 359.

Such was the chat at the supper-table of the Pompadour; who, to be candid, was for the admitting of Voltaire, and, by way of smoothing all difficulties, suggested that he might easily take orders, and then get a Cardinal's hat.

The editor of this curious Memoir says, in reference to its anecdote:—

'Anciennement et jusqu'à la fin du règne de Louis XIV. il y avoit des rapports plus fréquents qu'il n'y en a eu depuis entre le Roi et ses sujets de toutes les classes : les motifs d'exclusion se multiplièrent ensuite. Dans un récit des fêtes données à la cour lors de la naissance du premier fils de Louis XIV. il est dit : "A la table tenue par le Roi étoient Mad. la Lieutenante Civile et Mad. la Présidente Tarnbonneau." Ce fait auroit paru extraordinaire sous le règne de son successeur.'—*Mélanges*, 1817, p. 248.

'In 1760, Louis XV. made a rule that no one should be presented who could not prove nobility as far back as 1400. The Maréchal Duc d'Etrées found he could not present his *niece*, yet for one hundred years that family had been in the highest positions of the state and court. Louis made an exception in his favor; but, as he observed, "l'exception même étoit une humiliation."—*ibid.* p. 251.

We must conclude our remarks on this Essay with another complaint of Lord Brougham's rashness. He tells us that Voltaire was annoyed with sleeplessness, 'and he took opium in too considerable doses. Condorcet says that a servant mistook one of the doses, and that the mistake was the immediate cause of his death.' Now Condorcet has not a syllable about 'a servant mistaking one of the doses.' He would have been happy to say that, if he durst; but his words are these:—'Il (Voltaire) prit de l'opium à plusieurs reprises, et se tromba sur les doses, vraisemblablement dans l'espèce d'ivresse que les premières avoient produite.'—*Vie de Voltaire*, p. 155.

Voltaire is followed by Rousseau—and this no doubt much easier subject is treated, we think, with far greater success. The character is brought out in a rapid but clear and pithy analysis of his history—and of his works, which, in spite of great natural genius, have already paid in large measure the usual penalties of affected sentimentality, and a taste as vulgarly false as his vices were grossly and meanly odious. We transcribe the general estimate of the 'Nouvelle Héloïse':—

'To deny the great merit of this work would be absurd; the degree in which it has been overrated, owing chiefly to its immorality, and in part also to its vices of taste, not unnaturally leads to its depreciation when the critic soberly and calmly exercises his stern and ungrateful office. But the conception of the piece is, for its simplicity and nature, happy, with the exception which may be taken especially to the unnatural situations of the lovers on meeting after Julie's marriage, to the extravagant as well as dull deathbed scene, and to the episode, the adventures of the English

lord. The descriptions of natural scenery are admirable—far superior to the moral painting; for Rousseau's taste in landscape was excellent, while with his moral taste, his perverted sentiments, so wide from truth and nature, always interfered. The passions are vividly painted, and as by one who had felt their force, though they are not touched with a delicate pencil. The feelings are ill rendered, partly because they are mixed with the perverted sentiments of the ill-regulated and even diseased mind in which they are hatched into life, partly because they are given in the diction of rhetoric, and not of nature. The love which he plumes himself on exhibiting beyond all his predecessors—nay, as if he first had portrayed, and almost alone had felt it—is a mixture of the sensual and the declamatory, with something of the grossness of the one, much of the other's exaggeration. As this is the main object of the book, therefore, the book must be allowed to be a failure. It charmed many; it enchanted both the Bishops Warburton and Hurd, as we see in their published correspondence; it still holds a high place among the works which prudent mothers withhold from their daughters, and which many daughters contrive to enjoy in secret; it makes a deep impression on hearts as yet little acquainted with real passion, and heads inexperienced in the social relations.—pp. 161-163.

Here, we venture to say, Lord Brougham might as well have stopped. He goes on to justify his censures by a minute examination of some of the most lauded passages, but these are also among the most indecent ones.

The criticism of the 'Confessions' is a masterpiece. We regret that we can only take one paragraph of it.

'There is no work in the French language of which the style is more racy, and indeed more classically pure. But its diction is idiomatical as well as pure. As if he had lived long enough away from Geneva to lose not only all the provincialisms of that place, but also to lose all its pedantry and precision, he writes both with the accuracy and elegance of a Frenchman, and with the freedom of wit and of genius, even of humor and drollery—yes, even of humor and drollery; for the picture of the vulgar young man who supplanted him with Madame de Warens shows no mean power of caricature; and the sketches of his own ludicrous situations, as at the concert he gave in the Professor's house at Lausanne, show the impartiality with which he could exert this power at his own proper cost and charge. The subject is often tiresome; it is almost always his own sufferings, and genius, and feelings; always, of course, but of that no complaint can be justly made, of his own adventures; yet we are carried irresistibly along, first of all by the manifest truth and sincerity

of the narrative which the fulness of the humiliating confessions at every step attests, and then, and chiefly, by the magical diction,—a diction so idiomatical and yet so classical—so full of nature and yet so refined by art—so exquisitely graphic without any effort, and so accommodated to its subject without any baseness,—that there hardly exists such another example of the miracles which composition can perform. The subject is not only wearisome from its sameness, but, from the absurdities of the author's conduct, and opinions, and feelings, it is revolting; yet on we go, enchained and incapable of leaving it, how often soever we may feel irritated and all but enraged. The subject is not only wearisome generally, revolting frequently, but it is oftentimes low, vulgar, grovelling, fitted to turn us away from the contemplation with aversion, even with disgust; yet the diction of the great magician is our master; he can impart elegance to the most ordinary and mean things, in his description of them; he can elevate the lowest, even the most nasty ideas, into dignity by the witchery of his language. We stand aghast after pausing, when we can take breath, and can see over what filthy ground we have been led, but we feel the extraordinary power of the hand that has led us along. It is one of Homer's great praises, that he ennobles the most low and homely details of the most vulgar life, as when he brings Ulysses into the swineherd's company, and paints the domestic economy of that unadorned and ignoble peasant. No doubt the diction is sweet in which he warbles those ordinary strains; yet the subject, how humble soever, is pure unsophisticated nature, with no taint of the far more insufferable pollution derived from vice. Not so Rousseau's subject: he sings of vices, and of vices the most revolting and the most base—of vices which song never before came near to elevate; and he sings of the ludicrous and the offensive as well as the hateful and the repulsive, yet he sings without impurity, and contrives to entrance us in admiration. No triumph so great was ever won by diction. The work in this respect stands alone; it is reasonable to wish that it may have no imitators.'—pp. 181-183.

Though Lord Brougham seems to us to have taken a very inadequate measure of Voltaire's vanity, he handles Rousseau's to a wish.

'His vanity was, perhaps, greater than ever had dominion over a highly gifted mind. That this was the point, as not unfrequently happens, upon which the insanity turned which clouded some of his later years, is certain; but no less certainly may we perceive its malignant influence through the whole of his course. He labored under a great delusion upon this subject; for he actually conceived that he had less vanity than any other person that ever existed; and he has given expression to this notion. The ground of the

delusion plainly was, that he often forgot this indulgence in pursuit of others; and also, that he had less shame than other men in unveiling his faults and frailties, when their disclosure ministered to any ruling propensity, not seldom when it fed that same vanity itself. But no one can read his account of the fancies he took in his early years, and not perceive how strikingly the love of distinction prevailed in him even then, and while his existence was perfectly obscure. The displays that captivated him, excited his envy, and even led to his uncouth attempts at imitation, were not the solid qualities or valuable acquirements of those he saw at Annecy or at Turin, but the base tricks and superficial accomplishments of a Bacler and a Venture, performers of the lowest order, but who, he perceived, were followed by public applause. Later in life he seems to have been almost insensible to any existence but his own, or when he could believe in that of external objects, it was always in reference to himself; and at last this feeling reached the morbid temperature of fancying that he and his concerns were the only thing about which all other men cared, and with which all were occupying themselves; thus absorbing in self-contemplation all the faculties and all the feelings of his own mind.'—pp. 190-192.

We have expressed our general satisfaction with this Rousseau chapter—yet we cannot leave it, without again complaining of some carelessness in the matter of authorities. We do not see any trace of Lord Brougham's having consulted the most detailed and laborious book as yet published on the subject—the '*Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de J. J. Rousseau, par V. D. Musset-Pathay*'—Paris, 8vo., 1827: and we are induced to observe this neglect by the light off-hand style in which Lord Brougham treats the story of Rousseau's death. Lord Brougham being of opinion that Rousseau was from youth diseased in mind, and latterly quite mad, the question whether he did or did not put an end to himself cannot appear to his Lordship one of much importance. We doubt about the madness. As Hallam observes in reference to a greater than Jean Jacques, 'the total absence of self-restraint, with the intoxicating effects of presumptuousness, is sufficient to account for aberrations which men of regular minds construe into actual madness.'* But even with Lord Brougham's opinion on the point of insanity, he was not entitled to pronounce a brief contemptuous negative on the story of the suicide, as an idle fiction, 'over and over again refuted,' and now credited by no-

body, unless he had taken pains to master the evidence in the case. Musset-Pathay, who spent years in the investigation of Rousseau's career, avows his conviction of the suicidal act. He quotes, of course, the *procès-verbal*, which declares that the body had been examined by the two signing persons *en entier*, and that the death had, in their opinion, been occasioned by *seious apoplexy*: but he shows that this *entire examination* must have been a singularly rapid one, or its report grossly incomplete, since the doctors make no reference whatever to a hole in the forehead, which the sculptor, who made a cast the same evening, had to stuff with wax before he began his work; which hole the proprietor of Ermenonville and Rousseau's widow accounted for to their friends at the time by a fall in the agony of death; but which the innkeeper in the village told these very friends had been caused by a pistol-shot. There are many other discrepancies: Thérèse, for instance, asserted that Rousseau had taken nothing that morning—but the doctors found the stomach charged with coffee—which, however, they did not analyze. It is obvious that the family of Ermenonville and Thérèse had strong inducements to conceal the suicide, if suicide there was; for at that time the old laws of *felo de se* were in full vigor—and the consequence of a *procès-verbal* alleging self-murder would have been the refusal of decent interment and entire confiscation of property. The amiable Girardins were of course, on every ground, averse to having it believed that their friend caused his own death while under their roof; and the widow had indeed more than ordinary reason for solicitude, inasmuch as the neighbors at the time connected Rousseau's sudden death with a discovery by him of her intrigue with M. Girardin's groom, which groom she in fact married almost immediately afterwards, to the deepest disgust of the Ermenonville family. But even M. de Girardin's narrative contains within itself some most suspicious circumstances. He admits that his own wife called at the wing occupied by Rousseau about an hour before he died, when Rousseau was in possession of all his faculties, but said he was suffering agonies, and entreated the lady to withdraw, and not witness 'the inevitable catastrophe.' He says she did withdraw—and heard Rousseau bolt the door inside. All this does not look like the symptoms of approaching apoplexy: but if we suppose

* *Introd. to Lit. of Eur.*, vol. i. p. 516.

that Rousseau, brooding over the stable-yard discovery, took poison in his coffee—that when Madame de Girardin came in he was suffering the torture of the poison—that as soon as the lady withdrew and the door was secured, he retired into the closet and clapt a pistol to his head—and that Thérèse concealed the pistol and invented the fall—which must indeed have been a remarkable fall to produce such a hole as the sculptor describes—then, the whole story becomes clear and intelligible. It was first told in print, as we believe, by Madame de Staël, in her ‘*Lettres sur Rousseau*, 1789’—eleven years after the event: at least this was the first publication that had a name of consequence. A young lady of the Girardin family, who must have been little more than a child at the time of the event, complained to Madame de Staël, and she answered that if she had fallen into an error, she had been misled by apparently insurmountable evidence: for her own father’s secretary, a Swiss well acquainted with Rousseau, had told her that a few days before the death Rousseau announced to him his intention to commit suicide: secondly, another Swiss gentleman, M. Moultu, a most intimate friend of Rousseau’s, gave exactly similar information: and thirdly, Madame de Staël herself says ‘*des lettres que j’ai vu de lui*, peu de temps avant sa mort, annoncaient le dessein de terminer sa vie.’ Finally, Madame de Staël wrote and published incessantly during her long subsequent life, yet she never retracted or cancelled her statement; and M. Musset-Pathay says of his own knowledge that she retained her original belief to the end of her days, as he does now.—(*Histoire de la Vie*, &c., pp. 430, &c.)

The Life of David Hume is another compact and vigorous sketch. It exhibits not only honest and sagacious criticisms on the various classes of his works, but a perfect understanding of his temper and feelings, and the results of a closer investigation of his literary habits than seems to have been attempted hitherto. We find in an Appendix some curious new correspondence, and it is obvious that the text has often been strengthened and enriched by the use of original materials.

As we but lately placed before our readers (Q. R. vol. lxxiii.) a somewhat lengthened article on the structure, and especially the influence of Hume’s great historical work, we need not be tempted to a new dissertation on these subjects. We must, how-

ever, quote what Lord Brougham says in proof of David’s unconscionable carelessness about authorities, as contrasted with the real labor of which we have the fruits in his apparently careless style.

‘Hume’s first volume could not have been the work of above a year or fifteen months; for it was begun when he went to the Advocates’ Library, early in 1752, and it was published in 1754. The second volume succeeded in 1756, but he had written half of it when the first was published; and in 1755 there appeared also his “Natural History of Religion.” Consequently we are positively certain that his whole “History of the Stuarts” could not have taken above three years to prepare and to write. It is impossible to doubt that this mode of writing history must leave no room for a full investigation of facts and weighing of authorities. The transactions of James’s time comprised perhaps the most important period of our constitutional history, because the struggle between the Crown and the Commons then began, and occupied the greater part of his reign. It was impossible to examine the period too closely, or in too minute detail. The struggle continued in Charles’s time, and ended in the quarrel between the King and the people, in the usurpations of the Parliament, and in the overthrow of the Monarchy. The Commonwealth then followed, and the Cromwell usurpation. Now there is hardly one passage in all this history, from 1600 to 1650, which is not the subject of vehement controversy among parties of conflicting principles, and among inquiring men of various opinions; yet all this was examined by Mr. Hume in less than two years, and his history of it was actually composed, as well as his materials collected and his authorities investigated and compared and weighed, within that short period of time. No one can be surprised if, in so short a time allotted to the whole work, far more attention was given to the composition of the narrative than to the preparation of the materials.’—pp. 211, 212.

‘He is represented as having written with such ease that he hardly ever corrected. Even Mr. Stewart has fallen into the error; and Mr. Gibbon commends as a thing admitted the “careless, inimitable beauties” of Hume’s style. It was exactly the reverse, of which evidence remains admitting of no doubt and no appeal. The manuscript of his reigns before that of Henry VII., written after the “History of the Stuarts and the Tudors,” is still extant, and bears marks of composition anxiously labored, words being written and scored out, and even several times changed, until he could find the expression to his mind. The manuscript of his “Dialogues” also remains, and is written in the same manner. Nay, his very letters appear by this test to have been the result of care and labor. The maxim of Quinctilian—“Quæramus optimum, nec protinus offerentibus gaudeamus”—seems always

to have been his rule as to words; and his own testimony to the same effect is to be found in a letter which I have obtained.'—pp. 221, 222.

Lord Brougham produces some *fac similes* of the Hume MSS., which show many alterations of word and arrangement; the change almost always towards the side of simplicity. We wish we had more examples: not to confirm the general fact, that Hume's felicity was the result of pains, but for the sake of the lesson in taste involved in each specific instance. We have not the least suspicion that compact perspicuity can ever be sustained without much care and reflection; but different men conduct the mechanism of composition in different fashions, and the negative evidence of an unblotted page is worth next to nothing. Of the two most graceful prose writers on a large scale, in our own time, the MSS. show few erasures. But the one had so extraordinary a memory that he could finish a chapter during a ride, and then set it down so as hardly to need revision. The other not only kept common-place books in which every thought that occurred to him as likely to be useful afterwards, was entered and indexed; but wrote out every separate paragraph on a scrap, and worked it up in pencil, before he trusted his pen with a syllable of what we can now compare with the print. If the pencilled fragments had been preserved, then we should have had a curious study. Such we have in the autograph of Ariosto, which marks the unrelenting sacrifice of a thousand lofty and figurative expressions, succeeded by that chaste simplicity, to the imitation of which Galileo ascribed his own success in making science attractive. Such we have, thanks to Mr. Moore, in the case of Sheridan; the wording of whose dramas will always repay any scrutiny that an artist can bestow on a model. But see what bundles of self-contrast we are. It is to the laziness of Hume that we owe these demonstrations of his diligence. He could be tempted to polish and repolish bit by bit—but shrunk from a complete transcript; which done, we should have been left to our conjectures. Thanks then to the *strenua inertia* of David's sofa. Lord Brougham, in his Appendix, has a paragraph which it concerns us to notice. He says—

'It is necessary to correct a very gross misstatement into which some idle or ill-intentioned person has betrayed an ingenious and learned critic respecting the papers of Mr. Hume

still remaining and in Edinburgh. "Those who have examined the Hume papers, which we know only from report, speak highly of their interest, but add that they furnish painful disclosures concerning the opinions then prevailing among the clergy of the northern metropolis; distinguished ministers of the Gospel encouraging the scoffs of their familiar friend, the author of the Essay on Miracles, and echoing the blasphemies of their associate, the author of the Essay on Suicide." (*Quart. Rev.*, vol. lxxiii. p. 556.) Now this heavy charge against some of the most pious and most virtuous men who ever adorned any church—Dr. Robertson, Dr. Blair, Dr. Jardine, Dr. Drysdale, and others—seemed eminently unlikely to be well founded. I have caused minute search to be made; and on fully examining all that collection, the result is to give the most unqualified and peremptory contradiction to this scandalous report. It is inconceivable how such a rumor should have arisen in any quarter.'

We beg leave to say that the Quarterly Review did not mention one of the reverend names here enumerated by Lord Brougham; and that we quite agree with him in respecting some of those individuals as sincere ministers of the Gospel. Others of the circle were at least long-headed, cautious men—very unlikely, knowing with what suspicion their intimacy with Hume was regarded, to commit themselves in writing. The 'rumor,' however, will not be entirely dispersed by Lord Brougham's note. He produces no evidence except as to the actual contents of the Hume papers. They came but lately into the hands of their present possessors; and we think it might have occurred to Lord Brougham as not altogether impossible (considering the late Mr. Baron Hume's refusal to let any use be made of them during his own lifetime) that the learned Judge purified the collection before he bequeathed it to the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

But Lord Brougham has himself printed, in this self-same Appendix, a letter of David Hume's to his friend Colonel Edmonstone (written in 1764), from which we apprehend many readers will draw an inference in tolerable harmony with the 'rumor' so magisterially dismissed.

'What—do you know that Lord Bute is again all-powerful?—or rather that he was always so, but is now acknowledged for such by all the world? Let this be a new motive for Mr. V. to adhere to the ecclesiastical profession, in which he may have so good a patron, (for civil employments for men of letters can scarcely be found. All is occupied by men of

business, or by parliamentary interest. It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar, and on their superstitions, to pique oneself on sincerity with regard to them. Did ever one make it a point of honor to speak truth to children or madmen? If the thing were worthy being treated gravely, I should tell him that the Pythian oracle, with the approbation of Xenophon, advised every one to worship the gods *τοῦ ποταμοῦ*. I wish it were still in my power to be a hypocrite in this particular. The common duties of society usually require it; and the ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to an innocent dissimulation, or rather simulation, without which it is impossible to pass through the world. Am I a liar because I order my servant to say I am not at home when I do not desire to see company?'

This letter, we suspect, would never have been intrusted by the late Baron Hume to the keeping of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Here we have David earnestly urging a young infidel to take on him the vows of a Christian minister, as the likeliest means of procuring a comfortable income, and to trample down as mere follies whatever scruples he had been entertaining as to the breach of 'honor' involved in the deliberate dedication of his life to a course of 'dissimulation, or rather simulation;' and Hume conveys his high-minded advice to the young student through a third party—a gentleman of Hume's own standing, living in precisely the same Scotch society as himself. We think the whole affair does throw very clear and very unpleasing light on the interior of Edinburgh life, both lay and clerical, in 1764. Will any man believe that David Hume would have ventured to write as he did to Colonel Edmonstone unless he knew that the Colonel was as familiar as himself with a set of their fellow-countrymen who considered it honorable to preach the Gospel every Sunday in the year, all the while holding believers in Christianity to be what David and the Colonel esteemed them—to wit, on a par with children or madmen?

We too have had access to some of Hume's unpublished letters, and we are glad to extract part of one which may amuse some of our readers, and can offend nobody:—

'Edinburgh, April 20, 1756.

... 'Even places more hyperborean than this, more provincial, more uncultivated, and more barbarous, may furnish articles for a literary correspondence. Have you seen the second volume of Blackwall's "Court of Augustus"? I had it some days lying on my table, and on turning it over met with passa-

ges very singular for their ridicule and absurdity. He says that Mark Anthony, travelling from Rome in a post-chaise, lay the first night at *Redstones*. I own I did not think this a very classical name, but on recollection I found by the Philippias that he lay at *Saxa rubra*. He talks likewise of Mark Anthony's favorite poet, Mr. Gosling, meaning *Anser*, who methinks should rather be called Mr. Goose. He also takes notice of Virgil's distinguishing himself in his youth by his epigram on Crossbow, the robber. Look in your Virgil: you'll find that, like other robbers, this man bore various names. Crossbow is the name he took at Aberdeen, but *Balista* at Rome. The book has many other flowers of a like nature, which made me exclaim, with regard to the author, "*Nec certe apparet utrum Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental Moverit incestus: certe furit.*" But other people who have read through the volume, say that notwithstanding these absurdities it does not want merit; and if it be so, I own the case is still more singular. What would you think of a man who should speak of the mayoralty of Mr. Veitch, meaning the consulship of Cicero? Is not this a fine way of avoiding the imputation of pedantry? Perhaps Cicero, to modernize him entirely, should be called Sir Mark Veitch, because his father was a Roman knight.*

The life of Robertson (whose niece was Lord Brougham's mother) is the most interesting one in the volume—and indeed we think it might be selected as the best example yet published of his Lordship's skill in this kind. Not that we agree with him, or suppose that the majority of contemporary readers, far less that posterity will agree with him in his estimate of Robertson as an author; that seems to us somewhat exaggerated; but the view of his character, manners, and personal story is hardly to be overpraised. It is a charming piece of composition—animated throughout by feelings that do honor to the author, who in early life sat at the feet of his venerable kinsman, remembers with affectionate fidelity his looks, words, tones, and gestures, and having treasured the ampler reminiscences of several dear relations now also removed by death, presents the world with a picture which something within every breast at once acknowledges for a portrait. As no future edition of Dr. Robertson's works can appear without the advantages of this ornament, we shall not copy more than a few passages.

'He had laid down for himself a strict plan of reading; and of the notes which he took

* *Veitch*—the northern form of *vetch*—is a common patronymic in Scotland.

there remain a number of books, beginning when he was only fourteen, all bearing the sentence as a motto which so characterized his love of learning, indicating that he delighted in it abstractedly, and for its own sake, without regarding the uses to which it might be turned—*Vita sine litteris mors*. I give this gloss upon the motto or text advisedly. His whole life was spent in study. I well remember his constant habit of quitting the drawing-room both after dinner and again after tea, and remaining shut up in his library. The period of time when I saw this was after the History of America had been published, and before Major Rennel's map and memoir appeared, which he tells us first suggested the Disquisition on Ancient India. Consequently, for above ten years he was in the course of constant study, engaged in extending his information, examining and revolving the facts of history, contemplating ethical and theological truth, amusing his fancy with the strains of Greek and Roman poetry, or warming it at the fire of ancient eloquence so congenial to his mind, at once argumentative and rhetorical; and all this study produced not one written line, though thus unremittingly carried on. The same may be said of the ten years he passed in constant study from 1743, the beginning of his residence in a small parish, of very little clerical duty, to 1752, when we know from his letter to Lord Hailes he began his first work. But, indeed, the composition of his three great works, spread over a period of nearly thirty years, clearly evinces that during this long time his studies must have been more subservient to his own gratification than to the preparation of his writings, which never could have required one half that number of years for their completion.

'Translations from the classics, and especially from the Greek, of which he was a perfect master, formed a considerable part of his labor. He considered this exercise as well calculated to give an accurate knowledge of our own language, by obliging us to weigh the shade of difference between words or phrases, and to find the expression, whether by the selection of the terms or the turning of the idioms, which is required for a given meaning; whereas, when composing originally, the idea may be varied in order to suit the diction which most easily presents itself, of which the influence produced manifestly by rhymes, in moulding the sense as well as suggesting it, affords a striking and familiar example.'—pp. 259, 260.

Of Robertson as leader of the then dominant party in the Kirk of Scotland, and the foremost speaker in the General Assembly, Lord Brougham says:—

'Of the lustre with which his talents now shone forth all men are agreed in giving the same account. I have frequently conversed with those who can well remember his con-

duct as a great party chief, and their uniform observation was upon the manifest capacity which he displayed for affairs. "That he was not in his right place when only a clerical leader or a literary man, but was plainly designed by nature, as well as formed by study, for a great practical statesman and orator," is the remark which seems to have struck all who observed his course. His eloquence was bold and masculine; his diction, which flowed with perfect ease, resembled that of his writings, but of course became suited to the exigencies of extemporaneous speech. He had the happy faculty of conveying an argument in a statement, and would more than half answer his adversary by describing his propositions and his reasonings. He showed the greatest presence of mind in debate; and, as nothing could ruffle the calmness of his temper, it was quite impossible to find him getting into a difficulty, or to take him at a disadvantage. He knew precisely the proper time of coming forward to debate, and the time when, repairing other men's errors, supplying their deficiencies, and repelling the adverse assaults, he could make sure of most advantageously influencing the result of the conflict, to which he ever steadily looked, and not to display. If his habitual command of temper averted anger and made him loved, his undeviating dignity both of demeanor and conduct secured him respect. The purity of his blameless life, and the rigid decorum of his manners, made all personal attacks upon him hopeless; and, in the management of party concerns, he was so far above any thing like manœuvre or stratagem, that he achieved the triumph so rare, and for a party chief so hard to win, of making his influence seem always to rest on reason and principle, and his success in carrying his measures to arise from their wisdom, and not from his own power.

'They relate one instance of his being thrown somewhat off his guard, and showing a feeling of great displeasure, if not of anger, in a severe remark upon a young member. But the provocation was wholly out of the ordinary course of things, and it might well have excused, nay, called for, a much more unsparing visitation than his remark, which really poured oil into the wound it made. Mr. Cullen, afterwards Lord Cullen, was celebrated for his unrivalled talent of mimicry, and Dr. Robertson, who was one of his favorite subjects, had left the Assembly to dine, meaning to return. As the aisle of the old church consecrated to the Assembly meetings, was at that late hour extremely dark, the artist took his opportunity of rising in the Principal's place and delivering a short speech in his character, an evolution which he accomplished without detection. The true chief returned soon after; and, at the proper time for his interposition rose to address the house. The venerable Assembly was convulsed with laughter, for he seemed to be repeating what he had said before, so happy had the imitation

been. He was astonished and vexed when some one explained the mystery—opened as it were the dark passage where Mr. Cullen had been acting. He said he saw how it was, and hoped that a gentleman who could well speak in his own person would at length begin to act the character which properly belonged to him.*

‘That great additional weight accrued to him as ruler of the Church, from the lustre of his literary fame, cannot be doubted; and that the circumstance of his connexion with the University always securing him a seat in the Assembly, while others went out in rotation, tended greatly to consolidate his influence, is equally clear. But these accidents, as they are with respect to the General Assembly, would have availed him little, had not his intrinsic qualities as a great practical statesman secured his power. He may be said to have directed the ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland for more than a quarter of a century with unexampled success, and without any compromise of his own opinions, or modification of his views of church policy; and he quitted the scene of his brilliant career while in the full vigor of his faculties, and the untarnished lustre of his fame.’—(pp. 264—267.)

On the historian's style we have these remarks:—

‘No one ever doubted of its great excellence, but it has sometimes been objected to as less idiomatic and more labored than is consistent with the perfection of composition. The want of purely idiomatic expressions is the almost unavoidable consequence of provincial education and habits. Many forms of speech which are English, are almost entirely unknown in the remote parts of the kingdom; many which are perfectly pure and classical, a person living in Scotland would fear to use as doubting their correctness. That Robertson, however, had carefully studied the best writers, with a view to acquire genuine Anglicism, cannot be doubted. He was intimately acquainted with Swift's writings; indeed he regarded him as eminently skilled in the narrative art. He had the same familiarity with Defoe, and had formed the same high estimate of his historical powers. I know, that when a Professor in another University consulted him on the best discipline for acquiring a good narrative style, previous to drawing up John Bell of Antermomy's “Travels across Russia to Tartary and the Chinese Wall,” the remarkable advice he gave him was to read Robinson Crusoe carefully; and when the Professor was astonished, and supposed it was a jest, the histo-

rian said he was quite serious: but if Robinson Crusoe would not help him, or he was above studying Defoe, then he recommended Gulliver's Travels.’—(pp. 303, 304.)

Lord Brougham, in placing Robertson at least on the same level with Hume for skill in narration, and claiming for him (as we think, with more justice) far superior care in the consultation of books and in previous meditation, does not acquit him of one great besetting sin in historians. The following honest passage is, moreover, one of the finest specimens of Lord Brougham's method of writing that we could select from this volume:—

‘There seems considerable reason to lament that an intimate acquaintance with the great scenes and celebrated characters of history, in all ages, should have made the historian too familiar with the crimes on a great scale of importance, and therefore of wickedness, perpetrated by persons in exalted stations, so that he suppresses in recounting or in citing them the feelings of severe reprobation to which a more pure morality, a more strict justice, would certainly have given vent. It is painful to see him fall into the vulgar and pernicious delusion which secures for the worst enemies of their species the praise and the increase of worldly greatness. It is equally painful to see the worst crimes even of a more ordinary description, passed over in silence when they sully the illustrious culprit. Let us only, by way of example, and for explanation, survey the highly-wrought and indeed admirably composed character of Queen Elizabeth. It opens with enrolling Henry V. and Edward III. among “the monarchs who merit the people's gratitude;” nay, it singles them out from among the list on which William III., Edward I., and Alfred himself stand enrolled, and holds them up as the most gratefully admired of all for the “blessings and splendor of their reigns.” Yet the wars of Henry V. are the only, and of Edward III. almost the only deeds by which we can know them; or if any benefit accrued to our constitution by these princes, it was in consequence of the pecuniary difficulties into which those wars plunged them, but plunged their kingdoms too, so that our liberties made some gain from the dreadful expense of treasure and of blood by which those conquerors exhausted their dominions. Then Elizabeth is described as “still adored in England;” and though her “dissimulation without necessity, and her severity beyond example,” are recorded as making her treatment of Mary an exception to the rest of her reign, it is not stated that her whole life was one tissue of the same gross falsehood whenever she deemed it for her interest, or felt it suited her caprices, to practise artifices as pitiful as they were clumsy. But a graver charge than dissimulation and severity as re-

* ‘A somewhat similar scene occurred in the House of Commons on the publication of Mr. Tickell's celebrated jeu d'esprit, “Anticipation.” It only appeared on the morning of the day when the session opened, and some of the speakers who had not read it verified it, to the no small amusement of those who had.’

gards the history of Mary is entirely suppressed, and yet the foul crime is described in the same work. It is undeniable that Elizabeth did not cause her to be executed until she had repeatedly endeavored to make Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, who had the custody of her person, take her off by assassination. When those two gallant cavaliers rejected the infamous proposition with indignation and with scorn, she attacked them as "dainty" and "precise fellows," "men promising much and performing nothing;" nay, she was with difficulty dissuaded from displacing them, and employing one Wingfield in their stead, "who had both courage and inclination to strike the blow." Then finding she could not commit murder, she signed the warrant for Mary's execution; and immediately perpetrated a crime only less foul than murder, treacherously denying her handwriting, and destroying by heavy fine and long imprisonment the Secretary of State whom she had herself employed to issue the fatal warrant. History, fertile in its records of royal crimes, offers to our execration few such characters as that of this great, successful, and popular princess. An assassin in her heart, nay, in her councils and her orders; an oppressor of the most unrelenting cruelty in her whole conduct: a hypocritical dissembler, to whom falsehood was habitual, honest frankness strange—such is the light in which she ought to be ever held up, as long as humanity and truth shall bear any value in the eyes of men. That she rendered great service to her subjects; that she possessed extraordinary firmness of character as a sovereign, with despicable weakness as an individual; that she governed her dominions with admirable prudence, and guided her course through as great difficulties in the affairs of the state, and still more in those of the church, as beset the path of any who ever ruled, is equally incontrovertible; but there is no such thing as "right of set-off" in the judgments which impartial history has to pronounce—no doctrine of compensation in the code of public morals; and he who undertakes to record the actions of princes, and to paint their characters, is not at liberty to cast a veil over undeniable imperfections, or suffer himself like the giddy vulgar to be so dazzled by vulgar glory that his eyes are blind to crime.—pp. 282—285.

This is a masterly specimen. Every one perceives that here is the style of a man largely practised in public speaking, and that in transferring it to the biographer's desk he would have done well to throw aside some license in the redundant use of certain oratorical artifices. But spoken or written it is a masculine, nervous, glowing style; and one formed and fashioned, we cannot but think, after more patient study of the great masters, ancient and modern, than is to be traced in any

other orator of our age and country—with the one exception of the Bishop of Exeter. But Lord Brougham is equally successful, when it so pleases him, in a much more temperate and subdued manner. We do not know where—even in Clarendon or Scott—we could find any thing either fuller of nice discrimination, or more quietly elegant in language, than the sketch which must close our extracts.

'Without any thing of harshness or fanaticism, Dr. Robertson was rationally pious and purely moral. His conduct both as a Christian minister, as a member of society, as a relation, and as a friend, was wholly without a stain. His affections were warm; they were ever under control, and therefore equal and steady. His feelings might pass for being less strong and lively than they were, partly because he had an insuperable aversion to extremes in all things, partly because, for fear of any semblance of pretension, to which he was yet more averse, he preferred appearing less moved than he really was, in order to avoid the possibility of feeling less than he externally showed. But he was of opinions respecting conduct which led to keeping the feelings under curb, and never giving way to them; he leant in this towards the philosophy and discipline of the Stoics; and he also held, which was not apt to beget the same mistake as to the warmth of his heart, that exhibitions of sorrow, any more than of boisterous mirth, were unfit to be made; that such emotions should as far as possible be reduced to moderation even in private; but that in society they were altogether misplaced and mistimed. He considered, and rightly considered, that if a person laboring under any afflictive feelings be well enough at ease to go into company, he gives a sort of pledge that he is so far recovered of his wound, or at least can so far conceal his pains, as to behave like the rest of the circle. He held, and rightly held, that men frequent society not to pour forth their sorrows, or indulge their unwieldy joys, but to instruct, or improve, or amuse each other by rational and cheerful conversation. For himself, when he left his study, leaving behind him with the dust of his books, the anxious look, the wrinkled brow, the disturbed or absent thoughts, he also expected others to greet his arrival with the like freedom from cares of all sorts; and especially he disliked to have his hours of relaxation saddened with tales of misery, interesting to no one, unless, which is never the object of such narratives, there be a purpose of obtaining relief.

'His conversation was cheerful, and it was varied. Vast information, copious anecdote, perfect appositeness of illustration—narration or description wholly free from pedantry or stiffness, but as felicitous and as striking as might be expected from such a master—

great liveliness, and often wit and often humor, with a full disposition to enjoy the merriment of the hour, but the most scrupulous absence of every thing like coarseness of any description: these formed the staples of his talk. One thing he never tolerated any more than he did the least breach of decorum—it was among the few matters which seemed to try his temper—he could not bear evil speaking, or want of charity. No one was likely ever to wrangle with another before him; but he always put down at once any attempt to assail the absent.

His manner was not graceful in little matters, though his demeanor was dignified on the whole. In public it was unimpassioned till some great burst came from him; then it partook of the fire of the moment, and soon relapsed into dignified composure. In private it had some little awkwardness, not very perceptible except to a near and minute observer. His language was correct and purely English, avoiding both learned words and foreign phraseology and Scottish expressions, but his speech was strongly tinged with the Scottish accent. His voice I well remember, nor was it easy to forget it; nothing could be more pleasing. It was full and it was calm, but it had a tone of heartiness and sincerity which I hardly ever knew in any other. He was in person above the middle size—his features were strongly marked—his forehead was high and open—the expression of his mouth was that of repose, and of sweetness at the same time. . . . The only particulars of his manners and person which I recollect, are his cocked hat, which he always wore even in the country; his stately gait, particularly in a walk which he loved to frequent to the woods at Brougham, where I was never but once while he visited there, and in which he slowly recited sometimes Latin verses, sometimes Greek; a very slight guttural accent in his speech, which gave it a particular fulness; and his retaining some old-fashioned modes of address, as using the word “madam” at full length; and when he drank wine with any woman, adding “My humble service to you.” When in the country he liked to be left entirely to himself in the morning, either to read or to walk, or to drive about.—p. 316.

We cannot now encounter any of Lord Brougham's ‘Men of Science.’ His ‘Cavendish’ is more likely to please the French Institute than the Royal Society of London: we believe we must examine it seriously in a separate article. The Simpson is, we think, the best of this class. The life of Black has, like those of Hume and Robertson, plentiful marks of access to original sources of intelligence: and that of Davy, though short, will be found a very valuable supplement, as respects personal character and manners, to the two elaborate

biographies with which the world is already familiar. Lord Brougham knew Sir Humphrey from the dawn of his celebrity, and saw far more of him, as a member of the most brilliant society in London, than Dr. Paris, or even his brother, Dr. Davy, appears to have done. In our opinion his Lordship speaks too slightly of Sir Humphrey's verses—we think the stanzas on the doctrine of Spinoza are alone sufficient to prove that he possessed a true poetical genius: so thought Scott, Southey, Coleridge;—and we regret the more to find Lord Brougham of a different judgment on this head, because the present volume, among many other attractions, includes some excellent specimens of versification by Lord Brougham himself—translations from Voltaire. These were proper recreations for the marine villa in Provence (whence he dates his preface): some other matters might as well have been reserved for the well-stored library of Brougham Hall—‘Bosomed high in tufted trees.’

NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation. 8vo. London: 1845.

THIS is a remarkable book, and has had a sudden run of public favor. A fourth edition has just appeared; but our last perusal having been bestowed upon the third, we shall refer to it in all our extracts, except where the first may demand some passing notice. The book treats of Cosmogonies in the largest sense in which that high-sounding word was ever used by man; and the author, after soaring with us among the clouds, and giving us a bold outline of the ‘Nebular hypothesis,’ comes down to the lower world, and tells us of the wonders of the earth, and of the marvellous organic forms, in successive generations, which geologists have brought up from the regions of darkness, and put before us in the light of day. He then unfolds his theory of Animal Development, in which we learn that the humblest organic structures began first, and were produced by Electricity, or some like power of common nature—That to begin living structures any other way, ‘would be an inconceivably paltry exercise of creative power.’

That nature having thus made a start, all difficulties are over; for by progressive breeding, the first monads will work their way, without any external help, through all the ascending scale of things, up to Monkeys; and that Monkeys will, in like manner, become at length the parents of Men. He then appeals, in confirmation of his views, to the successive organic forms found in the old strata of the earth, and to the foetal forms of men and beasts; and so builds up a scale of nature which is to be an index of a universal creative law.

The work is systematic and well got up for its purpose, so far as regards its outer form; and in the latter part of this article we mean to track the vestiges in their own natural order. But in the concluding chapters of the work, many subjects (such as the circular system of natural history, phrenology, animal instincts in comparison with human reason, the origin of language, and the diffusion of the various families of the human race) pass under review. All of them we cannot notice, but some we are compelled to glance at; and we do so in the first instance, that our more general views may be less interrupted, and hoping in this introductory matter to make our readers comprehend the peculiar qualities of our author's mind, and his mode of dealing with great physical questions.

It follows of necessity, that in the progress of such a work, subjects must be brought under review which bear upon almost every question belonging to natural science; and we find that every thing is touched upon, while nothing is firmly grasped. We have not the strong master-hand of an independent laborer, either in the field or closet, shown for a single instant. All in the book is shallow: and all is at second-hand. The surface may be beautiful; but it is the glitter of gold-leaf without the solidity of the precious metal. The style is agreeable—sometimes charming; and noble sentiments are scattered here and there; but these harmonies are never lasting. Sober truth and solemn nonsense, strangely blended, and offered to us in a new material jargon, break discordantly on our ears, and hurt our better feelings.

The author is intensely hypothetical, and builds his castles in the air, misconceiving the principles of science, or misunderstanding the facts with which it has to deal; or, what is worse still, distorting them to serve his purpose. He does all this, apparently,

without having any just conception of the methods by which men, after the toil of many generations, have ascended, step by step, to the higher elevations of physical knowledge—without any even glimmering conception of what men mean when they tell us of Inductive Science and its sober truths.

But if this be so, how, it may be asked, are we to account for the popularity of the work, and the sudden sale of edition after edition? Men who are fed on nothing better than the trash of literature, and who have never waded beyond the surface of the things they pretend to know, must needs delight in the trashy skimmings of philosophy; and we venture to affirm that no man who has any name in science, properly so called, whether derived from profound study, or original labor in the field, has spoken well of the book, or regarded it with any feelings but those of deep aversion. We say this advisedly, after exchanging thoughts with some of the best informed men in Britain. The public, who are not able to judge from their own knowledge, must therefore be plainly told, that the philosophy of the author is borrowed from a false and shallow School; and that the consequences he dares to draw from it, so far as they are new in the scientific literature of our country, are nothing better than mischievous, and sometimes antisocial, nonsense.

The book tells us of things new to many of us—and all of us delight in novelties. It lifts up the curtain of the dissecting-room, and publishes its secrets in rounded sentences of seeming reverence, and in the conventional language of good society. Things useful, and good, and excellent in one place, may be foul and mischievous in another. The world cannot bear to be turned upside down; and we are ready to wage an internecine war with any violation of our modest principles and social manners. Hercules, when he took the distaff in hand, made only a sorry thread; and we presume that Omphalè found her hero's club but a clumsy spindle. It is our maxim, that things must keep their proper places if they are to work together for any good. If our glorious maidens and matrons may not soil their fingers with the dirty knife of the anatomist, neither may they poison the springs of joyous thought and modest feeling, by listening to the seductions of this author; who comes before them with a bright, polished, and many-co-

lored surface, and the serpent coils of a false philosophy, and asks them again to stretch out their hands and pluck forbidden fruit—to talk familiarly with him of things which cannot be so much as named without raising a blush upon a modest cheek;—who tells them—that their Bible is a fable when it teaches them that they were made in the image of God—that they are the children of apes and the breeders of monsters—that he has *annulled all distinction between physical and moral*, (p. 315)—and that all the phenomena of the universe, dead and living, are to be put before the mind in a new jargon, and as the progression and development of a rank, unbending, and degrading materialism.

But who is the author? We thought, when we began 'The Vestiges,' that we could trace therein the markings of a woman's foot. We now confess our error; and for having entertained it, we crave pardon of the sex. We were led to this delusion by certain charms of writing—by the popularity of the work—by its ready bounding over the fences of the tree of knowledge, and its utter neglect of the narrow and thorny entrance by which we may lawfully approach it; above all, by the sincerity of faith and love with which the author devotes himself to any system he has taken to his bosom. We thought that no *man* could write so much about natural science without having dipped below the surface, at least in some department of it. In thinking this, we now believe we were mistaken.

But let us not be misunderstood. Within all the becoming bounds of homage, we would do honor to the softer sex little short of adoration. In taste, and sentiment, and instinctive knowledge of what is right and good—in discrimination of human character, and what is most befitting in all the moral duties of common life—in every thing which forms, not merely the grace and ornament, but is the cementing principle and bond of all that is most exalted and delightful in society, we would place our highest trust in woman. But we know, by long experience, that the ascent up the hill of science is rugged and thorny, and ill-fitted for the drapery of a petticoat; and ways must be passed over, which are toilsome to the body, and sometimes loathsome to the senses. And every one who has ventured on these ways, has learned a lesson of humility from his own repeated failures. He has learned to appreciate the enormous and

continued labor by which every new position has been won; and, above all, he has learned the immeasurable depth of his own ignorance, when he applies his faculties to any higher order of material causation beyond the known truths he derives from others, or from his own observations and experiments. No man living, who has not partaken of this kind of labor, or, to say the very least, who has not thoroughly mastered the knowledge put before his senses by the labors of other men, has any right to toss out his fantastical crudities before the public, and give himself the airs of a legislator over the material world.

If we know not the author personally, we may well rejoice in our ignorance; for our criticisms have not the semblance of personal hostility. It is an imperious sense of duty, and an unflinching love of truth, which dictate the language of this article; and in writing it we are moved by ill-will to no one. We may, however, dissect the author's mind from the character of his book; and we believe him to be an accomplished, and, in a certain sense, a well-informed but superficial person. He exhibits a not uncommon union of skepticism and credulity. The combination is not by any means unnatural; for it often requires good and long training to cure a man of subtle doubts, and the first advances of knowledge often lead men of ardent minds into rash and incongruous conclusions. Again, the author is a man of imagination, and delights in resemblances—sometimes real, and sometimes (strange to tell) only to be found in the similarity of sounds, by which, from the natural imperfection of language, things entirely different are confounded under common terms. He hardly seems to know that in the veriest child the perception of resemblances far outstrips the realities of knowledge. It is the part of science to anatomize external things, and to follow out their *differences*; and then, and not till then, to arrange them in their proper places and speculate on their mutual bearings.

He is so enamored of resemblances, that he will cheat his senses by mere similitudes of sound. Every one has heard of the quickness of thought—of 'glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,'—and who has not heard of the velocity of the galvanic fluid? Therefore, the speed of thought may be reduced to numbers, and a man may think at the rate of 192,000 miles a second! We know well that the

author may shelter himself under the juggle of his own words, and tell us that he speaks only of the transmission of our will through the organs of the body. Let him, then, write in more becoming language. But he closes with his own hands his only door of escape. 'Electricity is almost as metaphysical as ever mind was supposed to be' . . . 'and yet electricity is a real thing, an actual existence,' or, in other words, a material existence, (p. 317.)* 'So mental action may be imponderable and intangible, and yet a real existence,'—that is, a material existence. In the same passage he tells us, 'that the brain is absolutely identical with a galvanic battery!' As well might he say that the human will and the point of a needle are identical, because each of them can produce the contraction of a muscle. Allowing that some of the functions of the brain resemble galvanism, are we to conclude that all its functions are galvanic? We repudiate the rash conclusion. It may be true that galvanic influence transmitted through a nervous chord, soon after death, will produce muscular contraction; and it may be true that, after sudden death, electric action may be transmitted from the hollow of the cranium, down the nerves which supply the stomach, so as to continue for a short time the operations of digestion. But what is all this for the author's purpose, unless he can re-animate a dead body, and continue the higher functions of life, sensation, and volition? When he has done this, we will listen to his materialism; but not till then. There is an immeasurable difference between the material organic combinations of a body, and its associated phenomena of life, sensation, and volition; and there is not the shadow of a reason why things so different in kind should cease together at the very moment of death. The doctrine of a 'vital principle' may have been pushed too far, and brought to the explanation of phenomena which are resolvable on the more vulgar principles of ordinary chemical combination; but this is not our present question. It is said that hair will continue to grow for several days after death. It is said also, in cases of sudden death, when life is arrested while every organ is in a healthy state, that organic action may for a while go on; and that the dead stomach may, in such a case,

be dissolved by the very digestive juice which it has just elaborated. We therefore receive with doubt the digestive experiment of our author. If it be true, we willingly receive its evidence, while we reject the beggarly conclusion he dares to draw from it.

Again, all things living, whether vegetable or animal, may be traced back to some elementary germ, which admits not even of microscopic analysis. Therefore, the author tells us, all things living have one common fundamental and material germ. In tracing backwards the organic structure of different species, we can mark a difference at every step, so long as the things before us are within the ken of sense, and we can aid our senses by instruments of great power; but we lose ourselves at last among the ultimate germs of organic life. Are we then to say that these ultimate and unknown germs are all one and the same; while the phenomena springing from them, by stern unbending physical laws, are all different? One who, like this author, can snatch at the conclusion, has a mind incapable of inductive reasoning, and cheats himself, at every turn of thought, by nothing better than empty sounds.

With the like spirit he writes as follows:— 'The fundamental form of organic being is a globule, having a new globule forming within itself, by which it is in time discharged, and which is again followed by another and another, in endless succession,' (p. 175.) If this be true in certain germs of organic life, we may doubt whether it be true of all germs, vegetable and animal. But let us, for the sake of argument, accept this principle in all its fullness, and then follow the author in the supernatural consequences he draws from it. 'Globules,' he tells us, 'can be produced in albumen by electricity,' (p. 176.) 'If, therefore, these globules be identical with the cells, which are now held to be reproductive, it might be said that the production of albumen by artificial means is the only step in the process wanting.' The *if* and *might* of this precious sentence are words of marvellous import. We believe the author cheats himself by empty sounds; and, because the poverty of language expresses not the difference of things inappreciable by vulgar sense, confounds his fundamental organic globule with the inorganic globule of a chemist. The passage of the electric fluid through water will produce a set of aerial globules in rapid and expansive movement; and just as well might he call them also

* We here repeat that we always refer to the page of the third edition, except where the contrary is expressed.

organic bodies, as any other globules evolved in a chemical experiment. He calls this monstrous perversion of sound reason, 'a humble attempt to bring illustration from a department of science, on which, at present, much doubt and obscurity rest.' But if his principle be insecure, why build upon it a most complicated dogmatic system? He was not called upon to do so, nor was he bound by any duty to desert the sober method of Induction. We must tell him, and his readers, plainly, that he cannot desert his fundamental organic globule; and if he cannot create it by purely physical means, his whole system is gone, and he has not so much as a mathematical point to rest his foot upon. His fundamental organic globule, and the *petit corps gélatineux* of his great archetype, Lamarck, are one and the same thing, without which the authors have not the semblance of a starting-point. The theory of Lamarck, though baseless as the fabric of a crazy dream, is better framed than the one before us. It gives us, at least, a comprehensible cause of organic changes from one species to another; while our author talks only of *development*—a word without sense or significance, if he fail to give us any material facts to gloss its meaning.

One example more, and we have done with our exhibition of the idiosyncrasies of his most imaginative mind, which seem to cheat his reason, to lead him by the ears, and to make him the dupe of idle sounds. He tells us, (p. 189,) with some detail, and great simplicity, that 'Mr. Weeks, by the action of a galvanic battery continued for eleven months, created a multitude of insects, (*Acarus Crossii*,) minute and semi-transparent, and furnished with long bristles.' The creatures thus created were sometimes observed to go back into the parent fluid, and occasionally they devoured each other; and, soon after they had been called to life, they were disposed to extend their species in the vulgar way! So much for the experiment; and let us next read the comment of our author. 'Toward the negative wire of the battery, dipped in the fluid, there gathered a quantity of gelatinous matter—a part of the process which is very striking, when we mention that gelatine is one of the proximate principles, or first compounds, out of which animal bodies are formed,' &c.

He cannot give up this experiment without burying his whole household; for, in truth, it is the only prop on which he builds

his habitation; and the stone jelly to feed his little *larvæ* is quite affecting. But in the third edition, (and in violation of his own positive principles,) he follows the lead of some hesitating critic, and adds, with graceful simplicity, 'that we should require further proof to satisfy us that the matter here concerned was actually gelatine.' We tell him not to doubt at all—that a few drops of acid, properly applied, will gelatinize some of our hardest minerals—and that rock jelly, floating in the *liquor silicum*, is an admirable compound for a young and tender stomach—that 'rock milk' is one of the most vulgar substances wrung from nature's dugs; and, in the shape of chalk infusion, has been drunk for ages by the whole race of cowering gallinaceous philosophers who were progressively developed in the central parts of our great southern capital; nay, that the same fecundating compound has found its way to the west of Temple-Bar, and created by its animating power a celestial sky-blue philosophy, which is soon to fill the world with wonders. But we must leave these delightful visions of future good, and come back to the analysis of our author's mind.

If he be sometimes led astray by the ears, as we have shown, he is sometimes also cheated by his eyes—a vulgar error, it is true, but requiring from us a passing notice. We affirm, then, that he is sometimes led astray by the most puerile resemblances, (p. 160.) In the frozen vapor on the inside of a window he sees a vegetable form, (and what child has not done the same thing a hundred times before him?) In the *Arbor Dianæ* of the chemist he sees a *crystallization precisely resembling a shrub*. In the brush produced by an electrical detonation, (we have ourselves seen one almost as big as a hearth-brush produced by Mr. Crosse,) he sees the stem and branches of a forest-tree; and then he presumes to tell us, 'that we can here see the traces of secondary means, by which the Almighty Deviser might establish all the vegetable forms with which the earth is overspread!' No one denies that the combination of chemical elements, and the crystalline forms mechanically resulting from it, are connected with electricity; and every one knows, that if the first attraction of the atoms be interrupted by a second set of disturbing forces, there will result a new set of crystalline forms, often arborescent, but always of extreme complication. The first set of forms can be anticipated, and their modifications

submitted to geometrical rule. The second set are utterly beyond the reach of all analysis; and it is among them that creative fancy may take delight in conjuring up fantastical resemblances. An old woman may see a shroud in a candle, or a coffin in a flake of soot; and every child will see steeples, and houses, and the faces of its friends, in the flame of the fire or the vapor of the sky; and these unsubstantial fancies are every whit as real as the vegetable coatings and the forest-trees of our imaginative author. Comparisons of this kind are childish or superstitious—poetical, witty or absurd—according to the manner in which we use them; but we are certain that they belong not to the stern realities of science. We believe that organic structure could not be matured without the presence of imponderable agents, such as heat, light, and electricity; but we give no creative power to these agents, any more than we give creative power to the carbon and oxygen, and other vulgar constituents of our bodies. The frozen vapor on our window may imitate the outer forms of vegetable life, but it has neither organic structure nor any inner principle of reproduction; it grows by aggregation from without, by the simple apposition of new crystalline matter like that which was laid down before; but a true living vegetable rises from a germ, and is elaborated by an internal complicated organic and reproductive structure, fitted to the materials surrounding it, and acting on them by organic laws of endless complication.

To perceive resemblances is the habit of a child; and an excellent habit it is while kept in its proper place. To perceive the differences of things is another faculty essential to advancing knowledge. These truths our author seems neither to have studied nor thought of; and the passages we have now referred to, if they prove nothing else, at least prove this—that he has a mind unfitted for the comprehension of the severer lessons of science; and that by no effort will he be ever able to write a system of philosophy which will be fit to advance the cause of material truth, or give a rational interpretation of what has been done by the labors of other men.

While on the philosophy of resemblances, we may say a few words of the system of arrangements in Natural History, and especially of the vertebrate classes. These classes are formed on one harmonious plan, so that they may be readily brought under

a general comparison, and all their nobler organs described under common names. Each animal is perfect of its kind; and its parts are so related and fitted to one another, that the existence of one part (when thoroughly understood) implies the existence of all the rest, under the rigid government of a positive organic law. A naturalist may, therefore, start almost from any point he pleases, and reason consistently through the whole structure of an animal to all its higher vital functions; and he may go on from animal to animal, till he has arranged them all in one consistent scheme of mutual relations. But if all good systems of arrangement be, in a certain sense, natural, in another sense all of them are artificial, for every system implies some starting-point or principle of comparison; and that which is best for the conception of one set of animal structures, may not be the best for another. Not one of them can for an instant be regarded as a type of what was in the prescient mind of the Creator when he called living nature into being.

If these remarks apply to arrangements of the animal kingdom like that of Cuvier, still more do they apply to the Circular and Quinary system of Mackay, who, not content with the ascending and descending scale of older naturalists, and, following out a far wider series of analogies, has thrown the animated world into a circular arrangement, and in groups of five, and contrived to bring into a kind of orderly and geometrical comparison things in former times most widely put asunder. This scheme may have its uses, and may sometimes assist us in comprehending nature, by submitting new analyses to our view; but it is intensely artificial, and is not accepted by our best physiologists and naturalists; and, on this account, is most unfit to form the basis of one single speculation on the high subject of a creative law. Its remote and sometimes most fanciful resemblances have a potent charm for this imaginative author; and led him, especially in his first edition, into details offensive to every principle of sound reason and good taste. Our readers will find the passages to which we refer in his first edition, (pp. 268–271,) but our limits prevent us from quoting them.

If our author be cheated by his eyes and ears, and misled by his outer senses, he also has an inner principle which continually misleads him. He is not only, as we have said, intensely hypothetical, but intensely

credulous. A drowning man will catch at a feather or a straw to save himself from sinking; but one who resolutely plunges into the water because he sees such things floating, would be counted a madman. Yet our author plunges into the very deepest streams of human speculation, without one quality fitted to bear him up except a blind belief in his own buoyancy; and he then catches at any thing and every thing that floats about him upon the surface. A hypothetical spirit is a good spirit, if it be properly tempered with knowledge, honesty and sagacity. It is but a perpetual upward tendency, and a craving for some higher principle, to bind together new phenomena and disconnected facts. When thus tempered, it leads us not to worship our first imaginations, and to made all nature bend to them, but it makes them bend to nature. We may carry as much sail as we please, if we have but proper ballast, and a willing hand ready to turn the helm whenever we are steering on a shoal. This has been the governing principle of the two Herschels, father and son, of Black, of Davy, of Dalton, and other great names in modern discovery.

But we must turn again to our author to affirm, that he has neither knowledge to justify the positions he has taken, nor sagacity to discover any new means of defending them; but that he presses into his service every kind of force that will hoist his colors for an hour. His credulity is quite on a level with his rashness. Of these qualities we must give a few examples; but, for want of space, it must be in the way only of simple enumeration. He believes that Mr. Crosse has, by help of his galvanic battery, made an *Acarus* well fledged and full of eggs; and he believes that he can build a stable system of animated nature upon its back. He believes that, by a double process of incubation, he can hatch a rat from a goose's egg—that a seven month's child has the brain of a beast—that dogs can play admirably at dominoes—and that he is himself a great philosopher, and born 'to improve the knowledge of mankind, and through that medium their happiness!' (p. 387.) Let him, then, no longer 'compose in solitude, and almost without the cognizance of a single fellow-being,' but set up at once a new school of sky-blue philosophy, and he will fill the fashionable world with wonders. Under his celestial teaching we may live to see a grizzly dowager, a wheezing bachelor, and a withered

maid, sitting down to a quiet game of whist with a new-fashioned dummy in the form of a solemn poodle; while a lively spitz, or fawning spaniel, is raised on its hind-quarters at the corner of the sofa table, and teaching the knight's move to the younger ladies of the household!

But to go on with our enumeration. He believes that he is a great metaphysician—that mind and soul (as our fathers understood the word) are all a dream—that material organs are all in all—that he can weigh a mind as a butcher does a joint, by a steelyard—that he can measure 'the length and breadth of psychology' by tangents, as a tailor does a piece of broadcloth—that he has 'annulled all difference between physical and moral'—that Gall and Spurzheim are the only mental philosophers since the days of Plato—that he can swallow their whole system without any grumblings among his digestive organs—that Comte is a great mathematician—and that photography throws a bright light on the faculty of the memory. He believes that the human family may be (or ought to be) of many species, and all sprung from apes—that while he bestializes men and humanizes beasts, he is a great moralist—and that while he tries to set up a system which destroys all semblance of any 'final cause,' he is a good theist. Lastly, and above all, while he rejects the Word of God, (which tells him that God made man and woman in his own image, and breathed into their nostrils the breath of life,) and thinks he can make man and woman far better by the help of a baboon, he believes that he may still remain a good Christian. It may be so; for men are full of strange contradictions. This author is at least consistent in his own materialism; and as he has adopted a scheme of nature against common sense, reason, and experience, so may he have embraced a scheme of religion that is against the vulgar teaching of his own philosophy. It is our business to analyze his mind, and to expose his system when we think it wrong, and not to reconcile his contradictions. But let no man or woman be cheated by the pipings of his 'organ of veneration,' and believe his work, on that account, not to be offensive and mischievous. Many a stagnant shallow pool will reflect the images of the sky; but if we stoop down to drink it, we only fill our mouths with nastiness.

As we have alluded to phrenology, we may add a word or two upon it before we

go on to graver matters. We reject the peculiarities of the system, because they are unsustained by any direct anatomical proof. We have several times seen the human brain dissected, (and twice by Dr. Spurzheim himself,) and we affirm that neither he nor any one else has been able to demonstrate any subdivisions of its structure corresponding to the organ theory. But some one may tell us that it is proved by a wide induction of facts of another kind, derived from the external forms of the cranium. This we also deny; and we need not repeat opinions enforced in former articles of this Journal, but refer to them. Let us, however, remark in passing, that there is one substantial reason why phrenology should maintain its ground with those who have a large capacity of belief, or an obstinacy in maintaining their first opinions. It starts with the assumption of certain qualities of the mind, which belong, with greater or less prominence to every human being. These qualities were known before phrenology was ever thought of; but it gives them a local habitation, and sometimes a new name. When, therefore, a credulous neophyte presents himself for manipulation, and from the bumps upon the outside of his head is told of that which passes in the inside of it, we consider it morally and physically impossible that the oracular response should not touch some prominent points of character, of which the patient must needs be conscious if he have any character at all. It is, in such a case, the property of human nature to be taken with good hits, and to overlook the many mistakes and blunders; and so may the oracles of phrenology, like some others, have their hierophants and their votive offerings for many generations.

In a limited sense, we are all of us phrenologists: we all of us believe that the sensible impressions of external nature are conveyed, through the nervous system to the brain, and there apprehended by the mind; and we believe that in a reverse order, the intentions of the will are conveyed from the brain to the organs of the body. This is no new doctrine; and we may accept a lofty expanded forehead, and other outer characters of the cranium, as indications (though by no means sure ones) of high capacity. We will even go a step further, and allow, should it ever be sanctioned by good evidence, (which we very greatly doubt,) that the intellectual, moral, and animal qualities of a man may be indica-

ted, in a general way, by three corresponding developments of the brain, so as to affect the outer form of the head. But when men go on with their most artificial partitions of the brain, and thus proceed to build a regular psychological system on their own inventions, they may become not only ridiculous but very mischievous. Such a system may give us the ready change of hard technical words, with certain material notions to fix their meaning. But let no man fancy, when he has mastered these watchwords and party symbols, that he has reached the philosophy of the mind. He may know no more about it than a stammering boy does of oratory from having learned by rote the jargon of an old book of rhetoric; or than a bellows blower, or sexton, does of Handel's glorious harmonies, after he has counted all the keys or gilded pipes of his parish organ.

The questions between the materialist and the immaterialist are not, in truth, affected by the phrenological hypothesis. They remain in their old places. It matters not whether all the brain be subservient to every act of the mind, or particular parts of the brain to particular acts. What we call mind is that principle which binds our thoughts together, and makes us intellectually what we are; giving us a unity of consciousness not transferable to another, or separable into parts—a unity of knowledge, a unity of responsibility, and a unity of aspiration after future good. Common language does not confound such things under names descriptive of dead matter, and its actions on things dead and inorganic; because common language is the voice of human nature, and not the echo of an hypothesis. Spurzheim was a clever and honest man; but ridden to death by an hypothesis, as many a good man before him. He was not a vulgar materialist, whatever may be some of his followers; and we know, for we have discussed this point with him, that the theory of spontaneous generation and transmutation of species found no favor with him, because he believed it utterly untrue.

A most wretched system of psychology, ending in a chilling physical fatalism, destructive of law and social order, or, at least, depriving them of their purest sanctions, has been reared on the doctrines of Gall; and it is on this account that we owe them a grudge. And the system is quite natural if the longings of the soul are to be satisfied with dry technicalities, and not al-

lowed to rise above them—if we are only to know the highest functions of the mind through an insufferable jargon, which cannot go one step with us beyond the dull material instruments subservient to thought. Our author is one of the worst offenders of this school. While speculating on the phenomena of the earth, he can rise to the heaven of heavens, by the very powers which he, in theory, denies. But if his speculations lead him towards any conception of a mind superior to the common functions of gross matter, his senses are paralyzed; he stops short with a strange inconsistency, and sinks down into the worst absurdities of a dismal and irrational materialism. He tells us that material organs are all in all—‘that man’s mode of action depends solely on his organization’—‘that grades of mind, like forms of body, are mere stages of development’—and that there is no essential difference between man and beast. It follows, from his system, that the buzzing of bees, the gabbling of turkeys, and the jabbering of apes, are phenomena of the same order—differing only in degree with the highest symbolical representations of human thought, and the highest recorded abstractions, of pure intellect. He tells us that the difference between instinct and reason is all a foolish dream—that they are both organic. That the instinct of a bee, which leads it, in the construction of its cell, to solve a difficult problem in solid geometry, ‘is only a primitive exercise of constructiveness.’ That we may be unfortunate in inheriting bad organs from nature—grind on we must; and, if we make sad discord, it is the fault of the organs we inherit, and not of the hand that turns the handle: That if ill befall a man for his grating music, he has no right to grumble; ‘for the system of nature has the fairness of a lottery, in which every man has a like chance of drawing a prize,’ (p. 360.) Lastly, we are told, ‘that free will in man is nothing more than a vicissitude of the supremacy of the faculties (*i. e.* the organs) over each other,’ (p. 332.)

We think all we have just quoted or referred to, one mass of mischievous absurdity. The absurdity of the last definition is perhaps the worst of all. Even allowing the absurd organ theory, volition and choice imply some control over the activity of such organs. Whence this controlling power which makes the essence of the will? Certainly not in the organs which by the hypothesis are controlled.

We have now done with the anatomy of the author’s mind, and our estimate of his powers as a reformer of philosophy, material and immaterial; and having thus cleared the way for ourselves and for the reader, we proceed to the facts on which he professes to build his system, and as far as may be, we shall follow them in the order of the ‘Vestiges.’

Before we speak of ‘celestial mechanics’ and the ‘nebular hypothesis,’ let us not, however, so far sink ourselves in dead matter as to forget the mind of man, and how it rose gradually to the conception of this great body of physical truth. We cannot reason an instant without language; for language embodies our first abstractions, without which we could not advance to any new proposition capable of being apprehended or expressed in words. This remark applies to the very rudiments of our advancing knowledge, however feeble they may be. Our knowledge of the simplest kind, as it is first apprehended by sense, may resemble the knowledge of the lower animals; and while we are fettered among things of sense, such as pain and pleasure, and our wills act instinctively in obedience to our emotions, we are on a parallel with them. We have our natural language as well as they; and we come wailing into the world feebler and more helpless than any of them. It is from no want of vocal organs that they use not an artificial language like our own; but from a want of something within themselves, demanding such symbols as expressions of their will and meaning. Some of them, as we know, can learn articulate sounds by imitation; but they understand not the words they use as expressions of thought, (except, perhaps, so far as they may become to them new symbols of some physical emotion or mere physical want,) any more than the clever puppets of Professor Wheatstone, when they give us, mechanically, some rudimentary sounds of speech, like the half-articulate babblings of a little child. The chattering of a parrot and the whistling tunes of a bulfinch are beautiful instances of animal imitation; but the one bird no more comprehends the abstractions of language than the other does the principles of music. Our first essays in language are connected with material things; and we soon learn such a power of abstraction as to call many similar things by a common name. Feeble as such an advance in language may be, we believe it is beyond the capacity of a brute. The highest general truths, on

any subject within the grasp of our thoughts, are only verbal propositions, expressing the highest conceptions we have yet formed within our minds. But there are many truths, the investigation of which our common language can never reach; partly from its inevitable association with the things around us, and with the common actions and passions of our nature; and partly from its unmanageable complexity. Hence men have been driven to invent a new language, the symbol of pure abstraction, and the fit instrument of pure intellect. Such is the language of mathematical analysis, and it was by the help of such a language that Newton interpreted the enigmas of the sky.

As the mind is immaterial, though mysteriously connected with matter and its laws, (should any one affirm that they must for ever remain connected, we have no dispute with him, for the subject is far above our knowledge,) so the high truths of this new language are based on conceptions of our own, stripped off from matter; and express in a symbolic form, not the general relations of external and material things, but of things within ourselves, and truths arising out of creations within our own minds. And so we rise to an apprehension of general and eternal truths above all material nature, yet applicable to material nature, wherever her phenomena can be brought under the exact terms of our general propositions: and thus it is that we can come down from our abstract soarings, and sometimes test our conclusions by a comparison of them with the separate phenomena of material nature; and so the mind conceives the laws of material nature within itself, which material nature could never give the mind by a mere repetition of the same phenomena before the senses. And having done this, we can rise higher still—we can again put nature to the torture, and wring new secrets from her. We can tell, with full assurance, of material things never heard by ear or seen by eye; we can point out the coming phenomena of the heavens, and tell of material cycles (not comprehended by sense, but evolved out of our own abstractions) which began before man's creation, and are still in the progress of accomplishment.

In like manner, did our subject admit of it, we might here discuss the imaginative, moral, and other faculties of our nature, (the reflections of God's image,) and the high abstractions we derive from them; we might tell of our conceptions of beauty, harmony, law, order, time, and eternity,—of our in-

dividual duties subordinate to general rules, and our moral sentiments triumphing over all material nature, and exalted into religion. And, just as in the former case, we might come down from our abstractions, bring them to the business of vulgar life, and show that they exalt man's nature (as far as may be here) and insure his happiness. But these high subjects are forbidden. We therefore come to our conclusion, and contend that there is an immeasurable difference between instinct and reason; and where the work of instinct resembles reason, (as in the geometrical solids wrought by a bee,) we behold therein the hand of God. And we further contend, that there is the same immeasurable interval between the abstract language of man, and the natural language by which a brute expresses its material wants—and that to regard, as our author does, the bleating of a sheep, and the chattering of a monkey, as co-ordinate organic phenomena, either with the abstractions of common language, or the symbolical abstractions of pure reason, only shows the same incapacity in comprehending mental phenomena, which he has so conspicuously shown while speculating on material things. It is true that we begin with objects of sense; but we soon learn to soar far above them; and when we contemplate the great intellectual superstructure which has been reared by man, and is in continual progress, (while animal instincts remain the same, and admit not of advance,) we turn away from the material and phrenological jargon of this author with feelings somewhat like those which would be raised within us by the impertinences of a guide who could talk only of ladders and scaffolds, hammers, chisels, and mortar-hods, while we were first gazing at one of the most glorious monuments of human art. But leaving these mental speculations, let us come to the heavenly bodies and the Nebular Hypothesis.

The motions of the heavenly bodies were learned by gazing at the sky; and after many hundred years of observation, and after many a scheme built up and thrown down again, the planets were at length arranged in their right places; their motions reduced to a natural order; their orbits ascertained; and a fixed numerical law, between their distances and their times of revolution, established on exact calculations. But the cause of their motions was only to be learned from the earth. It was from experiments on the matter of the earth that man learned

the conception of regular dynamical laws; and aided by a new analysis, and new intellectual implements of his own invention, Newton extended these laws to the sky, and so established the mechanism of the heavens; and his vast work has been so perfected by the labors of La Place, and other great minds, that the science of 'celestial mechanics' now fills the highest and securest place of all natural knowledge. But if astronomy derive its crowning glory from the earth, so may it give back again to us a knowledge of the past history of the earth, which we could not derive from the matter on its surface. Thus the Nebular Hypothesis, which supposes our solar system to have arisen from the condensation of a Nebula, should it ever become established, (for it is now but a splendid vision,) may give us some glimmering insight into the primeval condition of our globe before it settled into its present form.

Men naturally delight in such speculations; and they fall in so well with certain acknowledged facts of nature, (such as the figure of the earth, its central heat, and the distribution of its solid and gaseous parts,) that they have been received with great favor by modern geologists. The sons of the earth tried, as we are told, in old times, to climb to heaven, and had a frightful fall. The story may be poetical, yet prophetic; and should warn geologists against too great ambition. They have a good old pedigree, without any need of being helped out by an illegitimate link to a more godlike stock; and we gently hint to them for their own good, that they have enough to do on earth without attempting the sky.

We cannot change our place without producing an apparent change of place in all the fixed objects around us; and if we forget our own motion, or are unconscious of it, all these objects appear to move—the nearest with greater velocity, the more remote with less. No one can have travelled by a railroad without having had his senses delighted with these flitting movements. The same kind of apparent movement must necessarily affect the bodies in the heavens, while we are carried in the earth's orbit round the sun. This movement is called parallax; and, so far as regards our planetary neighbors, can easily be measured, and is defined by the angle contained by two lines drawn from the heavenly body, to two points representing two different positions of the observer. But the eye, though aided by instruments of great power, could ob-

serve no movement among the stars, while it travelled through a circle nearly two hundred millions of miles in diameter. The fixed stars, therefore, were so enormously distant as to have no measurable parallax. This was the exact state of things till within a very few years.

Sir William Herschel, who made the greatest of all modern discoveries among the fixed stars, failed in making out the parallax of any one of them, though he adopted methods of consummate ingenuity, followed out with unwearied labor. But the veteran Bessel, and soon afterwards, our lamented countryman Mr. Thomas Henderson,* while employed in tabulating a long series of observations, made, we believe, without any reference to sidereal parallax, found certain anomalies among their figures, only to be accounted for by some apparent movement among their fixed elements. This directed them to new observations, and to the discovery of the parallax of two stars. That of 61 Cygni (made out by Bessel) amounts to about one-third of a second—that of α Centauri (made out by Henderson) amounts nearly to a second. Our author has done injustice in leaving out Bessel's name; but that illustrious astronomer stood in no need of any praise from such a quarter. These two stars are therefore, so far as our present knowledge reaches, the nearest of all the fixed glittering points in the sky. Yet light could not travel down from Henderson's star to the earth (though it is known to move at a rate that would carry it eight times around the earth during a single beat of a common pendulum) in three years; and starting from Bessel's star, and moving at the same rate, it could only reach an observer's eye in about ten years. These facts (for they are facts and not idle speculations) will give our readers some conception of the enormous distance of the nearest stars. But other stars are immeasurably more distant; and it is not too much to say, that some of the sparkling atoms we see in the heavens, may be so remote from us, that the light by which we now behold them may have begun its course before the creation of our species!

We need not tell our readers that Sir William Herschel invented telescopes of

* This ingenious observer, unfortunately for Science cut off in the commencement of his promising career, had been appointed Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Edinburgh, and Astronomer-Royal for Scotland in 1834, died in 1844. He was born at Dundee, in 1798.

great power, and by help of them saw further into the heavens than any one had done before him. His labors are written in the records of our race, and cannot be blotted from them but by some calamity which shall bury in darkness all the higher monuments of human thought. But, so far as they bear upon our present subject, they may be enumerated in a few short sentences. Beyond the common limits of sidereal space, he observed a multitude of *nebulæ*—some of which had been seen before, and one or two of them are obvious to the naked eye. All of them when seen with instruments of low power, look like masses of luminous vapor—some of very irregular outline, and others with shapes apparently indicating a revolution round a fixed axis. Many of them also exhibit portions of unusual brightness, suggesting to Sir William Herschel the idea of a condensation of the nebulous matter round one or more centres. But when these luminous masses are examined with instruments of higher power, many of them lose their cloudy forms, and are resolved into luminous points, 'like spangles of diamond dust.' They are then called resolved *nebulæ*; and there naturally arises a question whether all of them may not at last be thus resolved into luminous points. At all events, this is the worst moment for any rash sciolist to throw out his speculations; when Lord Rosse has just pointed his gigantic reflector to the heavens, and has already resolved several *nebulæ* that had not been resolved before. Should all of them be thus resolved, then all the conditions of equilibrium are changed, and there is, at once, an end of the nebular hypothesis.* But we have better hopes for the coming

* While waiting for Sir John Herschel's work on the *nebulæ* and double stars of the southern hemisphere, we can, at present, do no better than refer to his admirable *Memoirs on double stars and their orbits*, published by the Astronomical Society in their fifth volume; and especially to his great memoir on '*Nebulæ and Clusters of Stars*,' published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, (London, 1833.) We have used in our text the language of the nebular hypothesis; but Sir John Herschel does not once adopt it. 'If,' he says, 'a nebula be nothing more than a cluster of stars, (as we have every reason to believe, at least in the generality of cases,) no pressure can be propagated through it; and its equilibrium, or, to speak more correctly, the permanency of its form, must be maintained in a way totally different.' We recommend his notes to the great *Memoir*, last named, as models of philosophic caution; and, at every turn of thought, in contrast with the unbridled speculations of the present author.

fortunes of this splendid vision; and we anxiously wait for a great work from the younger Herschel, who, having repeated his father's observations in the observatory of Slough, and added greatly to them, carried his reflectors to the southern hemisphere; and, after years of labor, has now swept over the whole visible heavens, and is preparing for the world a work which will give us all that consummate skill and art can represent to the senses, combined with all the great results which a knowledge of the highest physics can fairly draw from them. We may venture to predict that this work, whenever it shall appear, will not be disfigured by creative hypotheses like those of this ill-balanced author: and, more than this, we may venture to hope, that, after the lapse of as many centuries as have rolled away since the days of Hipparchus, it will be appealed to as a record of the old condition of the heavens, and brought to prove that condensations have been going on in the nebulous matter of the sky; and that the hypothesis of the older Herschel may so rise into the form of a firm and noble theory.

As applied to the solar system, the nebular hypothesis assumes that the sun and planets were once in a nebulous condition, and have been elaborated out of it, in subordination to the laws of gravity, by a long-continued progress of condensation. We must start with some definite conception or other; but no conception gives us any grasp of a true creative law. We may ask, how comes any nebula where we find it? Whence came its laws? Did it begin as it is, or does it show us only one among countless cycles of changes? May it not have been a solid system once, and then have 'been melted by fervent heat,' and passed into a nebula? What is there beyond all *nebulæ*—for all we see, or ever can see, is but an atom of space infinite? These questions are natural, and no one can answer them. As to creation, the hypothesis leaves us exactly as it found us. We must start with some definite supposition; but we cannot adopt that of our author, and suppose that an irregular collapse of the primeval nebula of our system could account for its rotation about one centre. No mere shrinking force could produce such a regular rotation. His attempt at reasoning on this point is his first great physical blunder.

Neither can we assume with him, that the nebular heat could be drawn towards the centre by any law of attraction; for that

would be to mistake the nature of heat, so far as we have any experimental knowledge of it. A progress in condensation implies a loss of heat by radiation into sidereal space; but as condensation produces a change of capacity for latent heat, the more condensed portions of a nebula might become immeasurably raised in temperature by the very subduction of heat from the general mass. Here, then, we point out a second great physical blunder of our author. He seems to hate a definite physical starting-point; but such a definite starting-point we must have, if we mean to have any definite physical reasoning. Let us then suppose, on analogy, that the solar system was once in the simplest condition of a nebula, with a slight rotation round an axis, and with a condensation beginning towards its centre.

La Place, starting from this simple supposition, gave a consistency and meaning to the speculations of the older Herschel, by showing that a nebulous mass, so contracting and consolidating, might, several times over, reach such a critical condition, that the centrifugal force of the outer and equatorial positions of the revolving matter would just equal the attraction of the whole mass within it. In such a case, by a further contraction, a nebular ring might be thrown off; and if several rings were thus thrown off, they must, by a physical necessity implied in the very condition of their existence, revolve in obedience to Kepler's law. The further condensation and breaking up of these successive rings, might in like manner produce a secondary set of nebulae; which, by a like law of gradual condensation, might pass into the condition of simple secondary planets; or of planets with satellites or rings. So far, all advances at an orderly pace. The successive rings could only be thrown off from the equator of the revolving nebula, and therefore must have been nearly in one plane; and we thus, in imagination, elaborate a system in which we naturally have a great incandescent body in the centre, and all the bodies revolving, nearly in one plane, round their axes and round their orbits, in the same direction. All that La Place did was to show the dynamical possibility of the formation of a solar system like our own from a revolving nebula; and this is, we think, the exact condition in which he left the hypothesis.*

*When the younger Herschel first visited France, he was addressed by the old philosopher of Ar-

When any revolving mass contracts its dimensions, it must, by a well-known mechanical law, continue to move faster and faster round its axis. Each nebular ring must therefore have moved faster than the one thrown off before it. The experiment of a revolving ball, held by a string which wraps round the finger during each revolution, is a happy illustration of this principle; but it has nothing whatsoever to do with Kepler's law; and the use made of it by our author only serves to show that he is unacquainted with the fundamental laws of motion. It is impossible to deduce Kepler's law, (as M. Comte has most vainly attempted) from the condensation of a nebula, and to show that planetary rings must be thrown off exactly where we now find our planets; for to do this, we must know the law of nebular density during all its successive conditions, whether gaseous, fluid, or solid, which is obviously impossible. La Place made no such vain attempt; he knew his materials far too well. All we have to suppose is this—that the revolving mass, during the progress of its various changes, may several times over have reached the critical condition we have pointed out; in which case several rings might be thrown off; and if such rings were thrown off, then Kepler's law must follow of physical necessity, for it is virtually implied in the critical condition.

But has any thing been done for the hypothesis since the time of La Place? We reply, absolutely nothing. Our author bestows very unmerited praise upon the somewhat ostentatious calculations of M. Comte. As far as they are good for any thing, they only tend to prove a proposition demonstrated with beautiful simplicity by Newton—that the motions of a planet revolving in an orbit nearly circular, are not affected by the magnitude of the central spherical body, while its whole mass remains the same.* Hence if the sun were suddenly expanded to the limits of our atmosphere, the earth would go on (for we will suppose her not to be dissipated by heat) just as she did before.

ceuil in these words:—"M. Herschel, ces idées de M. votre père sur la condensation des nébuleuses, m'ont toujours paru très philosophiques et très vraies." The dynamical possibility of the hypothesis has been illustrated by some very remarkable experiments of Professor Plateau, whose translated Memoir was published by Mr. R. Taylor in his 'Scientific Memoirs,' November 1844.

*Principia, Book I, Section XII. We think it a misfortune that a use of the higher analysis often prevents our modern students from reading the beautiful geometry of this section.

And, in like manner, were the earth blown out like a bladder, and expanded nearly to the moon, the moon's orbit need not change one inch; nor would she have her movements disturbed by the sudden turmoil in her primary. We owe M. Comte no thanks for proving an identical proposition, or telling us what we knew before. Had he shown, on any probable law of condensation, that the nebulous matter *must* reach the *critical condition*, and that rings *must* be thrown off, he would have done something to the purpose; but he has not done this; and we believe the problem is beyond the power of any analysis. In short, he has left the nebular hypothesis where he found it. He has imposed on himself by not grasping the conditions of the problem; and our author has been imposed on by not understanding the feebleness of M. Comte's analysis. We venture to affirm, that the hypothesis is not to be considered as 'verging on the region of ascertained truths,' (p. 20.) It is a splendid vision, and may vanish in mid-air; or, after five hundred years of continued observations, it may pass into a good substantial theory. At present, it is utterly unfit to form the basis of any system of nature, such as our author presumes to erect upon it.

No man living knew the powers of high analysis better than La Place; but he did not encumber his nebular speculations with a parade of formulæ. Such things, when out of place, are a bad form of pedantry, and sometimes, like pompous words, are a flimsy mask to hide our ignorance of vulgar nature. In such a case, they are a downright nuisance. Perhaps we say this through envy; because we have a hundred times been driven on our beam-ends by striking on transcendental formulæ, where we fancied we could have shaped our course admirably well without them. It is true that Newton stormed the sky with mathematical artillery, and that many others have followed nobly in his train. But we think he would not have advised a boy to shoot sparrows with a twenty-four pounder; or have invented a steam-engine to crack nuts; for he was a lover of simple means when they would serve his turn. Nor do any of us praise the wisdom of an Oriental despot we have read of, who encumbered his baggage with heavy guns, while he had no artillerymen to serve them.

There are difficulties in the nebular hypothesis to which we must give a passing notice. This author tells us gravely, 'that the planets show a progressive diminution

in density, from the one nearest the sun to that which is most distant,' (p. 10.) If this is to be taken as an assertion of fact, we can only say that it is not true. Nature will not work on any plan we choose to lay down for her. The densities of Venus, Earth, and Mars, are not in such an order; and the density of Uranus is greater than that of Saturn. Why has he kept such well-known facts out of his reader's sight? The density of Mercury might, in common language, be said to represent that of the metal which is named after the planet. The densities of the Earth, Venus, and Mars, are so nearly the same, that we might amuse ourselves by supposing them made of the same materials, arranged nearly in the same fashion. In the same kind of language, we might compare Saturn to a globe of cork, while Jupiter and Uranus were represented by heart of oak. We think these densities somewhat difficult to account for on the nebular hypothesis; and, at any rate, they are inconsistent with our author's statement.

Again, to be applicable to our system, the hypothesis requires that the primary and secondary bodies should revolve, both in their orbits and round their axes, in one direction, and nearly in one plane. But the satellites of Uranus are retrograde. They move from east to west, in orbits highly inclined to that of their primary; and on both accounts are exceptions to the order of the other secondary bodies. Our author very cleverly clears himself of this difficulty, by doubting the fact of retrogradation. But we think, considering his great capacity of belief, that we can cure him of this incipient heresy, by referring him to a paper by Sir John Herschel which clears up the whole matter, and leaves no room for doubt.* But if the fact be true, our author gravely tells us, 'it may be owing to a *bouleversement* of the primary,' (p. 9.) Now, as we really know nothing of the whole matter beyond the fact, we must give him the full benefit of a *bouleversement*; as he no doubt knows something more about it than we do.

But we have not done with unexplained difficulties. As our author neglects the extremely difficult case of the four small planets between Mars and Jupiter, we will follow his example. At the great outer planet Uranus, the sun's central force is enormously diminished; and the motions of that body offer such difficulties to the calcula-

* Memoirs of the Astronomical Society of London. Vol. viii. 1834.

tions of our best astronomers, as almost to suggest the notion of some small unknown disturbing force interfering with its elliptic orbit. Again, what are we to say of comets, (some of them little more than floating nebulosities,) which cut in eccentric orbits through our whole system, and obey a common central law, yet seem to scorn all kinship to rings thrown off by a revolving sphere?

Here we must conclude our comment on the nebular hypothesis; and, in so doing, we can only speak of our author in the language of severe animadversion, when he tells us, 'that it is verging on the region of ascertained truths;' and then, without waiting for new and most critical phenomena, (which may be looked for almost day by day,) dashes from hypothesis to hypothesis, and builds a scheme of nature against nature, and against the sober interpretations of those who have best studied her works. Still more must we enter our severest protest when he dares to tell us, 'that organic matter must be every where the same,' (p. 166,)—'such must be the rule in Jupiter and Sirius,'—'we are all but certain that herbaceous and ligneous fibre, that flesh and blood are the constituents of organic being in all the spheres which are the seats of life,'—'that where there is light, there will be eyes,'—(the matter of light is every where within the limits of sidereal space—are eyes every where?)—'that the inhabitants of all the globes probably bear not only a general, but a particular resemblance to our own,' (p. 168,)—'that the whole of creative arrangements are in perfect unity,' &c. We have no softer words to explain our meaning, when we call this kind of language the raving madness of hypothetical extravagance. It is at open war with all the calm lessons of inductive truth; and, on any interpretation we can give of it, bears on its front the stamp of folly and irreverence towards the God of nature.

To give some semblance of truth to these brain-heated visions, he tries to prove that Mercury and Saturn may have the very temperature of the earth. It may be so; but we want better reasons for our belief than he can give us. Even assuming the truth of the nebular hypothesis, (and assuredly in the present state of our knowledge it is a very bold assumption,) we must believe, in all common reason, that Saturn is colder than the earth, because it has been longer thrown off from the central mass, and has had longer time to cool by radia-

ting its heat into solar space—because it is less dense than the earth, and having on that account a greater capacity for latent heat, must have a less heat of temperature—and because it receives a less supply of heat from the emanation of the sun. By like reasoning, we make it probable that Mercury is much hotter than the earth. Hence it follows, on every probable reason we can bring to bear upon the subject, that beings organized like ourselves, could not exist on either of the planets we have named. We can look into the moon, and we believe that she has neither air nor water on her surface, and therefore cannot have any inhabitants resembling ourselves in structure. 'But she may have inhabitants some time hence,' says our author pleasantly; 'she may be now only in an earlier stage of progress,' (p. 40,) 'seas may yet fill the profound hollows of her surface, and an atmosphere may spread over her,' and *then* 'the moon will become a green and inhabited world.' We think we have caught him napping here; for the progress of his worlds, on his own scheme of creation, is from gaseous to solid, and not from solid to gaseous. But no matter, we cannot hold him fast for a moment. A new hypothesis, like a witch's broomstick, will lift him from the mire, should the one he rode before have landed him there by accident. The moon's atmosphere may, for ought we know, be pent up in her bowels; and being let out by some geological catastrophe, may thenceforth blow good to her inhabitants, as many an ill wind has done to the inhabitants of the earth.

He has 'a universal Fire Mist' (p. 30) to work all wonders. All worlds are made out of it by one unbending set of material laws; and all living things created in all worlds—all phenomena, material and moral—spring from the same material laws (and nothing else) by a stern physical necessity. This, in a few words, is our author's scheme of nature. We might laugh at it, or admire it, according to our humor, in a poem like that of Lucretius; but we ought to do neither the one nor the other, when we read it in the labored prose of an English Christian gentleman. He writes as if he were admitted to the council-chamber of the Deity, and the appointed interpreter of his Creator's will to a benighted world. But when we ask for his credentials, he can show us not so much as one letter of them; and he scorns all the vulgar means, and secondary helps, by which the greatest

minds, but only after long toil, have been enabled to ascend to the conception of material laws, and to gain some feeble glimmering of their Maker's glory.

We next come to the natural history of the Earth, and we rejoice to find a resting-place for our feet upon the solid rock; but we hardly look upon the things around us, before we see a fabric of marvellous complexity; and are led into speculations, some of which may be as well based as the 'celestial mechanics,' and others may be as unsubstantial as a nebular vision. Our geological description will be short—little more than a formal enumeration of such facts as we believe to be well established; for were we to attempt details, they must, from the mere necessity of our narrow limits, be too meagre to satisfy any one who has read about geology, and too deficient in illustration to instruct those who are unacquainted with the science.

Taking this principle as our guide, we may first enumerate three fundamental facts now established on good physical evidence.

1. The earth is of a spheroidal form, (were it not so all its equatorial region must be under water,) and its equatorial and polar diameters are in the proportion of 300 to 299. These are the numbers now used in our Observatories; and they are the average results of a multitude of observations made with Kater's pendulum in many parts of the earth; and of a careful measurement of many large meridional arcs. Our author gives the numbers 230 and 229 as representing the proportion of the two diameters; but these were numbers derived by Newton theoretically from the statical condition of a revolving fluid body, and not from any previous measurements whatsoever. It was from these two latter numbers, combined with the great physical blunders already pointed out, that we were first led to refer 'the Vestiges' to the science gleaned at a lady's boarding-school; but its rank materialism soon undeceived us.

2. The mean density of the earth (that is, the density the earth would have, were it uniformly diffused through its whole mass) is represented by the number 5.66, the density of water being called 1. The determination of these numbers was the last work of M. Bailey, after he had repeated, with almost incredible labor, and with the best resources of modern science, the old experiment of Cavendish. Still

they are but an approximation to the truth, and future observations may perhaps improve them.*

3. As we sink perpendicularly below the surface of the earth, the temperature continually increases. The rate must be obviously affected by local causes; but it is near enough for our present purpose to state in round numbers, that we obtain an increase of more than 1° of Fahrenheit's thermometer for every hundred feet of sinking. Hence, if there be no interruption of this law, (and we cannot give the shadow of a reason why there should be any,) we must, at the depth of a few miles, reach a very high temperature.†

Combining these three fundamental truths with other well known facts—that our lowest rocks have a structure indicating a previous condition of igneous fusion—that portions of the crust of the globe have many times been broken up and thrown into violent undulations; and that in our own days, continental regions will sometimes rock and vibrate, and sea and land change their former levels—we readily admit the probability of a fluid condition in the inner portions of the globe. At any rate, whatever be their condition, they must be under great compression; and they have a mean density more than double that of the minerals at the surface.

It is a fact established on good evidence that igneous matter has, during many periods, been protruded from below—that mountains have risen in succession from the sea—and injected their molten substance through the cracks and open fissures of the superincumbent strata. Many mass-

* We have so much to find fault with in the subjects before us, that we rejoice for a moment to breathe a purer air; and we refer the reader, with the honest feelings of admiration, to the account of M. Bailey's private virtues and great public labors, read by Sir John Herschel to the Astronomical Society of London during the past year. We may here remark, that the unit of density is derived from distilled water at 62° of Fahrenheit. The density of the earth, from Cavendish's corrected computations, was 5.448. That by Professor Playfair, (from observations on Schehallion,) was 4.713.

† For the reason here stated, it follows that by no future improvement in machinery can mining operations be carried down to any very great depth below the surface of the earth. The limit may not have been ascertained; but, were this the proper place for it, we could point out some instances where mining operations are now carried on at a great depth, and in a temperature almost beyond the limit of human endurance compatible with health.

es of granite, and other forms of igneous rock, became the solid bottom of some portions of the sea before the secondary strata were laid gradually upon them. The granite of Mont Blanc rose during a recent tertiary period. We can prove more than mere shiftings of level, and that many portions of sea and land have entirely changed their places. The rocks at the top of Snowdon are full of petrified sea shells—the same may be said of some high crests of the Alps, Pyrenees, and Andes. We have proof demonstrative that many parts of Scotland, and that all England, formed, during many ages, the solid bottom of the old sea. It may be true that the antagonist powers of nature, during the human period, have reached a kind of balance. But during all geological periods there have been such long intervals of repose, or of such gradual movements, that we can trace the history of the earth in the successive deposits formed in the waters of the sea. This is the great business of geology.

But, before we begin our enumeration of such deposits, let us discharge a debt of gratitude to men like Hutton, Hall, and Playfair, who first taught us to reason well on these grand subjects of speculation. They laid a good foundation in the facts of nature, and their theoretical views were ennobled by a high philosophy. They found geology sunk under the load of a cumbrous hypothesis; but they lifted her, half drowned, from the waters, animated her by their fires, and she grew under their training to a goodly stature. If other discoverers have gone beyond them, it is but the common fortune of all advancing knowledge; and our modern geologists, while they are pursuing a new game, should bear in mind that, without such noble leaders, they never could have ventured to attack the quarry that is before them; and it would ill become them to think only of themselves, and forget the hard-bought honors of their fathers.

The science of Palæontology has its limits, or it may run into endless details, like those of Botany. Those who love large views of nature, will, perhaps, then leave the ranks in which they are now serving, and come back to more early speculations; and the problems arising out of the structure of the earth, and the phenomena of large mineral masses, may supply, for ages to come, matter for the investigations of chemical philosophy, and the calculations

of exact science. But we must now come to our enumeration of the regular stratified deposits of the earth, beginning with the oldest.

1. *Hypozoic system*.—We find in many parts of the world, and especially in the central ridges of mountain chains, a vast series of crystalline slates. They are called metamorphic by our countryman, Mr. Lyell; and the word implies that their structure has been changed, since the time of their first formation, by the action of some mineralizing cause. This may be generally true, and we do not discuss the point; but, unfortunately, the structure does not, by itself, imply the age of a rock; because it is found occasionally, among rocks of very different ages, which have been acted on by central heat.* What we affirm is—that such crystalline slates do exist in many cases below the oldest rocks in which organic remains have been discovered. These rocks have been called *hypo-zoic* by Phillips—a word implying that they contain no organic remains, and that they are geologically below all the rocks that do contain the traces of animal life. There are good examples of this division in Wales and Cumberland, and, we believe, also among the slates of the Grampian chain. We may remark, once for all that our illustrations will, as far as possible, be borrowed from the British Isles.

2. *Protozoic system*.—Following the analogy of the word *hypo-zoic*, we may call the next system *protozoic*, or the lowest in which the traces of any organic structure have been discovered. In it we would include all the higher slate-mountains of Wales and Cumberland; and the greater part of the frontier chain of Scotland, which stretches from St. Abb's Head to the Mull of Galloway. The rocks of this sys-

* On this subject, the geologists of Scotland led the way, and so nearly finished their work, that they left little to do for those who followed them. Statuary marble was formerly called primitive; but Sir James Hall made it out of pounded chalk or oyster shells. The erupted syenites of the Isle of Sky have converted a great mass of lias into a rock like statuary marble. In the Alps, beds of lias are, by the action of the central granite, converted into gneiss. Facts of this kind have led many observers into great mistakes. In some parts of Scandinavia the altered Silurian slates are converted into beds with a perfectly crystalline structure which would formerly have been called primitive. Some of these facts have, perhaps, misled our author. On these subjects we must refer our readers to the 'Report of the British Association' for 1844.

tem are of enormous thickness; and though much interrupted by volcanic action, and blended with much igneous matter, many parts of them must have been slowly and regularly deposited during a vast lapse of time. The lower portion of them is several thousand feet in thickness, and contains no organic remains; at least, none have been discovered in it; but the upper portion, also several thousand feet in thickness, contains in North Wales numerous organic remains, especially along five or six distinct bands, marked here and there by the presence of calcareous matter. These fossil bands are much more imperfectly represented in the north of England, and we believe still more feebly in Scotland. But what are these old types of organic life, and what is their arrangement? We find among them no animals of the higher classes with a regular skeleton and a backbone; but we do find *radiata* in abundance—such as corals, encrinites, &c.; and we also find two groups allied to modern starfish (*Ophiura* and *Asterias*). Crustaceans (*trilobites*) are in great abundance; some with beautifully perfect organs of sense, but with forms unlike any living genera or species of the class. Of molluscous creatures we have a great abundance; and many specimens of several divisions of that class, especially of cephalopods—the highest of all molluscs in organic structure. Such is our oldest *fauna*. Those who look for details must seek them in the lower Silurian System of Mr. Murchison, and in many other works. Vegetable fossils do not appear among these British rocks; but there must have been a mass of vegetable life in the ancient sea, as no *fauna* can appear without a *flora* to uphold it. We therefore conclude, that vegetable structures, such as *Algæ* and *Fuci*, must have abounded in these primeval times of life; and that from their soft and destructible nature, they were absorbed and disappeared during the consolidation of the strata; and such bodies are found in Scandinavia among the very oldest fossil groups.* But what is the arrangement of these different organic structures? It is not true that only the lowest forms of animal life are found in the lowest fossil bands, and that the more complicated structures are gradually developed among the higher bands, in what we

might call a natural ascending scale. We find, on the contrary, the predacious cephalopods, and the highly organized crustaceans, among the very oldest fossils of the system. Such is the order of nature; and she refuses to do her work on our dictation. We are describing phenomena that we have seen. We have spent years of active life among these ancient strata—looking for (and we might say longing for) some arrangement of the fossils which might fall in with our preconceived notions of a natural ascending scale. But we looked in vain; and we were weak enough (perhaps our author might tell us) to bow to nature. The *radiata*, such as corals and encrinites, are found throughout; but they are found along with the higher types, and they abound more in the upper than in the lower bands of the *protozoic* system.

But some one may perhaps ask, what is the *original ascending scale* on the theory of development? Assuredly we wish not to misrepresent the theory, and we will quote our author's words. 'The first step,' he tells us, in the creation of life upon this planet, was '*a chemico-electric operation, by which simple germinal vesicles were produced.*' The next step was '*an advance, under favor of peculiar conditions, from the simplest forms of being to the next more complicated, and this through the medium of the ordinary process of generation,*' (p. 210.) All this is confirmed by an appeal to Mr. Babbage's calculating machine, and by a geometrical figure; and our author adds, very pleasantly, and with a logic, we hope, peculiar to himself, 'though this knowledge were never to be clearly attained, it need not much affect the present argument; provided it can be shown that there must be some such influence within the range of natural things!' We reply, show this and we have done. We have nothing but bare assertion; and we defy him, and all the materialists on the face of the earth, to prove this single point. Again, he tells us, 'the idea which I form of the progress of organic life upon our earth—and the hypothesis is applicable to all similar theatres of vital being—is, that *the simplest and most primitive type, under a law to which that of like production is subordinate, gave birth to the type next above it; that this again produced the next higher; and so on to the very highest*—the stages of advance being in all cases very small, namely, from one species to another; so that the phenomenon has always been of a modest

* We may here refer to a paper by Mr. Murchison, read to the British Association during their last meeting at York.

character,' (p. 231.) He adds, 'I take existing natural means, and show them to have been capable of producing all the existing organisms,' (p. 233.) But he has not shown this; and we affirm that he cannot show it; and, to prove his point, he has taken the *unnatural means* of falsifying the documents of nature.

3. The *third system*, or the third great natural division of the ascending series, follows the second without any break or interruption. It represents all the upper Silurian rocks of Mr. Murchison, with the addition of a series of slaty-red beds, called 'tilestone,' which are now separated from the old red-sand-stone.* In the country bordering on South Wales, it admits of the following six natural subdivisions, taken in the ascending order:—(1.) Wenlock shale; (2.) Wenlock limestone; (3.) Lower Ludlow shale and slate; (4.) Aymistry limestone; (5.) Upper Ludlow shale and slate; (6.) Tilestone. Our limits preclude details, and we must content ourselves with this enumeration; but we may remark that we have found in North Wales, and in the north of England, rocks of the same age, and of very great thickness, but admitting not of any such distinct subdivisions as are given above. In Scotland, there are also rocks of this age; but they are more feebly represented, and have not yet been well described. Again, we ask, what are the fossil species of this system, and what is their arrangement? We reply, not in any order representing what we call a natural scale. We might as well attempt to construct a scale out of the order in which a child has arranged the organic fragments it may have picked up from a shingle beach. Some of the old species are found straggling through the upper system; but, as a group, the species are new and characteristic; and their arrangement seems to have been chiefly determined by the successive physical conditions at the bottom of the old ocean. Are, then, the new species derived from the old by a gradual transmutation or development from one species to another? We reply, no; because the *new* species, as a general rule, are as sharply defined as the

old; and show no gradations leading to any ambiguity. And let us here observe, that the same insuperable difficulty in the way of the transmutation theory (which derives all forms of animal life by a natural process of generation from the beings which preceded them during former epochs of the earth) presents itself, both in the grouping of each separate system, and in the passage from one system to another; and this is true, whatever part of the ascending geological series we choose to take between the lowest formations and the highest. The hypothesis has difficulties to meet at every turn; but the circular scheme of nature, and its diverging lines, will supply new matter for our imaginative author. And, by taking a hundred steps, which nature never took before him, and by casting off the incumbrances of fact, he may reconstruct his broken circles, and again set his mechanism in movement. If we kill the serpent, he will sow its teeth, and look for a crop of armed men. We refer his memory to the old fable, and tell him that his new champions will not fight his battles, but slaughter one another.

We do not think that the *fauna* of this system (so far as regards the classes above named) is one jot more noble than that of the protozoic groups; but there is one remarkable addition. The remains of fish appear in this system. The species described in Mr. Murchison's work are from the higher beds of the upper Ludlow rocks, (No. 5 of the system here described;) and the scales of small fish were supposed to occur further down; which our author regards as the tokens of nature's first and half-abortive efforts to make fish out of the lower animals. We believe he is wrong as to his facts, and we are certain he is wrong as to his inferences; for we have seen characteristic portions of a fish derived from the shales alternating with the Wenlock limestone, and therefore from beds below these small abortions. This fish, to speak in the technical language of Agassiz, undoubtedly belongs to the Cestraciont family of the Placoid order—proving to demonstration *that the oldest known fossil fish belongs to the highest type of that division of the vertebrata*. Again, what are the fish derived from the beds near the top of the upper Ludlow slates? They are only seen in small fragments; but out of them Agassiz has reconstructed seven species. All of them, without exception, belong to fish of a high organic structure; and among them are two

* The determination of this order we owe to Mr. Murchison; and it enabled us, on the only good evidence afforded by any British sections, to connect the old slate-rocks with the old red-sandstone. It, therefore, gave us one good base line whereon to build a system. In all other parts of the British isles, the history of this part of nature is in disjointed fragments; but they can now be arranged in a true chronological order.

undoubted Cestracionts, telling us over again, the story told before, by the older fish derived from the Wenlock shales. Such are nature's first abortive efforts! We entreat any good naturalist well to consider such facts as these; and to tell us whether they do not utterly demolish every attempt to derive such organic structures from any inferior class of animal life found in the older strata? We are not describing nature at second hand, and as far as we know, we speak of her works in the words of simple truth; and, we repeat, that she will not regulate her labors by an imaginative system, or conform to such rules as we lay down for her.

4. The *old red sandstone*, or *Devonian system*, comes next. It forms the material of the grand and rugged mountains which fringe many parts of our Highland coasts, and range, on the south flank of the Grampians, from the eastern to the western sea of Scotland. It is of enormous thickness, and a part of its history is traced in the excellent and lively work of our meritorious self-taught countryman, Mr. Hugh Miller.* It is seen also, but in a more degenerate form, on both sides of the frontier chain of this kingdom, plunging under the carboniferous rocks. In the north of England it is less continuous, and is more degenerate; but in South Wales and the neighboring counties, it is again of enormous thickness, but more regularly bedded, and of less mechanical structure than in Scotland. In the regions above named it contains few traces of marine shells and corals; but in parts of Devonshire and Cornwall are formations of the same age, abounding with shells and corals, and with a structure which brings them into a mineralogical comparison with our older slate rocks. The position and structure of the conglomerates prove, on evidence not short of demonstration, that the beds of the older system had been upheaved, contorted, and consolidated, before the old red sandstone was spread out upon their edges. The example on the north side of St Abb's Head is famous in the history of Scotch geology. It was there that Hutton and Playfair found evidence of the vast periods of time that must have

elapsed, during the elaboration of our older strata; and the same kind of evidence meets us again and again, as we ascend through the long series of all the secondary deposits.

But what are the organic remains of the old-red or Devonian system? We are told in the Memoirs of Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison (and their conclusions are confirmed by the far more extended labors of Sir H. De la Bêche and Professor Phillips) that, as far as regards the animals of the lower classes, the *fauna* forms a connecting link between that of the Silurian and carboniferous epochs. But is this effected by a gradual transmutation of specific forms? We reply, unquestionably not. Certain Silurian species rise into the Devonian system, perfect and well formed, and then finally disappear without any change of type; and a few perfect carboniferous species first begin in the Devonian system, and afterwards abound in that which is next superior. But there is a good *fauna* of characteristic species whose limits are well defined, and not to be derived, by any known analogy of nature, from the species which existed in former epochs. Let us, however, leave the obscure forms of animal life, and come to the magnificent group of fishes which characterize this series of rocks. On the system of Agassiz, fishes are divided into four great orders—(1.) Placoids, or fishes partially studded with a kind of scaly plates—such are the sharks and rays of the present day; (2.) Ganoids, or fishes encased in scales of hard enamel—such is the bony pike of America; (3.) Cycloids, or fishes with scales, like those of a common salmon; (4.) Ctenoids, or fishes with jagged scales, like those of a perch. In the fishes of the first and second Order, the skeleton is more or less cartilaginous; but the system is not founded on the condition of the skeleton, for each of the four orders contains both cartilaginous and bony fishes. Taking into account the brain, and the whole nervous, circulating, and generative system, the Placoids stand at the highest point of a natural ascending scale; and the Ganoids are also very highly organized. Now the fish described from the old red sandstone come under these two orders, Placoids and Ganoids. Of the Placoids, the families of Cestracionts and Hybodonts are well known; but during the passage of this Article through the press, eight or ten new genera of Placoids have been found by Agassiz among the fishes brought by Mr. Murchison from the old red

* This work, as admirable for the clearness of its descriptions and the sweetness of its composition, as for the purity and gracefulness of that tone of sentiment that pervades it, is entitled *The Old Red Sandstone, or New Walks in an Old Field*; of which a second edition was published in a duodecimo volume in 1842.

sandstone of Russia; and among them are several new species of *Ctenodus*—a genus known before only in the carboniferous system. Let the reader bear in mind that these fishes are among the very highest types of their class; and that we can reason upon them with certainty, because some of them belong to families now living in our seas.

Again, of the Ganoid order, we have in the old red sandstone *Cephalaspides*, *Acanthodians*, *Dipterians*, *Sauroids*, and *Cœlacanthes*. In none of them is there the most remote affinity to Crustaceans, or any other Articulata. On the contrary, they in many respects make an approach to the higher class of Reptiles—for example in their dentition, and some of them in their ball and socket jointed vertebræ.

These facts are not new; the greater part of them forming now the common stock of our geologists. They could not be altogether, we should think, unknown to our author; but he turns them to no account. And these fishes, he tells us, have heterocercal tails, and therefore resemble the embryo of a salmon. Therefore, on his system, they must be low in organic structure. To cling to such feeble analogies as these, and to keep out of sight the broad and speaking facts of nature, is about as wise as it would be for the Captain of a man-of-war to clear his decks for action, by throwing overboard his great guns, and then to fight his enemy with the rickety furniture of his cabin. Again, he tells us (pp. 68, 69) that the *Cephalaspis* very much resembles a trilobite—that the *Coccosteus* has a jaw 'like the nippers of a lobster, and its mouth opening vertically, contrary to the usual mode of the vertebrata'—and that these facts enforce our placing these fishes near the Crustaceans! Now these supposed facts are only blunders and guesses made by the first observers before any good evidence was before them. To repeat these blunders now, is discreditable to the author, and only shows the pertinacity with which he clings to his philosophy of resemblances: or that he is unacquainted with the progress of discovery and the present condition of geology.

5. *Carboniferous System*.—In England this system begins with great coral reefs, and beds made up of the fragments of radiata, and with beds composed of shells, often with both valves united. The animals must, therefore, in many cases, have died on the spot where we find their remains; and to account for the structure and posi-

tion of these rocks, (which form some of the grandest features in South Britain,) we must suppose them to have been deposited on the conglomerates of the old red sandstone, or on the broken edges of the still older systems, during long periods of time; and we must further suppose, what is implied in the conditions of the successive beds, that during these periods there were many changes of level between sea and land. Masses of vegetable matter which grew on the neighboring land, were drifted among these ancient strata, along with mud and sand, and thus contributed their spoils to some of the lower and less perfect beds of coal. Over them came the rich carboniferous deposits of England, which must be accounted for in some different manner; for they are not marine, and some of them contain a few beds of fresh water shells. We believe they were formed by the repeated submergence of ancient jungles which were not drifted from the flat regions where they grew. In Scotland this series is geologically more perfect. We have deposits of good coal below the carboniferous limestone, and afterwards (as in England) alternating with it. The limestone series is less perfect than in England; but over it we have, in the great Caledonian trough between the Grampians and our frontier chain, an upper coal formation like that of South Britain. In Ireland, the lower division of the system is still more perfect, and probably encroaches on the old red sandstone; but, unfortunately for that island, the upper division is feeble and degenerate.

It is difficult, and perhaps impossible, from want of evidence, to know when land-plants first began to grow. Our author speaks positively, as usual, on this question, and what he tells us is wrong. In the Rhenish provinces, and in the Hartz mountains, we find traces of such plants, and even thin beds of coal, among rocks abounding with both Devonian and Silurian fossils; and, in Ireland, the carboniferous impress descends so low, that some geologists have already been induced to shift their boundary lines, and to cut off some of the upper bands from the old red sandstone and give them to the carboniferous system. One thing we may, however, affirm, that we know no older types of land-plants than those of the rocks we are now describing; and they show us a gorgeous flora. Several hundred species have been described; many more are known, but have not yet

been figured; many, no doubt, will be hereafter discovered; and many must be lost for ever.

But what are these old types—these first fruits of nature's vegetable germs? Are they but rude, ill-fashioned forms, 'as if some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well?' Far otherwise. Among them, we find pine-trees in structure more near to the magnificent pine-trees of the South Sea Islands, than to any other forest trees of the present world. We find also palm-trees and tree-ferns, and other gigantic forms of vegetable life, approaching to the structure of tree-ferns. In this old *flora* are grand but strange forms, so unlike all living nature, that our best botanists know not in what order of the vegetable kingdom they are to find their place. Our equisetæ and lycopodia, and some of our arundinaceous plants, are represented in this old *flora* by types generically different from living nature; but equal to living types in complexity of structure, and superior to them in the scale of development. To bring it into comparison with any thing in living nature, the old carboniferous *flora* may be said most nearly to approach the rank and complicated vegetation of a tropical jungle; where the powers of vegetable life are stimulated to the utmost by great heat combined with great moisture.

These ancient forests performed a most important part for the good of the future inhabitants of the earth; and they may have helped to purge the atmosphere of an excess of carbonic acid, and may so have prepared the surface of the earth for new inhabitants. Insects, we know, were buzzing in the air during this period, (and here again our author is mistaken;) but we believe that no birds cheered these old forests with their song, and that no reptiles were seen crawling on the ground.* Fishes, however, abounded in the seas and salt marshes; and it was during this period that they reached their most perfect organic type. They were the lords and despots of creation, and they had a noble structure in conformity with their high office. Since then the class has greatly increased in its

species, but has degenerated to a less noble type. Here, as in the old red sandstone, the Cestracionts and the Sauroids abounded; and the fish of the latter family reached their most complete development both of size and structure. Fishes of both these families are still living in our seas and lakes—the feeble representatives of the ancient race—and they have been submitted to the knife of the anatomist.

Should any one of our readers have been misled by our author's hypothetical descriptions, we entreat him to study the admirable dissertation on the Sauroids, in the second volume of the *Poissens Fossiles* of Agassiz, and then to look over the list of fossil fishes characteristic of the Palæozoic period. It is there shown to demonstration, that the Sauroids in their general osseous structure, and in the development of their nobler organs, run close upon the class of Reptiles. Yet have they a general structure so peculiar, that no anatomist can confound them with Reptiles, or derive one class from the other, by any known law of organic nature. It is true that all the Palæozoic fishes have *heterocercal* tails; and some of them (the Cestracionts) have other anatomical arrangements in which they resemble the salmon, while it is in an embryo condition. On this account, as it falls in with his theory, our author degrades the old fishes from their true anatomical place in the scale of nature, and dares to quote Agassiz as giving some confirmation to his views.—(P. 71.) But he misunderstands Agassiz, and keeps out of his sight the whole pith of the argument. Agassiz discards the embryonic theory, because it will not lend itself to the demonstrations of comparative anatomy; for the theory would, in this part of nature's kingdom, lead only to false conclusions, and turn upside down every principle of true arrangement. But we may quote a few words from the dissertation to which we have alluded;—'Je n'accorderai pas une valeur exagérée à l'embryologie, qu'on a trop souvent invoquée, comme un argument sans réplique, dans les débats dont il vient d'être question.' 'Il existe sans doute un type général de conformation embryonique dans toute la série des vertébrés, mais nous savons aussi que le type particulier de chaque espèce entre de très-bonne heure en conflit avec le plan général.'*

In the whole of our past labors, we never

* During the passage of these sheets through the press, we have learned, from the last number of Professor Silliman's Journal, that traces of birds have been found in the carboniferous system of North America. Should this fact be established, it gives us one more argument against the theory of development.

* *Poissens Fossiles*, Vol. ii, Part ii. p. 34.

met with passages more worthless and untrue to nature, than those in which the author of 'The Vestiges' gives us his comments on our ancient families of fossil fish. If he had not read the great work of Agassiz, he was not in a condition to enter on the question. If he had read it, and understood it, when he wrote the passages to which we have just referred, then have we a far graver charge to bring against him. But we bring no such charge against him. Like many other men, he shut his eyes to nature, or only took a one-sided view of her; and then brooded over the fantasies of his mind, till his dreams became to him as substantial realities; and under this delusion, he composed his work 'in solitude,' hoping to give other men the benefit of his visions, and thereby to improve their happiness, (p. 380.) Burnet started with better principles, but he went on guided by a like spirit. He told us of all that had befallen the earth from its creation until now; and he added, with all sincerity, that he could not inform mankind of all that was to happen hereafter to our world, only because he had not leisure for retirement and long meditation.

6. *Permian System. Zechstein. Magnesian Limestone Formation.*—Under these names is designated a series of well-known deposits which succeed the carboniferous rocks, and sometimes pass into them by insensible gradations. In the south of England they are represented by conglomerates, partly composed of the solid and more or less rounded fragments of the older rocks. Here again we have a proof of the long periods of time during which the ancient works of nature were perfected; for the old rocks were solid as they are now, and their organic remains were petrified at the time these conglomerates were forming. In Scotland we know of no good illustrations of this system; but in the north of England it is made up of the following regular series of deposits, tallying almost step by step with the Zechstein of Germany:—(1.) Lower red sandstone; (2.) Marl slate, with many impressions of fish; (3.) Magnesian limestone, admitting of further subdivisions; (4.) Red marl and gypsum; (5.) Upper slaty limestone, partly magnesian; (6.) Upper red marl and gypsum. This last deposit passes into the great red sandstone series of central England. We have copied this succession from a paper published by Professor Sedgwick in the 'Transactions of the Geological Society of
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London,' (Vol. iii., 2d series.) Led by the physical affinities of the system, and following the classification of previous writers, he placed it at the base of the secondary series; but he stated distinctly, that in zoological characters, it had more affinity with the lower systems above described, than with those which came next above it in the ascending scale. Much has been done since, and the results may be stated sufficiently for our purpose in a few lines. (1.) All the fossil plants of the lower red sandstone are, so far as we know them, specifically the same with certain types of the carboniferous flora. (2.) The fishes of the second group (the marl slate) all specifically differ from the fishes of the carboniferous system; but out of six families of fish found in this group, five are found also among the carboniferous strata. (3.) Many of the shells and corals of the third group agree generically (and we believe some of them specifically) with the corresponding carboniferous types; but they show no such agreement with the shells and corals of the higher systems; and the *Producta* which plays so important a part among the old rocks, here appears for the last time. On the other hand, Reptiles appear for the first time in the system now under notice. Taking all these facts together, we accept the classification here given, and so end the details of our Palæozoic chapter.

The aggregate thickness of the six systems above described, is enormous; but we profess not to give it in numbers. The slate rocks of North and South Wales, including the upper Silurian beds, are of a vast thickness. The old red sandstone gives us, in some parts of England, six or eight thousand feet; and we believe that the Scotch series might give us a higher number. The carboniferous beds of South Wales have been carefully examined under the government survey, and give, as we are told, a measure, taken perpendicularly to the beds, of fifteen or sixteen thousand feet. Such numbers might deceive us when we speak of averages. We see no reason for believing that these old deposits were formed more quickly than the drifted matter which is now altering the soundings of our coasts. At any rate, taking into account all the facts, mineralogical and zoological, as we have sketched them, we conclude, that the six Palæozoic systems were elaborated by nature during a vast and unknown cycle of past time.

Before we take a still more hurried view of the next chapters of geology, we must meet our author more specifically than we have yet done. The bones of at least three species of Reptiles have been found among the magnesian beds of the system last described, and they are the oldest known Reptiles of the world. Are they, then, of such a structure as to link themselves, on a natural scale, to the noble sauroids of the preceding carboniferous epoch? No such thing. Had the fish-lizards (*ichthyosaurs*, shown themselves among these beds, they might have given some color to our author's argument; but we find them not. The Reptiles of this period—the Palæosaurs, Thecodonts, and the (so called) Monitors of Thuringia—all belong to the Lacertilian order of Owen.* He divides fossil reptiles into nine natural orders; and we believe we are correct in placing the Lacertilians in the third order from the top. Their dentition, their well-formed extremities, and their general bony structure, bid defiance to any plan of deriving them from fishes by any conceivable law of transmutation. *Natura nil agit per saltum*, we have heard it said; but it is hard to say what may not be done by an intrepid naturalist, who can create *acari* by galvanism, and hatch a rat from a goose's egg! This time, however, our author's courage seems to fail, and he is so inconsistent as to be giddy before he leaps the great gulf which nature has put before him. He first states the difficulty, feebly and imperfectly, and then he blinks it altogether: for in his grand tabular scheme of creation, he drives the Lacertilians out of their proper dwelling, and thrusts the Ichthyosaurs into it; and he does this without a single hint to the credulous reader, that the printed scale is only a fanciful scale of what nature ought to be, and not a scale of what nature truly is. And, in the name of common sense, what is this but to shuffle nature's cards so as to play with them a cheating game? We do not wish to speak in the words of too severe a censure; and perhaps the author did not know the materials he was dealing with.

There can be no doubts about the au-

* We must refer for all details to Professor Owen's 'Reports on Fossil Reptiles,' published in the reports of the British Association, 1839 and 1841. We trust that these Reports will soon be superseded by a separate and illustrated work from the pen of the same great comparative anatomist.

thor's theory, and if it can apply any where, it must be among the Palæozoic strata, where nature began her great organic scale. Let us then see how he makes his way among these most ancient records. 'The cephalopoda are the most highly organized of the mollusca, and they are sometimes represented as being coexistent with the humbler molluscan forms; and on this point conclusions have been drawn against the idea of a progress of animated being; but it seems to me, when the pre-Silurian era and its fossils are distinguished with sufficient care, that the simpler mollusca, as well as the radiata, preceded' the order of cephalopoda. His note, appended to this passage, (p. 61,) only shows that he is unacquainted with what geologists have done since 1839, in Britain, France, Germany, and North America. They have labored hard in the hopes of finding some definite types of a pre-Silurian era, and they have not found them. We have given the result fairly in our summary of the *Protozoic system*. But our author can look at this part of nature's works only through a distorting medium. Taking all his facts at second hand, he hacks and mangles them to make them fit the rack of his hypothesis; and while he accuses our geologists of laborious ignorance, or wilful misrepresentation, he takes on himself the part of an inquisitor, and stretches nature's limbs on one of the wheels of his circular system, till she tells him what he pleases. And should this most potent method fail of its true purpose, he has also a circular logic to help him out of all doubts and dangers. His hypothesis is true, because it is drawn from the response of nature, and the response of nature is only true when it gives back the watchwords of the hypothesis!

Again, let us see how he can deal with facts upon a broader scale. Speaking of the development of plants and animals in our successive deposits, he says, 'Among plants we have first sea-weeds, afterwards land plants; and amongst these the simpler (cellular and cryptogamic) before the more complex. In the department of zoology we see, first, traces all but certain of infusoria; then polyparia, crinoidia, and some humbler forms of articulata and mollusca; afterwards higher forms of mollusca; and it appears that these existed for ages before there were any higher types of being. The first step forward gives fishes, the humblest class of vertebrata; and, moreover, the earliest fishes partake of the character of the lower subkingdom, the articulata. Afterwards came

land animals, of which the first are reptiles, universally allowed to be the type next in advance from fishes, and to be connected with these by the link of an insensible gradation. From the reptiles we advance to birds, and thence to mammalia, which are commenced by marsupialia, acknowledged low forms in their class.' And he adds, 'Though there are blanks in the series, and many missing forms, those present are all in the order of their organic development,' (p. 150.) All this runs on most smoothly—our author gives not his credulous reader the benefit of one single doubt or difficulty. During our critical labors, of more than forty years' continuance, it has never been our fate to comment on a passage so full of blunders and rash assertions. We crave our readers' patience while we examine it almost line by line. It may be true that seaweeds came first, but of this we have no proof; and of land plants we have not the shadow of proof that the simpler forms came into being before the more complex. The simple and complex forms are found together in our most ancient *flora*. It is true that we first see polyparia, crinoidia, articulata, and mollusca: but it is not true that we meet with them in the order stated by the author. The subject is dark and difficult, and all we can do is to take the order of nature's work as we find it. The sentence on which we here comment contains three distinct propositions; and all the three are false to nature, and no better than a dream. It is true that the next step gives us fishes; but it is not true that the earliest fishes link on to the *radiata*. This is a grand, and, at the present day, an unpardonable blunder; for the earliest fishes belong to the very highest families of the whole class. It is true that we afterwards find reptiles, but those which first appear belong to one of the highest orders of the class, and show no links of an insensible gradation into fishes.

It is true that, about the same period, birds first appear, and a few specimens are found in our ascending series of secondary rocks. Among the lowest are *Struthionidæ*, the next are *Grallæ*, and the highest (in the chalk) are *Natatores*. They are far too few in number, and too obscure, to be used in any good argument; but, as far as they go, they give us a result in direct antagonism with our author's scheme. If he use them at all, he must just reverse their arrangement. He appears to know this, and so, in his general scale, (p. 234,) he has packed them all together. It is true that two ge-

nera of marsupials appear above the first birds and reptiles; but they are not so low in organic type as some living mammals. They are anomalies among the strata where we find them; and there are no other organic types to which they offer the shadow of any near affinity. They are, therefore, again in direct antagonism with the scheme of regular development. We take them as we find them, and we have no hypothetical stumbling-blocks in our way. We state, in this short comment on the passage last quoted, what we know to be true. We have seen the beds in which the remains of these successive creatures lay; many of the specimens we have examined; and, as to our conclusions, we should think them worthless were they not confirmed by our greatest masters of comparative anatomy. When, therefore, the author, (p. 234,) in conformity with our extract, throws the successive forms of animal life into a scale which is to explain a general creative law, what does he but publish an empty dream? And if it is not to be called a dream, then is it ten times worse—a falsification of the documents of nature, and an insult upon the understanding of his reader.

Assertions, like those in our last extract, are repeated in one form or another again and again. So that the author, and perhaps some of his readers, may believe them, through the mere pertinacity and solemnity of their reiteration. He tells us, (p. 249,) that the first animals of every well-marked type, must be aquatic; this is one of his circular speculations. But he adds, that the geological sequence confirms this view, both as to birds and mammals. Now, the oldest birds were, as far as we can make out their structure, not aquatic; and the oldest mammals (we mean the marsupials of the Stonesfield slate, for we have not seen true cetaceous bones from the lower oolites) assuredly lived on dry land. These we may call mistakes of theory, or errors of inadvertency. But what shall we say when he tells us in the same page, 'that the first reptiles (*ichthiosauri*) were natatorial, and of comparatively mean organization?' He has copied his own imaginary scale, and he has not copied from nature's book. The facts must certainly have been known to him. How could he, then, (without giving us a single hint that his order was hypothetical,) indite this sentence, and then tell us, in the same page, that he was giving us the very order 'which geology shows us in the history of our globe?'

One of the most intrepid men of the Oxford half-Popish School has told us plainly, that candor is not the leading virtue of a Saint. But there are fanatics of other schools, and many a man has been a fanatical idolater of his own material hypothesis. In such a state of mind, he is like one afflicted with monomania. We cannot trust him for a single moment. But he is an object of pity far more than blame. It is not that he hates the form of truth; but either his vision is so false that he sees her out of bearing; or he has, unfortunately, such a film before his senses, that he cannot behold her figure though she stand upright before his face. He has not read to us the book of nature, page by page, as we have seen it written; but he has given us, instead, a strange set of cross readings, and made her tell a story most foreign to her simple meaning. In common cases, we should call this a very grave offence against truth and reason. Had he told us that our geological documents were mutilated and obscure—that, like the worm-eaten parchments of an old record-office, they were so far gone that no mortal could make a connected history out of them—and that he would work up an historical tale from his imagination—using the old documents now and then to eke out an hypothesis, or to give a savor of reality to a fictitious narrative;—had he done this, we could have understood him, and we might have admired his lucid style, and the air of sober systematic reality which seems to refresh us while we read his pages. But this he has not done. He professes to write a history in conformity with our old documents. He has interpolated them again and again; he has falsified their dates; and he has not condescended to tell his readers what part of his narrative is based on written records of old date, and what part is pure invention. If the works of nature are thus to be turned upside down, and every principle of sound inductive reasoning is now to be held in abeyance, it is high time for our men of science to strike work; and we must henceforth cull our philosophy from John Dee, and our history from George Psalmanazar.

We now come to the second series of deposits containing traces of former organic life; and it is, in some cases, so linked to the upper beds of the former, or palæozoic series, that we hardly know where to draw the line between the two. We can do no better than follow the English subdivisions, as they are symmetrical and well known. They

give us the following systems in a regular ascending order:—

7. *New red sandstone and saliferous marls, or Triassic system.*—This system forms the base of the great central plains of England, and is surmounted by the saliferous marls and red arenaceous beds which pass under the great oolitic terrace, or rather the succession of terraces which stretch across England from the coast of Dorsetshire to the north-eastern coast of Yorkshire. We find in this system no beds of shells and corals. There was, during its formation, a great quantity of red oxide of iron in the ancient sea, (and the same remark applies to a part of the old red sandstone,) which seems to have utterly destroyed the old forms of organic life. But in the eastern parts of France, and in central Germany, the physical conditions were different; and in these countries there is, in the upper part of this series, a great shelly calcareous deposit (muschelkalk) not found in the British isles. In other respects, the continental deposits agree with those of this country; and they are of great but irregular thickness, resting, as they often do, unconformably upon the broken edges of the older strata.

8. *Oolitic system, or Jurassic system*, of continental writers. It admits of the following subdivisions or subordinate groups:

(1.) *Lias*—a great argillaceous deposit with some thick arenaceous bands, and many concretions and beds of argillaceous limestone. It is continued without interruption from the coast of Dorsetshire to the north-east coast of Yorkshire.

(2.) *The great oolitic terrace*—so called from containing beds of oolitic limestone; but calcareous matter by no means forms the greater part of it. It makes a grand feature in England, and is absolutely continuous from coast to coast.

(3.) *Oxford clay*.—It is in some places of great thickness, (perhaps not less than 2000 feet,) and it forms the subsoil of the great Bedford level. From sea to sea its continuity is unbroken.

(4.) *Middle, or Oxford oolite*.—Where it is of its greatest thickness, the calcareous and oolitic beds form only a subordinate part of it. It is not so continuous as the former deposits. Here and there it puts on the form of a coral reef; but wherever it is seen it keeps its right place, commencing at Weymouth, and ending at Filey Bridge on the Yorkshire coast.

(5.) *Kimmeridge clay*.—This deposit is,

we believe, perfectly continuous, and ranges on a line nearly parallel to the middle oolite.

(6.) *Upper oolite, or Portland rock.*—This rock on the south coast of England forms a grand terrace; but in its northward range it becomes degenerate, and in Buckinghamshire all traces of it are gradually lost.

Such is the *oolitic series*. It reappears in France with the same general subdivisions, which may be traced through eastern France into Germany, and to the very confines of the Alps. In more distant parts of the world, it is represented in some places by one undistinguishable mass of calcareous matter; or by more complicated formations not elaborated in conformity with the British type. In some parts of England, the organic remains of the successive groups of strata are arranged with an astonishing regularity—reminding us of an artificial distribution in the cabinet of a naturalist; but in following the beds, we find that any change of mineral type, implying a change of physical conditions, produces some corresponding change in the distribution of the *fauna*. These organic changes were probably brought about by changes in the sea bottom, from mud to sand, or to calcareous rock, and by oscillations in the soundings. For correct principles of reasoning on such subjects, we may safely refer to some excellent memoirs recently published by our distinguished countryman, Professor E. Forbes. They are of great value, because their reasonings are all based on the well observed facts presented by living nature. About the end of the epoch of the *new red sandstone*, the British strata appear to have been deposited in a shallow sea. The numberless remains of insects in the lower beds of the *lias* seem to attest this fact.* Near the top of this formation we find, on the Yorkshire coast, upright stems of plants marking the spot on which they grew, and therefore proving the partial existence of dry land. There is also a well-known upper carboniferous *flora* in the oolitic series of Yorkshire, which reappears on the coast of Sutherland. Lastly we find, on the coast of Dorsetshire, the well-known ‘dirt-beds,’ with roots of coniferous trees, and their silicified trunks growing up in the position of nature, and in a direction perpendicular to the beds. There must, therefore, have been great os-

cillations in the relative levels of land and sea; and the causes of change, above hinted at, in the distribution of the organic forms, are not imaginary. Many new types may have come into being during the long continuance of the oolitic period; but assuming this fact, and admitting all the changes above indicated, we may confidently affirm that the system, considered as a whole, has a most characteristic *fauna*.

(7.) *Wealden rocks.*—These rocks are of great thickness, and immediately cover the upper oolites without any break of continuity. Our knowledge of them is chiefly derived from the long-continued discoveries of Dr. Mantell. They are essentially of fresh-water origin; and in this respect they bear the same relation to our older secondary rocks which the old carboniferous system bears to the inferior palæozoic groups. But they are not strictly lacustrine, as they contain no beds of rock marl, such as we might have looked for in a lacustrine basin among the oolites. They more resemble great drifted beds of sand and mud sent down by some ancient river into a shallow sea or estuary. Be this as it may, their fresh-water shells, plants, birds, and great land-reptiles tell their story, and link them to the oolites, of which they form the summit.

9. *Green sand system, Neocomian system* of some continental writers. Again we have a gradual change of level, as this system, without any apparent break of continuity, rests upon the former, but is essentially marine. It is divided into *lower green sand*—*galt*, or Cambridge clay—and *upper green sand*. These subdivisions were first fixed by Dr. Fitton. To his elaborate papers, and some recent Memoirs by Professor E. Forbes, we refer for all details, and for good speculations drawn on analogy from the phenomena of living nature. The lower green sand shows, as might have been expected, many analogies with the upper part of the oolites. The *galt* and the upper green sand are considered by some writers, and perhaps correctly, as a part of the *Cre-taceous system*.

10. *Cretaceous system.*—In all the preceding subdivisions of the secondary rocks as seen in Britain, calcareous matter formed but a subordinate part; but in this system calcareous matter forms the predominating mass, to which the flints and other extraneous minerals are subordinate. Part of it seems to have been deposited in a sea of considerable depth, and all of it is

* A description of these insects will appear in a work, now in the press, by the Rev. P. B. Brodie. It was from that gentleman that we first derived our knowledge of the Cestraciant from the Wenlock shales.

marine. The physical conditions of its formation differed greatly from those which produced the preceding systems. Hence we find in the chalk great changes in the organic types. Some families become extinct, and others become degenerate: and other families (unconnected in structure with any which went before them, and not therefore to be derived from the older families by any natural generative law) were called into a new being. The upper part of this system is wanting in England, (though the chalk is 1000 feet in thickness,) but it is found in Belgium and Denmark. It is more arenaceous than the chalk, but forms a true upper member of the deposit. Here ends our chapter of secondary rocks.

11. *Tertiary system*.—This represents all the regular deposits newer than the chalk. It is irregularly distributed over vast surfaces of all our continents; but we must confine our chief remarks to Britain; and here, as in France, we see its lowest beds resting on the chalk. But it does not pass gradually into the chalk, or any other rocks of the same age. A long interval of time must have elapsed between the formation of the upper beds of chalk and the beginning of the tertiary beds. This interval is marked by great water-worn hollows in the surface of the chalk; and sometimes (for example in some parts of Norfolk,) by the perforations of the old marine animals, made while the chalk was the bottom of an ancient sea. These remarkable traces of former life are discovered when the tertiary deposits are removed, by man's hands, from the surface of the chalk. This interval is also well marked by great shingle beds, and conglomerates of rolled flints, near the base of the lower tertiary deposits. The flints must have been then as hard as they are now, and their organic remains were then petrified. All these facts bear on the question of time, but our limits forbid any further speculation.

The system admits of three primary subdivisions—Eocene—Miocene—and Pliocene. These three names imply—that in the lower division we only find the dawn of existing species—that in the next division there are more living species, but that extinct species still predominate—and that in the upper division extinct species decline, and living species predominate. This grouping is artificial; but it is based on nature, and is perhaps the best that could be given at the present time. We owe it to our countryman Mr. Lyell; and to his works we re-

fer for all details. The lower division is well represented by the deposits of the Hampshire and London basins, and has been brought into a beautiful co-ordination with the grand phenomena of the Paris basin. The middle division is feebly represented by the coral reefs (coralline crag, &c.) which, on the coast of Suffolk, are seen to rest on the London clay. The highest is still more feebly represented by the crag-beds, and certain small lacustrine deposits resting on them which are found in Norfolk. Vast periods of time must have passed away during the tertiary epoch. Of this fact we have irrefragable proof in the details respecting the upper tertiary groups, which we derive from foreign writers. But in this island we have ample evidence to prove this point; for the *fauna* of our Eocene period indicates a climate almost tropical—while the *fauna* of the upper crag belongs to a climate not above, but perhaps below, the present mean temperature of Britain.

12. *Diluvial system*.—We might have expected that, as we were now close upon living nature, the characters of our old records would be legible and clear. Among those we have now turned over, 'we find chapter after chapter of which we can read the characters and make out their meaning; and as we approach the time of man's creation, our book becomes during our last period still more clear, and nature seems to speak to us in a language so like our own, that we easily comprehend it. But just where we begin to enter on the history of the physical changes going on before our eyes, and in which we ourselves bear a part, our chronicle seems to fail us—a leaf has been torn out from nature's book, and the succession of events is almost hidden from our eyes.* To this period we must refer the gigantic boulders which have been driven by floods across our continents, or drifted by icebergs over our valleys, and perched sometimes on our mountain-tops. To it we must refer the *till* of Scotland, and the great *brown clay* of England; and our vast beds of gravel and superficial rubbish, with broken fragments of mammals' bones, mixed with the spoils of all the older rocks. Some of our raised beaches may have reached their present levels during this period, of which we profess neither to define the limits, nor to describe the succession of events. The mammals' bones, both of extinct and living species, are sometimes found

* *Geology of the Lake District*. Kendal, 1843.

together in this drifted matter, and mingled with land and fresh-water shells of modern species. There were enormous changes of level; and glaciers as well as great floods played their part in producing these strange phenomena: but we profess not to describe them.

13. *Modern system.*—We possess some old physical documents connected with this system, and we will give one example of them. In the great Bedford level which spreads over the lower lands of Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire, we have accumulations of silt, drifted matter, and bog earth, some of which began before the earliest periods of British history. When these accumulations are removed by artificial means, we find below, sometimes shells of recent species, and the remains of an old estuary; sometimes sand banks, gravel beds, stumps of trees, or masses of drifted wood. On this ancient surface of the ground we find skulls of a living species of European bear; skeletons of the Arctic wolf and European beaver and wild boar; and numerous horns and bones of the roebuck and red-deer; and were we to go to a little distance, we might add to this list the bones of the gigantic stag, (Irish elk.) Among these remains are many others we do not notice, as they belong to animals such as are now living in the neighboring country,—as badgers, otters, &c. Had the traditions of Europe been lost, and we had known nothing of its early inhabitants, we might very properly have referred these remains to a newer Pliocene period; and had we taken up a theory like that of our author, we might have speculated on some of these extinct forms, and asked into what living species they have passed by transmutation. As a matter of fact we know they perished by natural means—by the loss of shelter as the forests were cleared away, by the drainage of the bogs, and the hand of man. And why not apply this reasoning to the old world? We say, on good analogy, that in the *fauna* of any old period, (*e. g.* the oolitic,) species were gradually exterminated by the changes of physical conditions, or by the invasion of animals of greater power, and not by any transmutation into other species. This kind of reasoning starts, at least, from something we know to be true; but it professes not to account for creation, nor can any natural means within the ken of our senses, and the limits of our knowledge, give us the least help in accounting for it.

And here we conclude all details that are purely geological. We have given a continuous sketch of the several systems, from the first records of our secondary rocks down to the present time, that our discussions on the phenomena of organic life might not be interrupted.

We have already proved from physical records, and the plainest facts of ancient geology, that the successive organic forms of the palæozoic rocks suggest not to the mind the theory of development; but, on the contrary, are so directly opposed to it as to involve it in the rankest contradictions. And let us here come back to the right principles of physical reasoning, which cannot be too often brought before the mind. As all our exact knowledge of the 'celestial mechanics' is derived from our previous knowledge of the laws of matter studied on the earth; so all our exact knowledge of the organic laws of the old world can only be learnt from a study of the organic phenomena of living nature. With such phenomena we must begin, or we have no philosophical starting-point. If we desert this sober method, we are only plunging among the crazy systems of the old philosophers, or of men who falsely passed under that sacred name. Prove the development theory then from living nature; or make it probable. If this were done, (but it never will be done,) a moony materialist, or a meditative hypothesis-monger, might venture to look among the gaps and chasms of our old organic records; and might in imagination fill them up or re-arrange them in something like accordance with what he believes or knows of living nature. But let no man dare to begin his work at the wrong end—to leave the clear light of day (before he has most deeply studied the laws of nature as they are now before his senses) and plunge among the dark caverns of the earth; and then brood over the old organic types of nature's sepulchre, till his brain becomes as much confounded as if he were in the den of Trophonius. And should such have been his misfortune, let him not come back again to the light of day, and pretend to explain away the clear evidence of living sense, by responses as mystical and as unreal as those of an ancient oracle. It is against this conduct of the mind, followed by a dogmatical dictation contrary to all the sober rules of sound philosophy, that we most solemnly warn the truth-loving reader.

Let us now come to the fossils of the

secondary and tertiary periods, beginning with those of the new red sandstone, (system 7.) Here we find no shells or corals; but we have traces of several species of reptiles. Of the *Labyrinthodon*, five species appear to have been made out. They were *Batrachians*, (of the same order with frogs and toads;) and if the old saying, '*ex pede Herculem*,' is to be trusted, the largest species may almost have rivalled in stature a small Highland bullock. They were undoubtedly a low order of reptiles; but their near affinities are not with fishes, (as they ought to be on the development theory;) and in their deviations from the more vulgar type, they seem to ascend towards the higher reptiles. In the language of this theory, they are (as Owen tells us) 'degraded crocodiles, and not elevated fishes.*' Whether these creatures were ambitious, like their degenerate representatives of more modern times, and at length dilated themselves to bursting, we know not; but the whole race disappears, and we meet it not again.

To these *Batrachians* we must add the *Rhynchosaur* and the *Dicynodon*. The former has mandibles without teeth, like a *Chelonian* or a bird of prey; but its cranial structure and skeleton are truly *Lacertian*. In none of its deviations from the common structure of a *Lacertian*, does it make the least approach towards the *sauroid* fishes: the changes from the common type are in another direction. The latter has two large tusks (somewhat like the tusks of a walrus) fixed in the upper jaw; but the cranium and other bones are a true *saurian* type. Combining these organic forms with the three genera of reptiles found in the magnesian limestone, (system 6,) we may ask, does the scheme of development derive any support from these phenomena? The reply is obvious, and we shall touch on this question again.

In addition to these reptiles, we have the traces of *Chelonians*, and of birds (supposed to be *Struthionidæ* and *Grallæ*.) These traces throw no new difficulties in our way; for we account for them as we do for the reptiles' bones. But to what anterior forms of nature are we to refer their origin on the scheme of development? We are unable to tell. A few more birds are found among the Wealden rocks and the chalk. They are, as we hinted, too few

in number materially to help our argument; but we know that even these stragglers are not found in the order of development.

We next come to the *muschelkalk*—and here we must refer to continental catalogues, as the deposit (at least in any distinct form) is not found in Britain. It has a very remarkable *fauna*, and we have seen many good collections derived from it. And what are the organic types? We do not find so much as one single species with which we are familiar in the *palæozoic* series. All the older families and orders have disappeared; and even the *saurians* differ in their order from those of the preceding epoch. It is not too much to say that nature has destroyed all her old moulds of workmanship, and begun a new work on a different plan. Yet is there no break or interruption in the regular sequence of the deposits. We accept these facts of nature as we find them. The physical conditions of the earth were changed, and creative wisdom called into new being organic structures to suit the change. With this we are content; and we defy any man living, whatever may be his knowledge, to prove that in these steps of the great ascending series, 'the stages of advance were very small'—'only a new stage in the progress of gestation, an event simply natural'—'a development from species to species—phenomena of a simple and modest character!' (p. 231.) Assertions more opposed to the works of ancient nature were never before recorded in the written language of a gratuitous hypothesis.

We next come to the fossils of the oolites, green sand, and chalk, (systems 8, 9, 10,) which complete the secondary series. How are these fossils to be distinguished from those of the successive *palæozoic* systems? We can only indicate the prominent points of difference; but not so much as one single species seems to be common to the *palæozoic* and secondary groups. The *Trilobites*, many genera of *Brachyopods*, and many species of *Goniatites*, and *Orthoceratites* of the older systems, do not rise into the secondary groups. It is true that we find numerous *Crustaceans* in the secondary groups; but they have no near affinities to connect them with the *Trilobites*. Again, *Ammonites* and *Belemnites* of the secondary systems may be said to represent the *Orthoceratites* and *Goniatites*. But where are the connecting links? We find them not. Let us, however, assume the

* Report of the British Association, 1841, p. 197.

natural connexion, and what follows?—That these families of Cephalopods began in the earliest times—flourished and increased, and obtained their most complicated development in the middle of the secondary period—then declined, and finally died off, so as to leave no trace of their existence during the tertiary and modern periods. Meanwhile, the Nautilus, one of the kindred families, survived all these changes, and is now living in the sea. Does this look like our author's scheme of development? We reply, no. It points to a different law, (exemplified by many families of fossil fish.) The families were created by a power superior to vulgar nature, in conformity with the conditions of the sea; and died off, and were superseded by other forms of life, as those conditions changed.

It follows from what is stated, that Ammonites and Belemnites are characteristic of the secondary rocks; but there are multitudes of other characteristic species as well defined as in living nature. The frequent changes in their grouping are readily explained on the principles we have pointed out. Some species are doubtful, and in such cases geologists connect them to the kindred types by all the intervening links, and sometimes give them all a common name. Such ambiguous cases are the exception and not the rule: were the development theory true, they ought to be the rule and not the exception: but, on the whole, we have as good reason for believing that species were permanent during the secondary period, as we have reason for that belief in the living *fauna* of our seas.

The fishes of our secondary system (Nos. 8, 9, 10) are eminently characteristic; and distinct species are found in nearly all the separate subdivisions of the whole series, from the bottom of the lias to the top of the chalk. Even allowing the change of species by development, (which we by no means do,) the supposition will not help us; for we shall be afterwards compelled, on this hypothesis, to ask for many sudden changes from family to family, and from order to order. And surely this would be thought a little too much for the 'simple and modest advances' of nature. All these fishes are *homocercal*—i. e. have tails with rays regularly diverging from the end of the backbone, like the tail of a herring or a trout; but all the palæozoic fishes have *heterocercal* tails. Their backbone runs to a point above the tail, which is placed below like a triangular rudder. This latter structure is still seen in our sharks, stur-

geons, and in the sauroids of the North American lakes, (bonypike.)

So far we have been describing the fossils of the secondary rocks; and to fortify our argument, we will now refer to a true history of development given by Agassiz,*—not to serve as an hypothesis, but to put before the senses, in one connected view, all the leading ichthyological facts of the old world. Up to the base of the chalk, all the fossil fishes, without one exception, belong to the Ganoid and Placoid orders. Let us then see what has been the early development of some of the oldest families of these two orders. They are not confounded with one another, but they adhere to their natural type through the whole ascending scale, so far as their remains are seen.

The following examples are from the tabular view of Agassiz, but the running comment is our own:—(1.) The *cestracionts* come in, as far as we know, with one species, (the oldest fish in the fossil world, and, at the same time, of the very highest organic type.) Genera and species are soon added to the family, so that during the palæozoic and oolitic periods it increases to a noble clan, and then gradually declines through the chalk; and at the end of the tertiary period, is in the state in which we find it now—degenerate as to numbers of genera and species, but not so as to family type. For the type lasts throughout, and runs not into other families, though both genera and species constantly change while we ascend from one system to another. (2.) The history of the *sauroids* may be told nearly in the same words. (3.) The first beginning of the *lepidoids* (another ancient and noble family) and their gradual expansion, may also be so told; but the whole race becomes extinct at the base of the tertiary period, and was not afterwards revived. (4.) In addition to these families, there are two others (the *hybodonts* and the *cælacanthes*) which began in the palæozoic rocks and died off among the secondary groups—not by any confusion of family type, but by a gradual decay of numbers. (5.) There are four other well-defined families which flourish only during a part of the palæozoic period; yet, while they last, preserve in perfection the family type, and do not merge into other families, by any connecting links of structure. (6.) The *pycnodonts*, another grand family, began just at the base of the secondary series,

* *Poissons Fossiles*, Vol. i. p. 170.

and died off among the tertiaries, having long periods of gradual increase, followed by like periods of gradual decay. How we are to reconcile this short statement, which represents the present condition of our knowledge, with the theory of a progressive development from one humble type, is utterly beyond our comprehension. All the facts in this part of nature are at open war with the theory. The families, we repeat, lose not their true type, either during their periods of advancement or of decay. We contend, therefore, that they were created in accordance with natural conditions of the ancient sea; and died off from a gradual change of conditions unfavorable to their life.

Let us next come to the cretaceous system, and analyze the phenomena in the same manner. We have before stated that this deposit indicates a great change in the physical condition of the old sea; and, in accordance with this fact, we also find a great change in many of the organic types. It is here that we have the first traces of animal species still living, and they belong to *infusoria*; but all (or very nearly all) the nobler organic forms of the chalk are of extinct genera and species.* But we will confine ourselves to fossil fishes. (1.) We find four families which, commencing among some of the older systems, pass into the chalk, (with changes of generic and specific type;) and afterwards (with corresponding changes) pass into our present seas. Two of these families (*Squalus* and *Ray*) go on continually increasing as we ascend. (2.) The two orders of *Cycloids* and *Ctenoids* now make their appearance for the first time, in not less than *eighteen goodly families*! They are separated by a wide organic interval from all the older families and orders; and they are the fishes with which we are now most familiar among the living forms of nature. All those eighteen families (but with various generic or specific changes) pass through the tertiary period into the modern seas; and, in addition, there are a few families which began during the tertiary periods, and are still living in our own times. How are we to account

for all this in the theory of development, which gives us only 'a simple and modest' change from one species to another? Allowing, for sake of argument, the possibility of specific changes in a *genus* of one *family*, how are we to account for the sudden appearance of two new *orders* and eighteen new *families*? The facts of nature are in direct antagonism with the theory. They crush it to atoms.

The inevitable blunders made by the first observers, and some figurative language of Agassiz, in which he speaks of certain fishes, (now proved not to be the very oldest,) 'comme les jeunes enfans d'un monde encore à son berceau,' are naturally drawn (like straws and feathers by a piece of amber) to our author's mind, and become the life-food of his visionary system; and he dares to quote the author of the 'Poissons Fossiles' in support of it! But let this admirable naturalist be his own interpreter. At the end of his great work, he discusses the scheme of development, and rejects it, because it is encountered every where by physical impossibilities; and what then is his conclusion? We will give his own words:—'Il faut nécessairement remonter à une cause plus élevée, et reconnoître des influences plus puissantes, exerçant sur la nature entière une action plus directe, si l'on ne veut pas se mouvoir éternellement dans un cercle vicieux. Quant à moi, j'ai la conviction que les espèces ont été créées successivement à différentes reprises; * * et que les changemens qu'elles ont subis durant une époque géologique ne sont que très-secondaires, et ne tiennent qu'à leur plus ou moins grande fécondité, et à des migrations subordonnées à des influences de l'époque.' There is a moral grandeur in this sentence, and it comes to us with the power of demonstration; concluding, as it does, one of the greatest works of Natural History that was ever finished by the labors of one man. Truth is always delightful to an uncorrupted mind; and it is most delightful when it reaches us in the form of some great abstraction, which links together the material and moral parts of nature,—which does not annul the difference between material and moral,—but proves that moral truth is the intellectual and ennobled form of material truth, first apprehended by sense. And believing that all nature, both material and moral, has been framed and supported by one creative mind, we cannot believe that one truth can ever be at conflict with another. If there be a religion of

* The *Terebratula striatula* of the chalk, is, we believe, identified by Mr. Sowerby with *T. caput serpentis*; and we are informed that *T. subundata* is considered by Professor E. Forbes identical with *T. vitrea*. If these views be correct, the chalk is the true Eocene formation, and they would fall in with the opinions of Agassiz founded on fossil fishes.

nature, and we believe there is, we conclude that there can be no religion but truth, and no heresy but falsehood.

The reptiles of the secondary rocks must next have a passing notice. They began, as we have seen, just at the end of the Palæozoic period—not with the *lowest*, but with one of the *higher orders* of the class; and following the same kind of law which we have remarked in certain families of Cephalopods, and in many families of fishes, they reached their grandest development during the secondary period, and then gradually declined. The class lived, however, through all after-periods; and, as is well known, still flourishes on the earth, represented by four orders with many genera and species. Nearly all that is exactly known on this great subject may be learnt from two admirable Reports by Professor Owen.* A few species have been added since; but they only confirm his general views. He has described eighty-five species in these reports, and many more are known in continental collections. Some of the species in the lias, oolites, and Wealden rocks, are in almost incredible abundance. The shallow seas and estuaries must literally have swarmed with them. He divides the whole class into nine orders. The *Dinosaurs* stand at the head, and seem to reach the noblest reptile type that ever was created; and they died off before the cretaceous period. In their marrow-bones and strong ponderous limbs, they make some approach to pachyderm-mammals; but they are true saurians in general structure. The *Enaliosaurs* are at the other end of the scale, and (in the *Ichthyosaurs* and *Plesiosaurs*, and one or two cognate genera) make some approach to *Sauroid Fishes*. 'But (says Professor Owen) by no known forms of fossil animals can we diminish the wide interval which divides the most sauroid of Fishes from the *Ichthyosaurus*.' And we may add, that were this interval ever filled up in the cabinet of a naturalist, we should be no nearer to the scheme of development: because all the large sauroid fishes had disappeared from the face of nature during a former and widely separated epoch. This Order of *Enaliosaurs* began in the muschelkalk; but in England it is first seen in the lias, and after swarming through the oolites, it disappears near the bottom of the chalk.†

* Reports to the British Association, 1839 and 1841

† The whole account of the Reptiles given in 'The Vestiges,' is so mystified as to give us no

Species, we believe, were persistent; and some species (amidst the many physical revolutions) survived during the whole epoch of the oolites. The *Pterodactyls*, or flying dragons of the old world, began with the lias, and ended in the lower portions of the chalk, as has been very lately proved by Mr. Bowerbank: *Crocodylians* began at the base of the oolites. Their first forms greatly differed from those of living nature. Many of them had double concave vertebræ; others had a kind of plano-convex vertebræ; some had concavo-convex vertebræ—in this respect resembling living crocodiles—but, strange to tell, the concave and convex surfaces were in a reversed order. These crocodilians continued to exist, but with specific changes, through all succeeding revolutions. In the tertiary period we have new genera of the order, with a structure in perfect conformity with the modern crocodilian type. We have space for no more details, and we must refer to the admirable summary given at the end of the above two Reports.

After all his exact details, and after enriching us with the greatest additions to our knowledge of this class of fossil animals which has been made since the days of Cuvier, Professor Owen adds, 'Does the hypothesis of the transmutation of species afford any explanation of these surprising phenomena? Do the speculations of Maillet, Lamarck, and Geoffroy derive any support from this department of Palæontology?' He answers this question in the negative, by a rigid appeal to facts and anatomical conditions; and he tells us that a slight survey of organic remains might serve to support these views, 'but in no stream of science is it more necessary than in Palæontology, to drink deep or taste not.' The author of the 'Vestiges' has not drunk deep; had he done so, he might perhaps have been bewildered by the strangeness of the draught. But there is a sobriety in plain truth; and the magnitude and certainty of the phenomena, and the imposing nature of the consequences in which they are inevitably bound, might have saved him from the temptation of trying to turn the real vestiges of the old world upside down, before he began to build his ideal system upon them.

definite knowledge of the grouping of the orders. The herbivorous Saurian found in the sea by Mr. Darwin, is not an Enaliosaurian, any more than a crocodile is an Enaliosaurian, when it is found (probably having mistaken its way) out at sea.

Before we quit the secondary fossils, we must notice the two genera of mammals found near the bottom of the oolites. How is it possible to connect them, by any process of development, with any other contemporaneous or preceding types of nature? We are certain they cannot be so connected. But we have no difficulties to remove. There were giant-birds during this period, which probably could not fly; but Pterodactyls and a few birds were then winging their way through the air; and flying insects were in abundance. The *flora* of the oolites does not betoken a climate warmer than that of New Holland. What difficulty in supposing that one or two genera of Marsupials should then have been created?*

We next come to the organic phenomena of the tertiary system. On the theory of development, 'the stages of advance are in all cases very small—from species to species,' and the phenomena, 'as shown in the pages of geology, are always of a simple and modest character.' Let us test these assumptions by one single step from the chalk to the London-clay, or any other tertiary deposit. Among the millions of organic forms, from corals up to mammals, of the London and Paris basins, we find hardly so much as one single secondary species.† The humble infusoria have been already noticed; and in the south of France it said that two or three secondary species straggle into the tertiary system; but they form a rare, and almost evanescent exception to the general rule. Organic nature is once more on a new pattern—plants as well as animals are changed. It might seem as if we had been transported to a new planet; for neither in the arrangement of the genera and species, nor in their affinities with the types of an older world, is there the shadow of any approach to a regular plan of organic development. Our limits forbid us to enter on details, and in

truth they are unnecessary; for if the chain of development be made of broken links, and if its first links were never bound to nature, (and we have proved already that they were not,) then must the last links inevitably want all semblance of material support. But to convey to our readers some notion of the *flora* and *fauna* of the oldest subdivision of this new period, we may tell them in a few words, that we find in it the remains of a noble flora—coniferous trees, palm trees, and thousands of drifted seed-vessels of very many new species, but all of a tropical or sub-tropical type. To these we may add more than a thousand molluscs, all new, yet making an approach to the types of living nature; and with them are two or three modern species. We find Crocodilians greatly differing from the secondary types, and conforming to the modern, yet not specifically agreeing with them—serpents approaching the great boa—tortoises or turtles in great abundance, but of extinct genera—fishes of the same general structure with the newer families of the chalk, but of a different species, and along with them at least two families of a new type—birds of nearly all the living families, but the species probably different. And lastly, we find a noble series of mammals—especially Pachyderms; but including Carnivora and Bimana, and other orders. Among the mammals described by Cuvier from this lowest division of the tertiary system, all the species are of extinct genera. Some exceptions to this rule may have been found since; but, at least, all are of extinct species. These different orders and classes are not arranged on any ascending scale. Carnivora are as old as Pachyderms, as far at least as we have any evidence bearing on the question; and Bimana (monkeys) are found in this division—thus contradicting and stultifying the upper end of our author's grand creative scale.

As we ascend towards the middle divisions of the series, there is a development of nature's kingdom nearer and nearer to living types. But it is not a development after our author's scheme. It follows the law of the rise, progress, and decline of the organic families of the older world, already pointed out. We have no confusion of genera and species, and no shades of structure to make dim their outlines. In the great tertiary basin of the Lower Rhine, we find, in a few small quarries near Mayence, more vertebrate remains than have been found in the Paris and London basins.

* Our author, on his own scheme of nature, ought to have considered New Holland as one of the oldest countries of the world; and he might have argued (from its Flora, its Cestracionts, its Trigonie, and its Marsupials) that it was as old as our oolites; but this would not have served the good ends of the scheme of development; so he casts this evidence, such as it is, overboard, and presumes, without the shadow of any evidence—that New Holland is a very new country. We do not wish to send our author after a new hypothesis; but we point this out as a very amusing example of inconsistency.—(P. 258, &c.)

† See above, the note to p. 74

Many genera and species are new, and among them are old species of Elephant and Rhinoceros.* We seem to have taken one upward step towards the living world; but we have no confusion of species. Again, a vast menagerie of old Asiatic mammals, and lower vertebrates, (collected with vast labor, and in part also described by Falconer and Cautley,) are now in the British Museum. Some of the types are strange and new, and all of them show the riches of these ancient kingdoms of nature. But not one of them (and the question has been battled out at Paris) offers the shadow of a proof of specific transmutation, or obliterates the clearness of nature's record. The documents of a newer date found among the British rocks are few and imperfect. We have already spoken of them, and we cannot follow the subject any further, as our narrow limits forbid it.

Returning, then, to the lowest division of the tertiary system, as seen in the London and Paris basins, and confining ourselves to the Pachyderms, we may ask, from what anterior forms of organic life are we to derive them by any possible law of common nature? The creatures (excepting the marsupials of the lower oolites, system 7, *supra*) of the older world, which made the nearest approach to mammals, were the Dinosaurs;† and they died away (if we are to trust Geology) ages before the end of the chalk. These mammals (and the same remark applies to all the other remains of the class) have no zoological base to rest upon. They were therefore not called into being by any known law of nature, but by a power above nature. They were created by the hand of God, and adapted to the conditions of the period. This is the conclusion of Agassiz and Owen, on better evidence than Cuvier possessed: and this was in substance the grand conclusion of Cuvier; for if, as he again and again affirms, the extinct fossil species which he reconstructed with admirable skill, were not produced by any continued natural organic law from other species, then must they have been created. His first proposition is this—*les espèces perdues ne sont pas des variétés des espèces vivantes*. But there are some, he tells us, *qui pensent qu'avec des siècles et des habitudes toutes les espèces pourraient se changer les unes dans les autres, ou résulter*

* Many of the specimens are admirably figured by Hermann von Meyer, but very few of them are yet described.

† Owen's Report, above quoted, 1841, p. 202.

d'une seule d'entre elles. And what is this but the theory of transmutation and development? But he replies—*pourquoi les entrailles de la terre n'ont-elles point conservé les monumens d'une généalogie si curieuse?** He wrote on the evidence before him, and it was enough. His conclusions were contested at every point. Ancient tombs were ransacked to obtain evidences of some change in the human type. Animals were dissected in cases where, by domestication and all the artifices of breeding, the varieties of species had reached their widest limits. Hybrid monsters were produced by cross-breeding, (such are never produced in wild untamed nature;) but they were fruitless; or, (as is said in one or two cases,) after two descents, they returned to one of the first types. All the experiments and dissections were in vain—nature was true to her own work—and species were found, in living nature, to be permanent. To this law not one exception has been found. But there are some good anatomists at Paris—misled, we believe, by false views respecting the grand zoological sequence of geology—who cling to the theory of development; and some of these hypothetical interpreters have presumed to scoff at these great conclusions, and to talk of *la clôture du siècle de Cuvier*.† Such persons we would remind of the fable of the old lion, and leave them to make its application.

Were we disposed to rest on mere authority, we might be well content with the names of Cuvier, Owen, and Agassiz; but were they, and all the anatomists of the earth, against us, we should not one jot abate our confidence in the truth of our opinion. For we have examined the old records; but not in cabinets where things of a different age are put side by side, and so viewed might suggest some glimmering notions of a false historical connexion. We have seen them in the spots where nature placed them, and we know their true historical meaning. We have visited in succession the tombs and charnel-houses of these old times, and we took with us the clew spun in the fabric of development; but we found this clew

* *Discours Préliminaire* to the *Ossements Fossiles*; and the same sentiment is repeated more than once in the different dissertations in that great work.

† *Compte Rendu de l'Acad. des Sciences*. Paris: 1837, (No. 3, p. 81.) The reader is requested to compare this with the *Compte Rendu*, 1837, (No. 5, p. 168,) where M. de Blainville maintains the sound philosophical views.

no guide through these ancient labyrinths, and, sorely against our will, we were compelled to snap its thread; and we now dare to affirm, with all the confidence of assured truth, that geology—not seen through the mist of any theory, but taken as a plain succession of monuments and facts—offers one firm cumulative argument against the hypothesis of development.

And thus we are led to meet some writers of our author's school upon another and far higher question. Does the conclusion at which we have arrived degrade our notion of the Godhead and of his creative power? We think far otherwise. The law of creation is the law of the Divine will, and nothing else besides; and, as the children of nature, how are we to know that will, except by honestly reading the book of nature? The fiat of the Almighty was sufficient at all times, and for all the phenomena of the universe—material and moral. It may be true, that in the conception of the Divine mind there is no difference between the creation of dead matter and its unbending laws, and the creation of organic structures subservient to all the functions of individual life. But such views are, and must be, above our comprehension, and only lead us from the right way of ascending step by step to the conception of natural laws, governing the kingdoms of nature, organic and inorganic. Each organic structure is a miracle as incomprehensible as the creation of a planetary system; and each structure is a microcosm related to all other worlds within the ken of sense; yet governed by laws and revolving cycles within itself, and implied in the very conditions of its existence. What know we of the God of nature (we speak only of natural means) except through the faculties he has given us, rightly employed on the materials around us? In this way we rise to a conception of material inorganic laws, in beautiful harmony and adjustment; and they suggest to us the conception of infinite power and wisdom. In like manner, we rise to a conception of organic laws—of means (often almost purely mechanical, as they seem to us, and their organic functions well comprehended) adapted to an end,—and that end only the well-being of a creature endowed with sensation and volition. Thus we rise to a conception both of Divine power and Divine goodness; and we are constrained to believe, not merely that all material law is subordinate to His will, but that He has also (in the way he allows us to see His

works) so exhibited the attributes of His will as to show himself to the mind of man as a personal and superintending God, concentrating his will on every atom of the universe.

Our author sometimes writes well when he speaks of the power of God; but his sentiments are not derived from the cold and heartless philosophy to which his whole mind is now in trammels. He then speaks to us in words derived from better feelings, and from habits of thought not nurtured by his philosophy. But his mind has often been withered by that philosophy; and we repudiate, with sentiments of pity or of deep aversion, those expressions in which he tells us, that we 'anthropomorphize God;' that the creation of a lower animal 'is a most inconceivably paltry exercise' of the power of God, (p. 164;) 'that it is no fitting mode of creative intelligence that it should be constantly moving from one sphere to another,' (p. 165;) and that, if we reject his system of development, some phenomena of creation can be regarded in no other light than as blemishes and blunders,' (p. 201.) Who but a man whose mind had been cramped by the fetters of a rank materialism, would dare to write (we have no softer words to express our meaning) such irreverent nonsense? Who dares to talk of the littleness of the very least of God's works? Who is it that anthropomorphizes his Maker, and thinks him weary while journeying from one organic creation to another? Who is it that dares to tax the God of nature with blemishes and blunders? '*Wo unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth!*'

There are, we know well, some dark questions, both in material and moral nature, which no man may fathom; but good may spring out of that which we regard as evil, and, where the dark questions are beyond our faculties, it is the part of wisdom to think of the unfathomable depths of our ignorance, and to bow before the throne of God. Does not our author see that he binds the Divinity (on his dismal material scheme) in chains of fatalism as firmly as the Homeric gods were bound in the imagination of the old blind poet? We know of no 'blemishes and blunders' in creation. And were they there, and could we scan them, what would it matter to our conception of them, whether they sprang from dead material laws ordained by an all-powerful and all-seeing God, or from

an immediate defect in an act of creative power?

As for anthropomorphizing the Deity, we have no help for it. We have no conception of God, nor can we ever have, except through such faculties as he has given us. Humanize his attributes we therefore must, or express ourselves in mere negations. This is our condition, whatever may be our views of nature. The material system may end in downright atheism; or, if not, it stops short in the undeviating sequence of second causes; and it often ends in a kind of pompous idolatry of material phenomena, and in a pantheistical jargon—at once offensive to good taste and to the nobler sentiments of our moral nature. Our view of the natural world, on the contrary, sees from one end of the scale to the other the manifestation of a great principle of creation external to matter—of final cause, proved by organic structures created in successive times, and adapted to changing conditions of the earth. It therefore gives us a personal and superintending God, who careth for his creatures. We pretend not to know his essence; we speak only of the modes in which he has condescended to show himself to our minds. We dare not tell of any true creative law as conceived in the Divine will—in this respect all systems are on the same level;—but while our system degrades not the Godhead, (and how can it do so while it teaches us to comprehend his works?) it exalts the nature of man, and lifts him above the dead things of the earth; for it teaches him the personality of the Godhead, and gives an emphatic meaning to a voice, far above that of vulgar nature, which tells him that he was created in the image of God, and that he has moral destinies which hold no allegiance to the laws of dead and inorganic matter. We believe that our author has not drunk deep at the polluted fountains from which he has drawn his false philosophy: we have no proof that he knows much of the literature connected with it. Neither do we believe that he sees the consequences which would follow, were men so foolish as to accept it. Sentiments like those to which we have just pointed, give an importance to this article, which it could not have from any connexion with a flimsy work, such as that now under review.

If palæontology do not help our author's scheme of development, (and we are certain it does not,) and if species be perma-

nent in all the higher animals, as has been shown by Cuvier and other great anatomists, who have sifted the question to the bottom, on what has the hypothesis to rest? It must rest on reasoning or on facts; it can rest on nothing else. Let us first look to our author's reasonings; and they illustrate, in a high degree, his own peculiar logic. 'There may,' he tells us, (p. 179,) 'never have been an instance of the origination of life otherwise than by generation, since the commencement of the human species.' He then goes on to state, (p. 180,) that as the world became well stocked, we might expect that nature would strike work, or only show 'her life-originating power in the inferior and obscurer departments of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.' We have two remarks to make upon these characteristic sentences. 1st. We may explain the obscurer cases of nature's work by appealing to the clear; but do not let us stultify what is clear by starting with the obscure. Let us have direct proof where we can; if that be not possible, let us be content with the best analogies we can get from nature. That would be a sound way of reasoning; but it is not this author's method. 2d. If nature have, in truth, partly ceased from her creative labors, have we not as good a right to ask, Why is she not still toiling at her most recent labors, having long since finished her more ancient? We should expect she would have long since done with menads, and be employed in our days in turning monkeys into men; or men into something better than they are. This would be a progressive labor; our author's (against his own system) is retrogressive. There is now a glorious specimen of one of the female *Quadrumana* (a Chimpanzee) which the author has no doubt seen in the Zoological Garden of London. When we saw this satire on humanity, we did think (and we thought so again when we bestowed a glance at the long-tailed monkeys) that the gap was indeed very small between the *Bimana* and the *Quadrumana*—that the author, after all, was right in now taking a retrogressive scale—and that if monkeys be not passing into men, it is plain there are men in plenty who are passing into monkeys. But let us not dwell on this untimely digression.

There may, says our author, never have been an instance of transmutation since the 'beginning of the human family, and yet the doctrine may be shown, on grounds alto-

gether apart, to have strong probability on its side;' and with like spirit he tells us, (p. 218,) 'though this knowledge were never to be clearly attained, it would not much affect the present argument, provided it be satisfactorily shown that there must be some such power within the natural range of things.' We must tell our readers, in reply, that there are no probabilities in nature independent of experience. In such a case they are idle hypotheses, and nothing else; and no good can ever come of them. And as for the concluding quotation, it is but another instance of our author's grand circular logic. I have, says he to himself, an hypothesis with which my mind is satisfied; and there must therefore be something within the natural range of things for my hypothesis to rest upon! This is all we can make out of these passages; and if they can be shown to contain one jot of sounder sense, we will quit our critical vocation for ever.

One example more of our author's reasonings, and we have done. He allows that what we see of nature 'impresses us with a conviction that each species invariably produces its like,' (p. 210.) But, he adds, Mr. Babbage has invented a machine which will evolve a series of numbers in regular succession; and, after 100,000,000 turns of the axle, the series will begin to change, and go on after a new law. And what follows, on our author's new method of logic? Therefore, species may change—therefore, electricity having produced monads, the monads may breed up to monkeys; and the monkeys, by good breeding, may become men! We think this, perhaps, the most unspeakably preposterous instance of bad reasoning in the whole volume. The machine in question, had it been completed, would have been one of the boasts of our country; but, instead, of abridging the labor of our observatories, it is now to be dragged before the public (we doubt not to the inexpressible disgust of Mr. Babbage) only to cast light upon the precious philosophy of resemblances! The machine produces an orderly set of numbers, and nothing else—all the results are of one kind, and co-ordinate. But are the phenomena of life—sensation, and mind—of the same kind, and co-ordinate with the phenomena and laws of inorganic matter? We trample under foot the rash, the insane assumption. Because a cleverly contrived machine can produce a regular series of mechanical effects, and abridge the mechan-

ical toil of thought, are we to argue that electricity can produce a monad, and a monad breed up to a man? A child may see through the absurdity and sophistry of such an argument. Let us not be imposed on by the outer garb of knowledge. Sophistry may nestle among numbers, and a gross fallacy may cheat our senses by skulking under a formula. Let arithmetic and machinery be used in their right places, and among things that are homogeneous. To appeal to them, where life, imagination, and mind are the subject of our thoughts, is rank folly; and only shows that men may cramp themselves by dwelling too long among one set of notions, till their intellectual and moral nature becomes as rigid as the spokes and cogs of a brazen wheel. In such a condition, a man may so stultify his best faculties, that when he steps beyond the limits of his own narrow circle, he will tell us of defining the rapidity of thought by miles—of weighing mind in scales—and of measuring the length and breadth of the human soul by tangent lines! (1st Edition, p. 275.)

Such is the natural end of a dull, inanimate materialism. In one way, and one way only, can the inventions of human skill be brought to bear upon the questions of mind. When we see a puppet imitate the gestures of a man, we know that it is all mechanism, or that there is some one behind the curtain to pull the strings. When we see a calculating machine evolving a regular and complicated series of numbers, like those brought out in the study of a calculator, we know that the machine thinks not of itself, and that its numbers are but the outer signs of previous thought in the contriver of the machine: they are but another form of symbolical language—a kind of telegraph of the human mind and will. Hence, (by the inner constitution of our minds, without which we could never rise to general knowledge,) when we see harmony, law, order, adjustment, and all the semblance of transcendent intellect in the works of nature, we are assured that, behind the dark curtain of dead matter, there is a moving principle superior to dead matter, which makes all its members move in obedience to will, and law, and intellect supreme. This is, we think, sound reasoning; and all unsophisticated minds will yield assent to it the moment it is proposed to them.

We have now done with our author's reasonings, and let us come to his facts.

The first question we ask is this—Is there in the mechanism of nature (we now speak figuratively) any apparent contrivance to produce a shifting from one species to another, on an ascending scale? Our author, of course, says yes, and we most positively say no. His argument professes to be based on some very obscure facts of living nature; and secondly, to be helped out by the still obscurer phenomena presented by the foetal forms of animals, while in their mother's womb. We will begin with the obscure facts, for we do not wish to blink them; and we profess to know nothing of nature but from reasonings bottomed on observation. We dare not, like our author, go at once to the great First Cause and tell our readers what he must have done: and what was, and what was not, a *paltry exercise of his creative power*. We study the laws of nature as the docile children of nature, and we slowly rise to the comprehension of certain laws. We can rise to a conception of a great First Cause co-ordinate with all we see. We see him, dimly it may be, in his works, but we form no conception of his essence; and, strain our souls as we will, we have not the atom of any natural conception of his power beyond the suggestion of the things which form the natural materials of our thoughts. Hence, in reasoning of creation, we dare not, we repeat, tell beforehand of what God must have done. This is rashly and irreverently 'to anthropomorphize God;' and thus our author's weapon is turned against himself. He accuses us of this great folly; but we can bear the charge, while we only seek the truth by listening to the accents of nature's teaching. Let us come, then, to our author's array of facts, and our answers shall be as short as possible.

(1.) He tells us that oats, if cropped before maturity, and then allowed to remain in the ground over winter, will spring up next year in the form of rye—(p. 226.) This is an old story, and we believe a fable. Let the pretended fact be tried, and should it prove true, it makes nothing (as he himself indeed allows) for his general argument.

(2.) When lime is laid on waste ground, we are told that white clover will spring up spontaneously; and in situations where no clover seed could have been left dormant in the soil—(p. 181.) But how is this to be proved? It is certain that many seeds will remain dormant in the soil, perhaps for

centuries, and then spring up the first year the soil is turned by the plough. Some seeds have retained their vitality for thousands of years in the old tombs of Egypt. And is it not well-known that such seeds as have a perfect capsule, and have not been crushed by the gizzards of birds or the teeth of beasts, will pass through them, and fall upon the ground with undiminished vitality? The author's case is well-known, and does not throw in our way the shadow of a difficulty.

(3.) He next contends that the lower animals cannot first spring from an *ovum*, because they increase by 'fissiparous generation'—by a splitting up of their bodies. But he destroys his own argument; for, on his own showing, animals which do spring from *ova*, undergo in the first instance this very process. The process is afterwards carried further, but that does not change the first condition of foetal existence, or separate the cases so as to give the shadow of color to the author's argument.

(4.) He tells us that wild pigs never have the measles—a disease produced by a *Hyatid*—that there is a *Tinea* (we believe there are two) only found in dressed wool—and that the larva of the *Oinopota cellaris* only lives in wine and beer—(p. 186.) Hence he concludes, that the *Hyatid*, the *Tinea*, and the *Larva*, must have been created (of course by means purely natural) since we began to eat bacon, to wear woolen coats, and to make wine and beer. Negative arguments have often two edges, and they are odd-tempered weapons, which will sometimes turn their points towards the breast of the man who fences with them clumsily. Has our author a clean bill of health for all the primeval pigs, and well attested by good medical naturalists in all ages before pork was eaten? Wild animals of the genus *Canis* seldom have the mange; but they sometimes have it, as the gentlemen of Melton Mowbray will tell him. Has he peered into every nook and corner of the whole world for the *Larvæ*? Does he not know (and he ought to know) that the *Tinea* is quite as injurious to the fleece as it is to the prepared and manufactured wool? If his account be true, it only shows that the creatures are rather nice, and love a clean pasture.

(5.) He next brings before us the *Pimelodes cyclopus* of the Andes. They are little fishes which swarm in some high lakes, filling up old volcanic craters, and other

hollows of the great chain, and they are also found in the streams gushing from these high lakes. They are not more difficult to account for than the trout and other fishes found in the mountain lakes of Europe. When the pent-up fires rekindle, (perhaps after centuries of repose,) the lakes and all their contents are belched out of the old craters, and fill the neighboring valleys with pestilence and ruin. These phenomena are most instructive; but our author gains nothing by fishing in such troubled waters.

(6.) He mentions the *Entozoa*—creatures living in the interior of other animals. The tape-worm which infests the human species, is a well-known and melancholy instance. We allow that they throw some real difficulties in our way; but we deny that they give us the shadow of an argument for the transmutation theory. Difficulties are inevitable while we are among the obscurest parts of nature's workmanship. How came these creatures where we sometimes find them? We are certain that our author blunders (as he so often does when he touches on a point of exact physics) when he tells us that their ova could not pass through the air, because they are too heavy for the transit. Does he not know that the dust which floats through the air on a windy day, is specifically as heavy as the rock from which it has been ground, and that the distance to which a particle will drift depends far more on its minuteness than on its specific weight? There is no difficulty whatsoever in supposing certain ova to drift through the air, and to settle and grow when they find a proper *nidus*. In some cases we can trace the whole history of these animals—often considered so mysterious. The eggs are dropped by an insect on the skin—the animal licks them off, and so they pass into the stomach, where they find a proper *nidus*, and then pass through their first changes. Speaking generally of the *Entozoa*, we may ask, if these creatures spring spontaneously without ova, how comes it to pass, (as anatomists have proved,) that nature has provided a means for the continuance of the species, and that some of them are almost incredibly prolific? One single individual of the human *Entozoa* (*Ascaris lumbricoides*) may have within its ovary many million eggs.* Again, many of these

eggs, and many of the perfect *Entozoa*, have such an astonishing vitality, that they will resist both the effects of boiling water, and of the hardest polar frost, without losing the powers of life. We cannot pursue these intricate and obscure subjects any further; but we conclude, partly on direct proof, and partly on analogy, that the *Entozoa* were produced in the common way. And, reviewing all that has been advanced under the six preceding heads, we venture to affirm that our author has not brought before us the semblance of any new fact; and that all his specific instances are worthless for his general argument.

There is, however, one grand case for discussion before we can go to the fetal, and final question. We mean the *Acarus Crossii*; and its history has given us, during one or two past years, so much insight into nature, that we cannot find in our hearts to leave it without some parting words. Mr. Crosse produced many specimens of a minute insect during his most intrepid and instructive galvanic experiments. The phenomena were new and startling. Mr. Crosse is a man of genius and rapid imagination; and, like many other men of genius, he has blundered among new and unlooked-for phenomena; but he can afford to do this, and, we doubt not, has joined most heartily in a laugh against himself. It is our author, and other lively commentators, who have helped to make his creative experiments ridiculous. We will not describe the creative process, but take on our ourselves for a page or two the office of historians. Soon after the discovery, picked specimens of the little monsters were sent to Paris and London. At Paris, we are told, a conclave of naturalists met to welcome the strangers. On looking at one of them through a magnifier, it was found to be an *Acarus*—a creature highly organized, belonging to the class of *Articulata*. This was hard to believe; for the creature ought, theoretically, to have been a monad. On looking, therefore, nearer and with a higher power, it was still seen to be an *Acarus*; but its body was covered with bristles, and it proved to be a well-fledged female full stuffed with eggs! This was too much for them to swallow—all the *cuisine* of the French capital could not

have a most complicated organic structure; and in our minds it would be as mad to suppose them to spring from any natural or fortuitous concurrence of inorganic atoms, as it would be to refer the bodily frame of a horse or a man to such an origin.

* See Professor Owen's lectures on the invertebrate animals, read before the College of Surgeons, (Vol. i. 8vo, p. 76, 1843.) Many of the *Entozoa*

make it go down. It seemed as if the room had been filled with nitrous oxide, so inextinguishable were the bursts of laughter. And what was the fate of the London specimen? There also the little beast turned out to be an *Acarus*. "It must then have dropped from the fingers of the operator," cried out a celebrated botanist and a man of caution, "and philosophy is in the condition now that divinity was in the days of Hudibras—'tis the *Acarus humanus* (we humanize the name lest it should frighten the reader) which burrows in the fingers and produces most unsightly ravages." On looking more steadily, and with a higher power, it proved to be an ugly cross-eyed monster covered with bristles. It was not the *Acarus humanus*; they knew not what to think, and they parted in deep meditation. So the matter rested for a time. It was, not long afterwards, discovered that these creatures had found their way all over London. Such had been the stimulating effect of the galvanic fluid, that they had multiplied beyond all conception; so that a few Malthusian entomologists began to talk of the end of the world, and told us that, before many years were over, it would be gnawed to atoms like a mite-eaten cheese. As men recovered from their first alarms, and were able to look steadily at the wonder, it was found that the *Acarus Crossii* was an old but forgotten acquaintance—the *Acarus horridus*, which abounds in dirty shops, dusty shelves, and damp out-houses; and, having a taste for pure physics, is especially abundant in all laboratories, and among the bottles of a chemist's shop. As for the germs of this creature, of which some nonsense has been written, and has found a *nidus* in the 'Vestiges,' they are nothing more nor less than the *exuvie* of the creatures, shed off after the manner of their kind.*

Such is the history of the *Acarus Crossii*; and we think that no man in his senses can doubt a moment about its real parentage; or, should he doubt, let him read one fact more in the true history of galvanic creations.

A few months since, a new monster was produced in the laboratory. It was carefully packed, sealed, and forwarded to a great anatomist, and by him submitted to the Microscopical Society of London.—The seal was broken—attention was on the

stretch—the microscope was adjusted—and what was the grand discovery? Nothing more nor less than a vulgar carrot-seed!—But why not a carrot-seed by galvanism as well as an *Acarus*, said one of the operators? It was hard to preserve a becoming gravity; but the operators did what prudent men should do—they inquired into the details of the creative experiment. And what was the reply? They learned that the experiment had been conducted with great care and caution, and that the vessel into which the creative wires had been dipped was a common garden-pot, which was at hand and convenient for the purpose!—Such is our history of the second and last creative experiment.

The philosophers and naturalists of London are now of one mind upon these recent acts of creation; but our author composes in solitude, and is not a philosopher, and may therefore require some treatment. He must know that the *Pediculus capitis* was in former times swallowed by thousands for a diseased liver; and why should not the eggs of the *Acarus* do good to a diseased 'organ of causality?' We confidently prescribe its eggs, in homœopathic doses, to be taken on an empty stomach—and we would fain add a mild infusion of electro-galvanic carrot-seed to help their operation. If this will not do, there is no help for it. As for Mr. Crosse, we entreat him to return to his former laboratory—where he may wrestle with thunder-clouds, tie a flash of lightning in a noose, and try new experiments on the formation of crystals. He is a man of genius; we can ill afford to lose him; and in his proper line he may yet do good service. But we entreat him not to meddle again with animal creations; and without delay to take a crow-bar and break to atoms his obstetrico-galvanic apparatus. He is well read in the classics, and he knows perfectly that Lucina was a propitious goddess only to those of the craft; and that she has, from the oldest times, strangely damaged the cerebral organs, and put them frightfully out of tune, whenever men meddled with the profession without the stamp of her diploma. We say this in right good-will, and we cannot regard the history we have given as without its moral.

We here quit our comment on the matured organic structures of the living world; respecting which we venture to affirm—that up to this time the theory of development is an idle dream without one fact to rest upon—that no organic structure has

* See a paper by Mr. E. NEWMAN, in the *Zoologist*, Vol. iii.

been created by natural means—and that no one species, by lapse of ages, or by artifices of breeding and nursing, has passed into another. The Hindoo philosopher put his world upon the back of an elephant; our author's world is upon the back of a mite; but has he no stronger matter to prop its tottering foundations? We think not. But there is one arrow more in our author's quiver, and we must turn its point before we leave him. This leads us to the question of Fœtal Development.

Spontaneous generation in the very humblest animal type, and a gradual transmutation from one species to another, in a regularly ascending scale, are the two great principles of our author's borrowed scheme. We have shown to demonstration that they derive no support from the phenomena of the old world; and he has failed to give us so much as a single instance, either of one principle or of the other, drawn from the undoubted facts of living nature. He offers nothing deserving the name of theory; for theory is but a reasonable interpretation of allowed facts; but he offers us instead a well connected scheme of gratuitous hypotheses. As a matter of fact, species do not change, and the fixed organic laws of nature are the first principles of physiology; in the same way that the fixed laws of atomic combination are the first principles of philosophical chemistry. Were nature changeable, there could be no philosophy. The fœtal changes within the womb are matters of the deepest interest; but, whatsoever they may be, they affect not our author's argument one jot; unless he can show some want of fixity in the phenomena which flow from them. But this he has not done, and cannot do. Parents produce an offspring like themselves. Eagles do not hatch owls; geese do not hatch rats, (whatsoever our author may dream;) and no tropical heat can ever bring a beast from the eggs of a reptile. Hence no fœtal changes, we repeat, can affect the general question. And here we might perhaps leave our author and our readers, who may think we have said enough; but we will not yet leave him; and through a few pages we will discuss his wild speculations, (all borrowed from a bad school,) and his strange misconceptions on almost every fact he pretends to put before us.

He assumes, not only that the organic germs of all creatures are alike, but that they are identical; and that the higher animals (of course, including men) pass, while

in the womb, through all the successive conditions which are permanent in the animals on the lower grades of the general organic scale; or, in other words, that the fœtus of a man is, during the successive periods of gestation, a monad, a polype, a cephalopod, or an insect; a fish, a reptile, a bird, a beast, ending with a monkey; and, lastly, a man with a permanent organic form. This is the theory: and how does he use this marvellous organic apparatus? He sends off the spokes of his organic wheel from different points of the ascending axle. The monads breed on (for example) till they have become like fishes; and the class of fishes then begins to branch off according to law. But the fishes also improve by breeding; and some one more favored than the rest, and by a longer gestation, produces the reptile type; and from that type is given off a second spoke, representing, in due time, the class of reptiles. In like manner the other classes are sent off, higher on the axle, till we reach a spoke of the great organic wheel at the end of which are monkeys and men, (p. 217.) Nor is nature ever to stand still; for if our matrons will (as our author tells them) be more patient, they may yet send off another, and a higher spoke, to be 'the crowning type of man!' We fearlessly affirm that this monstrous scheme, is, from first to last, nothing but a pile of wildly gratuitous hypotheses. He stumbles on the threshold of his argument (a bad omen,) and each step he takes is false to the gradations of real nature. We wish with all our hearts we could pass this subject over; for it is fit only for professional books, and it requires illustrations which we cannot give here. But the subject is woven into our author's system, and he has contrived to do so in a popular manner: touch on it, then, we must; and we accordingly proceed to give a sketch of some of the leading changes in the fœtal forms, from their first organic germs up to a perfect mammal.

1. The old adage—*omne animal ab ovo*—may be taken as generally true. But all *ova* are not the same, neither are all organic germs (or germinal vesicles) the same; and because we have only one word—germ—for the fundamental organic element, and one word—atom—for the inorganic—are all these germs and atoms to be, on that account, called identical? We reply, no: and we need not repeat what we have said before. But in the beginnings of life, there are other organic elements besides the ovum.

We have the spermatazoa, and more than a hundred species of these strange parasites have been figured. We believe, partly on direct proof, and partly on good analogy, that they differ in different species of animals; if so, there is an end of all identity in the first beginnings of organic life; and we know that these different organic elements are bound to a series of phenomena, by organic laws as undeviating as the laws of gravity. 'By no change of conditions,' says Dr. Clark, 'can two ova of animals of the same species be developed into different animal species; neither by any provision of identical conditions can two ova of different species be developed into animals of the same kind.'* If these views be right (and we believe them unquestionably right,) they crush at the first step the whole of our author's system.

2. Let us now suppose animal life to have begun. The next step in advance is the separation of the organic germ within the ovum by something like a geometrical cleavage; followed by a slow and gradual evolution of a germinal membrane. During this process the first changes do resemble that observed in the fissiparous generation of monads. There is an analogy and nothing else, and this resemblance soon ceases; for, directing our attention to the vertebrata, we find that all the organic globules remain within the ovum; and have a mysterious bond of union (not appreciable by microscopic sense) whereby they are soon led to arrange themselves in two nearly parallel rows. We may say that the keel of the animal is then laid down; and in it we have the first rudiments of a back-bone and a continuous spinal chord. But during the progress and completion of this first organic process, no anatomist has observed the shadow of any change assimilating the nascent embryo to any of the radiata, mollusca, or articulata. Thus are three whole classes of the animal kingdom passed over without any corresponding foetal type, and in defiance of the law of development. The law is false, we affirm, in its beginning, and false at every step. It is but an idle dream of the philosophy of resemblances.

3. We next have to remark a very complex series of changes through which the germinal membranes pass. 'They are in two distinct sets, and follow in succession of time. In the first set are laid down the

animal organs—the nervous system and organs of motion—as well as the intestinal canal and its appendages, (sometimes called the vegetative organs,) and a kind of intermediate system evolving gradually the heart and blood-vessels. The combination of all these is the true *embryo* state of the animal. The second set of changes, which are subsequent, produce the perfection of the animal, and determine its sex. These belong to what is called the *larva* state. Now, the embryo state, and the larva state, are both passed *in ovo* by mammals and birds, (and some other classes of vertebrates;) but the larva state is passed out of the *ovum* by batrachians, fishes, and most of the invertebrates.* These are not merely facts in natural history, but they arise out of anatomical laws, and are provided for by the peculiar and prospective contrivances manifested during the embryo state. In the early stages of development, the embryo consists of parts already laid down, and of germinal appendages out of which all the other parts inevitably follow in their order. The two parts cannot be separated without ruin to the growing animal. The conditions necessary to life, as the structure advances, are due temperature, due nutriment of the several organs, and due access to the atmospheric air; and the prospective contrivances by which these conditions are secured are so different, in different classes, that no anatomist has any difficulty in distinguishing them, and they do not admit of interchange. To describe these structures would be impossible without illustrative drawings; but they are well known, and they are fatal at every point to the scheme of development. We cannot hatch a rat from a goose's egg, because all the organic membranes evolved during the process have a prospective reference to the ultimate form of a bird; and it is physically impossible, if they be not fatally interrupted, that they should end in any thing else; for the end is involved, by strict anatomical necessity, in the previous conditions of the organic membrane. We might just as well affirm that all living mammals are one and the same, because they are all constructed on one plan, (which no one denies,) as affirm that these progressive foetal forms are all identical.

3. Let us now consider the state of the foetal development, as it approaches the period when fishes and batrachians quit the

* Memoir by Dr. Clark on 'foetal development,' read before the Cambridge Philosophical Society, 1845).

* Dr. Clark, *ibid.*

ovum, (not accidentally, but by a physical necessity, arising out of the organic structures just alluded to;) and become, afterward, more separated than they were before, from the higher classes. The animal framework is at this period considerably advanced; and in all the vertebrata (of whatever class) fissures begin to appear immediately behind the head, and descend into the interior of the intestinal tube. They have been called (we think unfortunately) branchial fissures; and this name has misled many authors who have taken up the philosophy of resemblances. These fissures gradually close up in all the higher classes, and with them they never are true branchial fissures. In fishes they are permanent, and on these fissures the gills are gradually formed, and nearly completed just as the fish quits the ovum; and a part of the same description applies to batrachians. Let these branchial fissures be taken from the embryo of a fish, a batrachian, and a mammal, and put before an anatomist, and he will tell instantly and certainly to which class each embryo must belong, for there is no confusion of structure. On the (so called) branchial fissures of a mammal's embryo, there is a simple membrane, with blood-vesels forming a kind of unbroken arch, without any the least trace of gills; but in frogs and fishes these fissures are covered with tufts and fringes, which are fed by lateral offsets of blood-vessels. There can be no mistake in this structure; and in due course of nature the embryo frog and fish (through the feeding of the lateral vessels) become furnished with the tufts and gills peculiar to each class; and being so prepared, they pass out of the ovum into the water. Were the embryo of a mammal thrown off at that time into water (of its own temperature) it could not support life for a moment.

4. Is, then, the embryo of a mammal ever to be called a fish? The philosophy of external resemblances might say yes; but the philosophy of true anatomical differences says no. Our author cuts the matter short, and tells us, (p. 196,) 'that in mammals the gills exist and act at an early stage of the fetal state, but afterwards go back and appear no more; while in fishes the gills are fully developed, and the lungs appear in the rudimentary form of air bladders.' This sentence is one mass of gross blunders. He mistakes the organic nature of the air bladder; and we again affirm *that no one has ever seen a trace of gills on the (so called) branchial fissures of a mammal.*

The fœtus of a mammal never breathes by help of gills, and is never in the condition of a fish. The author's assertion is absolutely false to nature. It is true that the fœtus of a mammal floats, during all its progress, in a watery fluid; and at the stage we are here considering, its limbs are immatured, and a person of lively fancy (like this author) might say that 'they resembled' the fins of a fish; but they are not made up of rays, nor have they the anatomical structure of fins; and the development of the brain is, at this period, absolutely different from that of a fish. We have, therefore, all the differences we want; and we affirm that the fœtus of a man never passes through the conditions of a fish; that the development theory breaks down again, (as it did at the two former steps of progress;) and that it will not bear the test of exact anatomical analysis. It is, in fact, from first to last, the mere fabrication of a vague philosophy of resemblances.

5. All the higher animals are constructed on one general plan; but as there are differences in the perfect animals, by which we separate them into classes, orders, genera, and species, so are there corresponding differences in their fœtal forms. In every stage of progress the fœtus is made up of organic parts laid down, and of certain inseparable appendages. The parts laid down may be so ill defined that a fanciful person might call them, while in early progress, by some name suggested by his imagination; but he has no right to overlook the inseparable organic appendages, which have all a reference to the perfection of the animal form; are all prospective contrivances, and imply, by anatomical necessity, the subsequent and more perfect conditions of existence. This remark is important. The great and prominent fœtal differences have reference to future conditions; and do not arise merely out of the existing conditions of the organic parts laid down. Were the appendages defined only by the existing conditions, different classes might be supposed, hypothetically, not only to be laid down on one general plan, but to pass into one another by insensible gradations. Nature will not, however, do her work on our hypotheses. She does her work on another plan. Let us then go further on the ascending scale—after fishes and frogs have left the ovum, and are no longer among the objects of immediate comparison. How are the higher classes brought to fœtal maturity? Is this done on

such a plan that we may suppose them to have sometimes interchanged their types, and to have passed one into another? We again reply in the negative; for we find not the semblance of any such organic interchange, while we attend to real anatomical differences. Is it possible, for example, that a bird's egg should be hatched into a mammal? We reply no—and the undeviating facts of nature bear us out; and, if we went no further, our reply would be grounded on a conviction like that of a clown, who believes that the sun will rise to-morrow. But the negative reply of an anatomist, or rather his positive reply, that a bird will be hatched from a bird's egg, is still better grounded. His confidence would be of the same nature with the conviction of an astronomer, that the sun must rise to-morrow; for he knows the anatomy of an egg, and he knows the organic cycles evolved within it, and evolved inevitably, by proper incubation. He knows that, from first to last there are organic contrivances within an egg which have a defined prospective reference to the laying down the organic structure of a bird, and apply not to that of any mammal; so that there is neither any obscurity nor any possibility of structural interchange. The ornithorhynchus is a mammal of a strange form, and of all mammals is nearest to a bird; but there are most wide organic intervals between them; and Professor Owen has shown us, that there is a defined mechanical difference in the anatomy of their ova, which proves (even before foetal life has made a progress) that one ovum must be hatched outside the mother, and the other inside. We cannot dwell on mere details—we appeal only to leading facts and first principles. Going back, then, to the time when the lower vertebrates are quitting the ovum, we may in one sentence point out a broad set of foetal differences,—implying, prospectively, a great organic separation in all the higher classes. 'At this period, when frogs and fishes are beginning to breathe by *branchial tufts* and *gills*, other amphibia and birds are breathing by *allantoid*; and never, for an instant, breathe by *gills*. At the same period of foetal development, hot-blooded quadrupeds are breathing by *allantoid* and *placenta* jointly, while man is breathing by *placenta alone*. These are essential foetal differences, connected with the last perfection of animal structure, and they form a wide anatomical separation so as to bar all interchange or confusion

of organic type.* These contrivances of nature are, we affirm, prospective, and not brought about by any natural or artificial change of physical conditions; and all the contrivances are wise and good, and well adapted to the future condition of the perfect being. This is the true law of nature, as told us by the successive forms of foetal life. Were these facts known to our author? For his own sake we trust they were not known. At any rate, he has left his readers in perfect darkness as to the real evidence of the questions on which he presumes to write with no small confidence; and, so writing, he does his utmost to lead them into gross error and inextricable confusion.

If *I ascend up into heaven thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. . . . My substance was not hid from thee when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance yet being imperfect, and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned when as yet there was none of them.* We quote not these words because of their authority. We bow to their authority; but we meet our author and his school on mere natural ground common to us all. We would fain, however, persuade our readers to pause a moment, and turn, as we have done, to the glorious-inspired song which links the material to the moral parts of nature, and teaches the true aim of high philosophy. It contains the very essence of ever-enduring truth; and the wisdom of man, whatever may be his skill among material things, may embrace it and feel its strength, but can never go one step beyond it.

6. After the well-known facts which we have now laid before our readers, we may further ask—'With what shadow of reason can any school of anatomists pretend to say, that one order of animals can pass into another order, in the way of ordinary generation, seeing that the indispensable respiratory foetal organs are so different in each? The fallacy which allows for a moment such an absurdity to pass, is this—that, to serve their purpose, they describe their foetus by its central portions only, and not by its whole mass, including its organic appendages, which are essential to its continued life and its material structure.† Look, say

* Dr. Clark's Memoir on 'Foetal Development.'

† Dr Clark, *ibid.*

they, (and so says our author, p. 296,) at the fœtal heart of a mammal. It first represents a single tube, as in insects; next, an organ, with two communicating cavities, as in fishes; next, with three cavities, as in amphibia; and lastly, it has four cavities, as in birds. And so we are to conclude that a mammal's heart, after passing through the lower types, is left at last in the condition of a bird's heart, beyond which it makes no advance. There is some positive truth, but there is far more positive falsehood, in these statements; and we are not satisfied with mere loose analogies. All the vertebrate creatures, without one exception, pass through their larva state surrounded by water; and for the circulation of the blood, while the creature is so surrounded with water, we learn from the example of fishes, that a single heart is best. Now, the development of this organ in the higher animals, while they remain in the womb, unites in it a capacity for two distinct, and apparently conflicting, modes of action. 'Their blood circulates by a single heart like that of fishes, and their conditions of life are perfect of their kind: but, during these conditions, a double heart is laid down and perfected, in prospective wisdom, to meet a coming change when the creature is to pass into the air. 'Where there is light there will be eyes,' says our author. He tells us what is not true. He speaks as if light made the eyes by some natural necessity; and not that the eyes were made in darkness, before light had ever reached them. Just in like manner, a child while in the womb wants not the circulation of a double heart, and the conditions of the things around it could never imply that structure; but prospective wisdom gives that structure in anticipation of future want. The beauty of the mechanism by which these double objects are attained—partly by the structure of the heart itself, and partly by the vessels which arise from it—have, in every age since Harvey's time, (except the present,) filled the mind with reverence and wonder.

But let us give our materialists a closer meeting upon this question. 'The first rudiment of the heart appears as a single tube, and it gradually becomes bent like an Italian S; and it then makes three swellings which are afterwards, in mammals and birds, to become the two auricles, the two ventricles, and the aorta, with the pulmonary artery. This led to the belief that the swelling for the auricles was first divided

into two compartments by a septum, and that the swelling for the ventricles was divided at a later period of fœtal life. This belief is, however, contrary to fact. The septum is formed in the swelling corresponding to the ventricles, a considerable time before it is formed in that corresponding to the auricles. So that, for a period, the heart of a human fœtus (as well as that of other mammals and of birds) has one auricle and two ventricles. *Hence it does not pass through the form which is permanent in the amphibia; but it does pass through a form not found permanent in any known creature.* This grand correction of an old mistake we owe to the concurrent labors of Valentin, Rathké, and Bischoff, who stand in the first rank of discoverers; and no good anatomist has pretended to contradict them. *The hearts of birds and mammals do not, therefore, pass through forms which are permanent in fishes and reptiles.*'—(Dr. Clark.) To meet a possible objection we may state, that we here speak of the normal type of reptile-heart; for in the very highest order of that class there is an approach to a double heart. Neither let it be said that the heart of birds and mammals, when in the condition of a single tube, is identical with the corresponding condition of the heart of fishes; for in the former case there are no aortic valves, while in the latter they are essential.

6. The development of the brain in vertebrate creation, is like the development of the other parts. 'The fluid matter first laid down for it is potentially the whole nervous system. Like processes begin upon things similar as to some of their rudimentary forms, but dissimilar in all their ultimate organic results; and, during the early stages of fœtal progress, differences appear which come soon so strongly into sight as to overwhelm the resemblances. No one can turn over the plates, detailing the development of the brain in two vertebrates, from distant parts of the zoological scale, without being struck at once with the truth of our assertion.' Our author does not appear to have studied a single standard work; yet there is a magnificent anatomical literature connected with the fœtal questions; and he ought at least to have leaned for support upon some high authorities. But he has contented himself with quoting one or two superficial works of no authority whatsoever. One of his quotations is no better than a most ignorant misrepresentation of facts; for he tells us

(p. 296,) that *ventricles* and *corpora striata* are only found in mammals. We can tell him that they are found also in the lower classes. Again, with like inaccuracy, and on no better authority, he tells us (p. 235) in his grand creative scale; that the brain of the human fœtus, during its nine months' gestation, resembles that of the following nine orders:—an insect, a fish, a turtle, a bird, a rodent, a ruminant, a wolf, a monkey, and a man. Let not the reader be imposed on by mere vague and ideal resemblances, which bear not the semblance of sound anatomical truths. The brain, during fœtal progress, is like the other structures. It consists of parts laid down, and of parts in connected progress, which eventually complete the structure. Had, for example, a seven months' child the true anatomical brain of a wolf, it must remain ever afterwards through life of a beastly nature. But it has, anatomically, a true human brain, though not yet brought to full size and proportion. What the mother's blood would do in the womb is done by the mother's milk; and the little ill-formed semblance of a child is gradually nourished in body, and brain, and every organ, till it reaches the full stature and perfection of humanity, being neither better nor worse than the average of his fellow-creatures.

Blunders and mistatements of this kind might have admitted of some semblance of apology, and we might, perhaps, have referred our author's misconceptions on every part of the Fœtal Question, to a want of knowledge, or to the delusions of a hypothetical spirit. But what apology can we make for the grand creative scale arranged in four parallel columns?—(P. 234.) We affirm, on principle, that no scale of nature, invented by man, can ever define the law and order of creation. But assuming a scale, let it be applied fairly, and therefore in subordination to the known facts of nature. Assuming the author's most fanciful and most false views of the fœtal development of the human brain—do they derive support from the sequence of organic forms in the ascending series of rocks? He tells us, 'that, excepting a few mammals, the parity is perfect;' and 'that it is a wonderful evidence in favor of his hypothesis.' Does he, then, arrange the organic forms in the order of nature, and then put them in a column parallel to his hypothetical development of the fœtal brain during the nine months of gestation? If he did this, he would act fairly, and the reader might

then judge for himself: but he does no such thing. For, without giving his readers any notice of his artifice, he arranges the palæontological forms in accordance with his own hypothesis! This is not merely an intrepid use of the circular logic—it is an insult upon the reader; and an artifice we should be unable to describe in the conventional words of common courtesy. The whole pretended order is one mass of error. Fishes are in their wrong place—birds are put six steps above their proper geological grade—monkeys are raised four steps, that they may claim parentage with the human family. The scale, from first to last, is one mass of error; for geology, as we have shown above, bids defiance at every step to this writer's theory.

'Sex is fully ascertained to be a matter of development,' (p. 219.) In a proper sense it is; but not in the sense in which our author uses the word development; for what he adds is certainly not true. 'All beings' (he tells us) 'are at one stage of the embryotic progress female; a certain number of them are afterwards advanced to male.' If this fact be fully ascertained, we might ask, by whom—by the author himself? If so, we can only tell him, that the best authorities are all against him; and that, in this instance, he seems to have gone beyond them. Whether his apparent position arise from his having turned his back upon all our highest anatomical authorities, or from his having outstripped them in the race, we must leave our readers to judge. 'Soëmmering points out the different proportions of the thorax, as well as of other parts of the male and female human embryo. Von Bäer, Valentin, Carus, and Rathké, all affirm that, from an early period, and afterwards through all the changes, the individuality in respect to sex is clearly made out. In the first beginnings of life all distinctions are lost—at their first appearance the liver cannot be distinguished from the lung. But because the analysis of the ultimate elements of organic structure is impossible, it does not follow that they are all the same.'—(Dr. Clark.) It is evident that our author has not encumbered himself either with facts of structure or with anatomical authorities; but he has been led astray, as his manner is, by some vague analogies, which he has found in the works of Huber, and not perfectly comprehended. The facts stated by Huber (in his work on bees) are of great physiological interest; but they help not on, so much as one step, our author's

scheme of development; neither have they any bearing on his new sexual hypothesis; unless he can show that the sex of a lamb, a calf, or a foal depends upon a longer or shorter period of gestation. If his mind is troubled with any doubts upon this subject, (but it is not much its nature to let doubts stand in the way of theory,) we can only recommend him to shut Huber's book, which cannot help him, and to consult some honest British cattle-breeder, who will tell him all about the matter.

There are strange facts in the metamorphoses of the lower, invertebrate animals; but all of them are governed by an undeviating cycle of organic laws; and none of them gives so much as the shadow of an argument for the hypothesis of transmutation from one species to another. As a general rule, these changes (like the gradual changes in the fœtus of a mammal) are from a lower to a more perfect organic structure. But there are some striking exceptions, or apparent exceptions, to the rule. For example, the myriapods have, at first, three pairs of feet, and in that respect conform to the type of the higher insects; but afterwards the feet increase in number. So that we have here a creature of a lower grade passing during its early stages through the type which is permanent in the higher. Again, the larvæ of some creatures are locomotive, and have eyes; but, in the more fully developed state, when they reach the condition of perfect animals, they become fixed to one spot, and lose the sense of sight. Facts like these are of the deepest interest; but they make nothing for our general argument, and we must leave them. No vertebrate animal, after the first rudiments of its structure are laid down, conforms to the type of an invertebrate. In the beginnings of life, we find a general similitude; but the fundamental rudiments of organic structure are laid down upon an entirely separate plan. The whole animal existence of a vertebrate and invertebrate creature does, however, admit of a general comparison. In each case we have the ovum, the embryo, the larva, and the perfect animal with the power of continuing its species. But by no contrivance or fostering can we make a larva fruitful, or obtain from it a new animal of some lower type:—the attempt must fail, because it involves a physical impossibility. Neither can we, by any artifice of breeding, push the perfect organic form of the complete animal beyond the limits of its species. Numberless attes. ptg

of this kind have been made, but they have all failed, and must ever fail, because they are contrary to nature's laws. There is, therefore, a grand unity in the works of nature proving a unity of creative will; but there is no confusion or mixture of species, when species are well ascertained: neither have the natural laws of atomic action in dead matter ever produced so much as one undoubted case, even of the lowest condition of organic structure, endowed with life. All nature, then, at whatever point we meet her, and during whatever age in the past history of the earth, tells us, with one unhesitating voice, that she has not enacted any law of spontaneous generation, and that she will not allow any power inferior to herself to mar her vestiges, or blot out her fixed organic types.*

We have now done with the author of the 'Vestiges of Creation.' We have examined fairly, and on common natural ground, every material point of his argument. He fails from his first beginnings—he understands not the present condition of the Nebular Hypothesis—and, admitting the truth of the hypothesis, he has drawn from it the most unwarrantable conclusions. He understands not the present condition of Geology, and he has strangely, and to all appearance unfairly, distorted such facts as were before him, to serve the purposes of his hypothesis. He has not brought one allowed fact from actual nature to bear upon his theory. He seems not to have consulted one good authority on the Fœtal Question; and he has, consequently, misconceived it, or misrepresented it at every turn of his professed argument. 'Men, like Von Bæer and Valentin, far from favoring the cry of some eager followers, (now feebly re-echoed in this country)—that the higher animals pass through stages of development, which are permanent in the lower—expressly tell us that such views are one-sided and insufficient. The

* We contend that many cases of ambiguous generation are readily explained, by supposing the *ova* to have passed into a properly prepared infusion through the air. From some recent experiments we learn, that when the air, which has access to such an infusion, is made in the first instance to pass through sulphuric acid, no *infusoria* are produced, the floating *ova* having been destroyed during their passage through the acid. Connected with the subjects discussed in the preceding pages, we refer to an elaborate Report by Dr. Clark, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Cambridge, read to the British Association in 1834, and published in their third volume.

views they offer towards a system of nature are not made up of materialism, but are the offspring of that grand (but sometimes mistaken) idealism which pervades the philosophy of this country.'—(Dr. Clark.)

We conclude, then, that our author's work is not merely shallow and superficial, but utterly false throughout to all the principles of sound philosophy. Of all the books we ever read, it puts before us the largest congeries of positive misstatements, and of positively false conclusions. But it is pleasantly written, it is systematic, and it has been prepared for the press with no common care; so that its errors are not the mere errors of inadvertency; and its language (with one or two gross exceptions which we have pointed out) is so reverent, and so like the solemnity of truth, that we are compelled (almost against our senses) to believe that the author is actually laboring under some strange delusion, whereby he cheats himself, while he is doing his best to cheat others; by turning upside down every rule of sound Induction, and by affirming, again and again, and in every solemn form of language, that which is at direct variance with the plainest acknowledged facts of nature.

For our own parts we trust, in all good hope, that human knowledge will go on in the right road of sober Inductive truth; and if that be its direction, we can look for no consequences but such as will tend to the good of the human race. But woe to the world if our knowledge is to be made up of idle speculations, like those we have been reviewing—'as endless as a spider's thread, and of no substance or profit.' Instead of this, we must seek knowledge at the fountain head—in the order of nature—and in an humble contemplation of her works; so may we rise, step by step, to a more lofty knowledge; which, if we be right-minded, 'will not be a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon—or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention—or a shop for profit or sale—but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate.'*

* Lord Bacon—Connected with this part of the article, we earnestly recommend to our readers, a small volume of Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, entitled *Indications of the Creator*, very recently published. Though, with the exception of the preface, it consists of Extracts from works published some time before the appearance of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' it meets the author's argument at many of its most important points.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON'S CHILD OF THE ISLANDS.

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Child of the Islands. A Poem. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. 8vo. London: 1845.

THIS is poetry, true poetry, and of the sort we unfeignedly approve—the genuine product of a cultivated mind, a rich fancy, and a warm, well-regulated heart. The aim is noble, the tone elevated, the train of thought refined and chastened though singularly fearless, the choice of images and illustrations judicious, and the language often beautiful and always clear;—a very rare merit among the new school of poets, male and female, who, if they can equal some of the (unfortunately) popular models in nothing else, seem resolved at all events to be a match for the best of them in mysticism. We find in almost every page of the elegant volume before us, some bold burst, graceful allusion, or delicate touch—some trait of external nature, or glimpse into the recesses of the heart—that irresistibly indicates the creating or transfiguring power of genius, and leaves little or nothing to question or discuss for the moment, but the individual tendency and application of that power.

The feelings ever uppermost in the mind of the writer are—indignation against the petty conventional observances and factitious notions, which check or warp the impulses, and paralyze the exertions of the higher classes; and sympathy, glowing, acting, breathing sympathy—with the poor and the oppressed. Her indignation sometimes verges on bitterness; her sympathy sometimes hurries her into forgetfulness of that compensating law of Providence which parcels out happiness with little reference to wealth; but we forget the occasional error, or even injustice, in our admiration of her spirit, generosity, and devotedness; and we are the more anxious to do homage to her just claims and real merits as the denouncer of selfishness and the champion of the poor; because we know that the opinions she now advocates with such earnestness, were hers at a period when the advocacy of some of them was a service of danger and self-sacrifice for a woman mingling in the gay circles of society, and when there were no voices (certainly none to which the public would listen) to catch up and repeat her cry of '*au secours.*' In her '*Curious Customs of the*

County of Middlesex,' printed ten years ago, we find the same complaints of the deteriorating effects of fashion and frivolity in inducing a confirmed habit of egotism: her earliest poem, 'Rosalie,' is full to overflowing of a sweetly and passionately expressed compassion for the suffering classes; while 'A Voice from the Factories,' (1836,) and some well known letters to the *Times* reprinted in the notes to this volume, alone sufficed to show that she endeavored to call attention to the topics now universally discussed; long before the high-born and powerful had brought philanthropy into fashion, or the rival writers of fiction, whether verse or prose, had selected it as the staple of our light literature. Far be it from us to insinuate that these have copied aught from Mrs. Norton or from one another. Mr. Thomas Sheridan (her father) used to say, that a thought sometimes went walking about the world, and lodged in several people's heads in such quick succession, that they were sure to quarrel in the end as to who gave it house-room first; the fact being, that the same trains of thought naturally arise in the minds of those who are watching the same state of things, or looking in the same direction about the same time. It is fortunate, therefore, that the originality of opinions, or the priority of views, is of far less importance than their soundness or their truth; and it is the high praise of this writer that (with the exception of two or three passages) she is never hurried into those errors of logic, if not of feeling, which are ordinarily committed by enthusiasts in this particular line. She does not tell the rich that they have only to strip themselves of their superfluities, and give money; she does not tell the poor that their sufferings are all owing to their taskmasters; she does not teach that marriage is a state to be encouraged or undertaken without regard to circumstances; nor that those who indulge their affections and have families, are uniformly entitled to call for aid on those who refrain, from prudential motives, from indulging the same affections and have no families. She has no pet scheme for reviving the Golden Age, or changing our present gloomy prospect for a gayer one, as a scene from St. Giles is turned into a fairy palace at a pantomime. She feels that all social improvement is progressive, and that no class can be materially amended or benefited from without. But this, she urges in effect, is no reason for leaving one individual man to perish; still less for

leaving entire classes to suffer without condolence, conspire without warning, or grow angry and unjust without a cause.

The pervading feeling of the Poem may be traced in such stanzas as these, which follow a heart-rending and we fear not altogether fanciful picture of the worn-out laborer in search of work, lying down to die on the cropped harvest:—

'Oh! the green mounds, that have no head-stones o'er them,
To tell who lies beneath in slumber cold;
Oh! the green mounds, that saw no Mutes deplore them,
The Pauper graves, for whom no church bells toll'd:
What, if our startled senses could behold,
(As we to Sabbath-prayer walk calmly by,)
Their visionary epitaphs enroll'd;
Upstanding grimly 'neath God's equal sky,
Near the white sculptured stones where wealthier Christians lie!

'Then we should THINK: then we should cry,
ALAS!
Then many a pulse would flutter mournfully,
And steps would pause, that now so reckless pass:
For in this chequer'd world of ours, we see
Much Carelessness, but little Cruelty;
And (though Heaven knows it is no boast to tell)
There dwelleth in us a deep sympathy.
Too often, like the stone-closed Arab well,
Sealed from their helpless thirst whose torments it should quell.'

Or in allusion to the following mock-patriot.

'Solemn the malediction set on him
Who doth "pervert the judgment" of the poor,
Mislead the blind and ignorant, and dim
The meagre light which led them heretofore.
Faces he knows not—weak ones who deplore
The ruin wrought by him—in dreams shall rise;
Night's veil of darkness cannot cover o'er
The wild reproaching of their blood-shot eyes,
Nor its deep silence hush their hoarse lamenting cries!

But every one may lend a helping hand; eloquence, reason, self-devotion, enthusiasm, and high-mindedness, are not the exclusive patrimony of a class: and the good fight must be fought with weapons which every honest-hearted, earnest, enlightened man may aspire to wield alongside the proudest and noblest:—

'Hath Science, in her march, avow'd no claims
But theirs, first train'd in Academic letters?

Doth history give no roll of patriot-names,
Peasants themselves, of peasant-sons beget-
ters,
Who taught that light to some miscall'd
their Betters?
Men, who with iron hands, and hearts as
stout,
Filed through the links of folly's golden
fettters;
And rough smith's work they made of it, no
doubt,
Small choice of tools, when souls from prison
would break out.

'Yet doubly beautiful it is to see
One, set in the temptation of High Class,
Keep the inherent deep nobility
Of a great nature, strong to over-pass
The check of circumstance and choking
mass

Of vicious faults which youthful leisure woo;
Mirror each thought in Honor's stainless
glass;

And, by all kindly deeds that Power can do,
Prove that the brave good heart hath come of
lineage true.

'Oh! Graceful seems the bending of his brow;
Lovely the earnestness that fills his eyes;
Holy the fire that gave his heart its glow,
(Spark of that same great Light which never
dies,)

With hope, not fear, they watch its gradual
rise:—

His youth's glad service in his age recall:—

Cheer in the race—and glory in the prize,—
For *his* sake loving Rank, and Pomp, and
all,—

Deeming such statue needs a lofty Pedestal!'

This is holding the balance fairly, and making just allowances for the besetting sins or inherent weaknesses of both classes—for the roughness, rudeness, impatience of control and headlong destructive energy which usually characterize reformers taken from the people; as well as for the indifference, irresoluteness, self-indulgent habits, and effeminacy, which too often fatally impair the best exertions of the patriot members of the aristocracy. Even Falkland, a man of pure life and untainted morals, had a dash of these, or wanted something to complete the *beau-ideal* of the patriot noble in troubled times; for just before the battle of Newbury, where he fell, he is described by Hume as despairing of his country, and moving about with downcast countenance and neglected dress, murmuring *Peace*. It has been made a subject of speculation among the gay circles of the metropolis who Mrs. Norton's modern Falkland is; and several distinguished families are eagerly contending for the honor of having produced and trained him. We rejoice at the contest, if only on the principle

suggested by King Henry's exclamation on hearing of Percy's death at Chevy Chase—

'I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he.'

At the same time we feel bound to express our conviction, that no portrait or personal allusion was intended; that the fair author had no direct intention of immortalizing either a member of Young England or a member of the Government; and that the future annotators of her poem will do well to leave 'one, set in the temptation of High Class,' without a note. In fact, this diseased appetite for such discoveries,—for finding personalities in works of fiction where the writers are unconscious of them, is a melancholy token of the corruption of taste, and betrays the fatal prevalence of wrong principles of criticism; for copying is the lowest branch of art, and the very utmost the true craftsman will permit himself, (or from the very nature of his craft could venture on,) would be to take the traits or features which best suit the purpose in view from all quarters, and then mould the materials thus collected into an harmonious whole. Madame Hahn-Hahn is quite right when, in repelling a similar suspicion regarding one of her own heroines, she says,—'But nature cannot be copied; it must be conceived so as to make part of the mind, in order to be actually portrayed.' The actual character suggests the first notice of the ideal one, and this is all, meaning, of course, where the poetical faculty is actually at work.

The object, tendency, and execution of this Poem have been, and will continue so long as it continues to be discussed, the main points of criticism; but as all our readers can hardly be assumed to have read it, we will add a word or two as to the plot, if plot it can be called where plot is (we will not say none, but) very little. The Child of the Islands is his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. He was chosen, 'not as the theme of a Birthday Ode, or Address of Congratulation, but as the most complete existing type of a peculiar class—a class born into a world of very various destinies, with all the certainty human prospects can give, of enjoying the blessings of this life, without incurring any of its privations. I desired to contrast that brightness with the shadow that lies beyond and around.' This is rather dangerous ground to tread on, and so the author appears to have felt; for the royal infant is brought

forward much more frequently to be warned, encouraged, exalted, and eulogized, (by anticipation,) than contrasted; and by some ingenuity of handling, which we should be puzzled to explain, all invidiousness of contrast, though seemingly inevitable, is kept back.

Every body knows Paley's famous metaphor of the pigeons, 'gathering all the corn they could pick up into a heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps, and worst pigeon of the flock, sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it.' George the Third never forgave this (as he thought) truculent slap at monarchy; and when the writer was proposed for a Bishopric, he exclaimed—'What, Pigeon Paley a Bishop—no, no!' We were in some fear, after reading Mrs. Norton's preface, that, with a heart full of loyalty, she was running some risk of stopping her own preferment at court, by turning an undue degree of attention on the startling contrast between the conditions of the peasant and the prince. But the shading is perfect; she never fails to justify the ways of God to man; and we undertake to say that not only will no additional murmur be raised, but many a doubt will be set at rest, and many a rising feeling of dissatisfaction be conciliated. Can any one read such stanzas as the following, and not feel the emptiness of conventional distinctions, and the insufficiency of rank and wealth to dispel sorrow—a common enough text, it must be owned; yet it is by the mode of dealing with common topics, that the finest qualities of head and heart may be manifested;—

'God hath built up a bridge 'twixt man and man,
Which mortal strength can never overthrow;
Over the world it reaches its dark span—
The keystone of that mighty arch is Woe!
Joy's rainbow glories visit earth, and go,
Melting away to Heaven's far-distant land;
But grief's foundations have been fixed below:
PLEASURE divides us;—the Divine command
Hath made of Sorrow's link a firm connecting band.

'In the clear morning when I rose from sleep,
And left the threshold for the fresh'ning breeze,
There I beheld a grieving woman weep;
The shadow of a child was on her knees,
The worn heir of her many miseries;
"Save him!" was written in her suppliant glance:
But I was weaker than its fell disease,
And ere towards noon the dial could advance
Death indeed saved her babe from life's most desperate chance.

'The sunset of that day—in splendid halls—
Mourning a little child of Ducal race,
(How fair the picture memory recalls!)
I saw the sweetest and the palest face
That ever wore the stamp of beauty's grace,
Bow'd like a white rose beat by storms and rain,
And on her countenance my eyes could trace,
And on her soft cheek mark'd with tearful stain,
That she had pray'd through many a midnight watch in vain.'

The last stanza forms an exception to what we have said before about copying. The original of 'the sweetest and the palest face,' may be seen in those same ducal halls, with the stamp of beauty fresh upon it, yet the picture is as poetical as a fancy piece. So, too, is one of a different order, the spirited sketch of the great warrior Duke:

'"In thy life's prime," ere yet the fading grey
Had blanch'd the tresses of thy gallant head:
Or from thy step Time's gradual faint decay
Stole the proud bearing of a Soldier's tread.'

The words, 'in thy life's prime,' are explained by a note. At a dinner given by the East India Directors on Sir Henry Hardinge's departure for India, the Duke, on returning thanks, observed—'But we have not met here to-day to talk of bygone transactions, though I am very grateful for the mention of services I had the honor of rendering to the East India Company—when I was in India—in the prime of my life.' This casual expression elicited a burst of cheering.

One great charm of this Poem is the number of striking incidents, as well as fine observations, embodied in it; and they appear to fall naturally and easily into their proper places, though nothing can well be more desultory than the plan. The Seasons do certainly follow each other in their natural order, and the Opening comes first, because, by a recognized rule of composition, *il faut commencer par le commencement*; but this is the only kind of arrangement that is obvious to the cursory reader. Yet we seldom feel diverted from the main argument by the episodes, or confused by the variety of the (apparently) incidental matters; and the reason is, that the author never loses sight of her object, nor even pauses or digresses except to forward it—that is, except with the wish and intention of forwarding it—for we cannot help thinking that a topic or two, such as the Scottish Church Controversy, might have been advantageously suppressed. What, however,

the poem most wants is compression; and we could specify a few stanzas on which 'the labor of the file' might be advantageously employed.

It is only fair to say, that our extracts have been chosen with an almost exclusive reference to the opinions or cast of thought indicated by them; and that we should have turned to other passages,—as the sketches of the Gipsy Girl and the Opera Dancer, the lines on Flowers, (p. 170,) or the rapid succession of condensed illustrations at p. 178,—had our more peculiar object been to call attention to ease and grace of language, beauty of conception, or imagery.

The work is appropriately dedicated to Mr. R. B. Sheridan, the new member for Shaftesbury, who has honorably distinguished himself by his exertions to ameliorate the condition of the poor, in his own immediate neighborhood; and the frontispiece is adorned by a design of great merit, by Maclise.

THE WANDERING JEW.

From the Eclectic Review.

Le Juif Errant, the Wandering Jew. A Tale. By Eugene Sue.

THE Eclectic is not in the habit of devoting its pages to works of fiction of a questionable character, which, whatever mental stimulus they may minister to people who read nothing else, are too frequently but the evaporations of disordered brains, and calculated only to derange the brains of others. Such is, in general, the character of French novels; and yet it is for a French novel that we depart from our rule. This renders an explanation necessary.

The minister for public instruction, the 'Grand Maître' of the French university, Villemain, has lately been declared raving mad. Those who have long known this unprincipled and heartless sophist, may wonder that a man so utterly devoid of all kinds of affection should have been subject to such a visitation, but the fact is officially notified, and there can therefore be no doubt about it. The cause of this sudden attack of insanity is differently reported. The first version which was obtained from parties, whose means of information and accuracy are well ascertained, gives a striking exemplification of the working of constitutional government in France.

The administrative tyranny, which is the only thing secured by the constitution of the country, has, during the last fourteen years, gradually reduced to a most abject state of subserviency and helplessness all classes of the people but one, the catholic clergy, the sole organized body now left in France, in some sort independent of the governmental centralization. It is in the nature of the catholic clergy, and indeed of every state priesthood, to aspire to absolute authority, to place the divine power, with which they pretend to be invested, above all civil power; and they only limit their pretensions to forming an independent state in the state, when circumstances will not allow them to domineer over the state.

Such is at present the condition of the clergy of France, all the members of which are besides disaffected to the government established by a revolution made against them, much more than against a dynasty; and are longing for another restoration from which they anticipate the return of the glorious days of Charles X.* All the efforts made by the citizen king and his successive ministries, to conciliate them, have been unavailing, and the government, in its own defence it must be admitted, though not for the good of the people, was compelled to adopt measures for controlling and counteracting the increasing and threatening influences of its inveterate enemies. The principal of these measures relates to the education of the young men preparing for the church, and its object is to place all diocesan religious schools (*petits séminaires*), like all the other schools in the country, under the control of the royal university. Villemain, as minister for public instruction, prepared and proposed a law for that purpose, which was readily assented to by the subservient Chamber of Peers, but which occasioned such a burst of indignation, on the part of the bishops and the clergy, and led to such violent controversy, that its discussion in the House of Deputies was adjourned from the last to the present session.

Previous to the opening of the Chambers, Villemain had to consult with the king about the introduction of the law into the House of Deputies. The minister, after his warfare with the bishops, considering

* During an excursion recently made in the northern departments of France, we had abundant proofs of the existence of such feelings. There is not a curate who has not the portrait and autograph of Henry V. in his room.

his honor as at stake, and relying upon the king's obstinacy in his own plans, was determined to press the adoption of the measure, in the lower house, without any concession to the clerical body. Contrary to his expectations, he found the king in a different disposition, and a warm discussion ensued. The irascibility to which his majesty always was subject has, of late years, increased to such a point, that the least contradiction puts him into a passion, and, in this state, he does not minutely weigh the expressions he makes use of, unless it be to render them still more haughty and provoking. After all, this may be proper treatment for the members of his present cabinet, and especially for the one in question, who, in April, 1814, on the place Vendôme, publicly seized the stirrups and kissed the boots of the Emperor Alexander, proclaiming him at the same time the saviour of the country!

We are bound, however, to admit that the king must have carried his practice to a great extremity, since a man of the temper of Villemain, a character stamped with thirty-three years' subserviency under every successive government, could not help resenting the insult, and rejoining in terms so ill-sounding to the royal ears, that the master interrupted him in these terms: '*Allons donc ! tous êtes fou.*'

Most of our readers are aware that the legitimate kings of France had the gift of curing the scurvy, by merely touching the sufferer, and saying: '*Le Roi te touche ; Dieu te guérise !*' The king of the Baricades, it appears, has another, but more awful gift ; for, no sooner had the words escaped from his mouth, than madness had seized the minister, who, losing sight of the king, and imagining that he was '*tête à tête*' with a Jesuit, rushed upon him, seized him by the neckcloth, and was doing his best to strangle him, when, at the cries of the king, officers of his household entered and liberated him from the grasp of the madman, who, cleverly enough for a person in his situation, escaped from the palace, ran to the lunatic asylum where his wife is confined, and being led to her apartment by the doctor, fell into her arms, and said that the Jesuits had ruined him ; that he had just had a personal encounter with the very worst of them, whom, had it not been for his assistants, he would have annihilated ; but he was overpowered. 'What will become of you, my poor wife ? what will become of our children ? Jesuits never forgive ! we are all undone !' &c. &c.

The doctor, a clever man, immediately saw that, instead of one patient, he was likely to have two, and hesitated if he should not immediately order a private room and a strait waistcoat : but, the thought that the huge, unclean, and unintelligent mass in human form he had before him, was a minister, a '*Grand Maître*,' stopped him, and he ordered two servants to take a hackney coach, and see the madman home to his ministerial residence, which orders were instantly and respectfully obeyed. Immediately after, the doctor repaired to the palace, and reported the scene which he had witnessed.

The news of such an event spread all over Paris, and its propagation soon alarmed the Thuilleries more than the event itself, and all the ministers were speedily assembled at the palace, to consider what was to be done under such circumstances. The king, already informed of all the particulars that had been circulated, in the first moments of general emotion, thought it best, in his vaunted clemency, to forget every thing except the averred madness of Villemain, and condescended to order those of his household who had witnessed the facts, to lose all recollection of them, and be silent until the official account was regularly and formally issued. There being no doubt about the lunacy of the absent colleague, a family predisposition to it was easily established. One of his youngest brothers, a scholar of the imperial Lycée, (now college Louis le Grand,) hung himself in a cell where he had been placed under arrest. Another, afterwards an officer of artillery, committed so many acts of folly, that, in 1823, he was sent to the colonies, through the influence of his brother, then a legitimist, to get rid of him. Furthermore, incipient insanity, so far back as 1827, was proved against Villemain himself, by the publication of a romance, entitled, *LASCARIS* : therefore it was agreed that the fact of the lunacy should be officially admitted, with suitable expressions of regret at the loss of the invaluable services of such a man, and of hope that his recovery would soon enable him to render new services to the state. Nay more, the better to secure and hasten the complete cure of the unfortunate *Grand Maître*, the king resolved to grant him a pension of fifteen thousand francs a year, and, with his customary liberality, ordered the council to prepare and propose a law to make this pension payable by the people.

But a most important point remained unsettled; that is to say, the immediate cause, and the circumstances which attended the outburst of madness. The witnesses of the facts, in the first impulse of wonder and indignation, had been so indiscreet as to give all the particulars, which had soon spread over Paris, on such authority, and with such effect, that an official denial was considered as likely to be unsuccessful, and even to be more injurious than the report itself. Thanks to the wisdom evinced by the king, in ordering his attendants to forget all that occurred in their presence, as he himself had resolved to do, though they were not required to be silent, the constitutional government was extricated from this embarrassing situation. On the day after the event, twenty different and contradictory versions were so industriously circulated, that even the best knowing began to doubt, not merely the accuracy of the reports, but also the truth of the fact itself, of Villemain being mad. This disposition of the public was another difficulty for the ministers, particularly at the opening of the legislative session; but fortunately, Villemain came to their assistance, and set the matter at rest, by jumping out of a window, without in the least injuring himself, in an attempt to escape from his ministerial residence, where, he declared, that Jesuits were threatening to poison or murder him.

This last act of decided lunacy was at once made known every where; and as it established that the predominant, if not the only character of the mental disease, was hatred and fear of Jesuits, every one naturally was anxious to ascertain what could have occasioned that hatred and fear, on the part of a minister of state, who had at his disposal the police, the gendarmes, the king's attorneys, the general attorneys, the judges and the juries of the land. This anxiety was soon relieved; and the good people of Paris, and of the rest of France, were gravely and *almost officially* told, that the reading of the 'Wandering Jew' had done all the mischief. The moment this wonderful piece of news was promulgated, all the previous reports and rumors were obliterated from the public mind. Villemain himself would have been completely lost sight of, were it not that his madness was connected with the all-absorbing subject, 'Le Juif Errant.' Nothing else was spoken of. 'Have you read the 'Juif Errant,' which disorganized the mind of our Grand Maître?' 'You must read the 'Juif

Errant,'—'all must read the 'Juif Errant,'—for a while supplanted the customary greetings of every one, on meeting with an acquaintance: Good morning—how do you do? Such being the case among our neighbors, it is clear that we could not avoid remarking on the 'Juif Errant' to the readers of the '*Eclectic*.'

If our limits allowed us so to do, we should here claim attention to some new political questions arising from the facts admitted in Paris, and which, for aught we know, may soon occur here also, and endanger, if not the person of her most gracious Majesty, at least, the existence of her government. We must content ourselves with merely propounding them, in the hope that they may be taken up by some of our political philosophers, in want of a subject; nay, even by the author of 'Coningsby,' so well qualified to elucidate the following points:

1st. The superiority of romances, novels, and tales over history, in exhibiting the events and characters of our times.

2d. Romances, novels, and tales, considered as a medium of government.

3d. Romances, novels, and tales, considered as engines of opposition and of ministerial revolutions.

4th, and last, The superior fitness of romance and novel writers for the government of our own or any other country, on the now generally-admitted principle of expediency; that is to say, of finding out expedients in any given circumstances.

There is no inconsistency between this last proposition, and the fact stated in a preceding page, of incipient insanity being proved against Villemain, by his writing and publishing 'Lascaris;' for, notwithstanding the title and the matter of the book, and the evident intention of rivaling the travels of Anacharsis, by Barthelemy, and the journey of Anténor in Greece, by Lantier, the few persons who ever read the book, could never range it under any category, except that of 'Livres ennuyeux;' while the publisher, Ladvocat, placed it on the pile of 'unsaleable books,' where almost the whole edition was found by the assignees of his bankruptcy, two or three years afterwards; and sold as waste paper, with half the edition of the Life of Cromwell, by the same author.

Villemain himself, conscious of his failure, admitted that he was a bad hand at novel-writing; and, not only never thought of again attempting it, but even began to

feel and to express contempt and aversion for that special kind of literature; so much so, that being asked one day by a lady, his opinion of Notre Dame de Paris, he answered, 'Je ne lis pas ces ordures!' (I do not read those dirty books.) How, then, did it occur that the despiser of Victor Hugo, should have made an exception in favor of Eugene Sue, and should have read the 'Juif Errant,' after his unqualified reprobation of 'Notre Dame'? This must be explained.

Our readers are not aware of the discredit into which the daily press of Paris has fallen. The inconsistency, the party prejudices, the unblushing corruption of all the newspapers, their neglect of general interests for coterie quarrels, have so disgusted the public, that very few care about them, except for the scanty news which they occasionally contain. A glance at this part of the paper is all they condescend to give; and as they can see all the newspapers for nothing at the coffee-houses, or for one penny, at the 'cabinets de lecture,' (reading-rooms,) established in almost every street in Paris, very few persons regularly take in a paper, as annual or even quarterly subscribers, except coffee-house or reading-room keepers. The consequence naturally has been a considerable decrease in the circulation of all the newspapers, an idea of which may be formed from the fact, that the twenty-eight thousand annual subscribers to the 'Constitutionnel,' in 1829, had dropped down to three thousand, a few years ago;* whilst, at the same time, the circulation of other newspapers did not increase.

All the efforts of newspaper proprietors to raise the general circulation of their journals, literary critiques, verses, police and law reports, and even a considerable reduction in price, were of no avail. At last, one of the proprietors imagined that tales and novels might be more acceptable than his politics; that, if gentlemen were disinclined to waste their time on such reading, ladies would probably be less fastidious; and that, as they could not, without impropriety, frequent the coffee-houses or reading-rooms, to gratify their desire for startling emotions, they would induce their

* In 1828, Lafitte bought one of the fifteen shares of the 'Constitutionnel,' for Messrs. Cauchois-Lemaire, and Thiers, for which he paid 100,000 francs, (£4000,) and three years ago the whole paper was bought for £5000 sterling, by Veron, a compeer of Thiers.

husbands or their parents to take an *abonnement* to the paper. This plan succeeded well enough with one (we think) *la Presse*, to induce other newspaper proprietors to follow the example; and, finally, the old 'Constitutionnel' itself adopted the same course; taking care, in the mean while, to announce that the services of M. Eugene Sue had been engaged, at the price of one hundred thousand francs for a novel which he was then writing, and which would regularly appear in the *Feuilleton*. On the faith of this report, and judging of the value of the work, by the enormous sum said to have been paid for it, every reader of romances subscribed to the 'Constitutionnel,' whose circulation was increased, it is said, by nine or ten thousand copies a day.

Thus it is that the 'Wandering Jew' was introduced to the Grand Maître, who, as well as all the other ministers, subscribed to all the newspapers; sometimes condescending to look at them. After the quasi-official announcement that Villemain used to read, with deep interest, all the numbers of the *Constitutionnel* which contained a portion of the new novel, we know French ministerial veracity too well to express a doubt with regard to the truth of the statement, and, therefore, our readers will, if they please, take for granted that the minister studiously perused the work, and that the work upset the understanding of the minister. We should think that many other brains have been similarly affected, by the same cause, and perhaps all the cases will soon be publicly reported, to add to the triumph of the author, and to the circulation of the *Constitutionnel*.

Eugene Sue is one of the most prolific of French novel writers. 'The Female Bluebeard,' 'the Godolphin Arab,' 'Mathilde,' 'the Mysteries of Paris,' and, we believe, three or four other works of the same sort in three, four, or five volumes each, had prepared the public for the present performance, which reproduces, in their worst features, the extravagance, the licentiousness, the ignorance, the absurdity, and the horrors of the thirty or forty preceding volumes, from the same pen, and of twenty times as many volumes from other purveyors for the depraved appetites of French readers, who, we regret to say, are principally women of the upper classes, and milliners known as *grisettes*.

We cannot describe the plan of the author, for now-a-days, particularly in France, authors dispense with plans. 'Plans have

lasted their time.' (*Les plans ont fait leur temps*.) as the high priest of the Doctrine says of all the moral, political and religious principles, which are incompatible with doctrinarian science. Plans are obsolete, ridiculous, *rococo*. Without plan, one is free to write what he pleases, and as he pleases. Imagination may run wild, instead of being shut up in the narrow limits of order and taste, of the *methodus ordo*. For the same reason there is not merely a plot, there are as many plots as may be suggested to the author, in the course of his performance, by any new object, fact, or impression which may affect his mind. Thus every thing can be made available for the purpose of diversity. The whole world, and every part of it successively, may be made the theatre of one scene, and all without connection or dependence. Coherence would be a damning defect in modern works of fiction. Modern genius, in one word, consists in making, if we can use the expression, literary kaleidoscopes, in which epochs, events, countries, institutions, manners, and personages are so congregated, confused, distorted, and wheeled round, that nobody can say of what he sees, either what it is, or what it is not. Such is pre-eminently the character of the 'Wandering Jew.'

The real beginning of the work takes place in the third volume, chap. lxxviii and lxxvii. In 1682, a certain Marius de Rennepont, a French nobleman, one of the most active and determined leaders of the reformed religion, pretended to abjure protestantism, in order to preserve his immense property, and so leave it to his only son, then a young man of eighteen years of age, who however remained faithful to his creed, and 'died a victim to a mysterious crime.' The father could no longer submit to a deception repugnant to his religious feelings; he was watched, accused, and condemned as a relapsed heretic; he was sentenced to the galleys. Rather than submit to this degradation, slavery and wretchedness, he resolved to put an end to his own existence, and, before accomplishing his design, made his will. A sum of fifty thousand crowns, which he had entrusted to a friend, was all that remained of his fortune. These fifty thousand crowns, divided amongst his relatives, then exiled and dispersed throughout Europe, in consequence of the revocation of the edict of Nantes, would have been very little for each, he therefore determined to dispose of his property in a

different way. The man to whom the money had been entrusted, Isaac Samuel, and after him his descendants, were requested to undertake the management of this sum, and of the capitalized interest, until the expiration of the one hundred and fiftieth year, commencing from the day of the nobleman's death. At that period, that is to say, on the 13th of February, 1832, before noon, the existing members of his family were to appear in person at a certain house, Rue St. Francis, to witness the opening of the will; and those who should be present were to share equally in the accumulated treasure.

The object of M. de Rennepont, whose family had been so cruelly persecuted by the Jesuits, is explained in the will in the following terms: 'If an evil association, based on human degradation, fear, and despotism, and followed by the curses of mankind, has survived for ages, and frequently governed the world by fraud and terror, what might not be expected from one proceeding on brotherly affection, or evangelical love, and having no other end than to free both man and woman from every degrading bondage; administering here below to the happiness of those who have never known aught but grief and misery: ennobling and enriching wholesome labor; enlightening those who are in the darkness of ignorance; promoting the free expansion of all those feelings which God, in his infinite wisdom, in his inexhaustible bounty has bestowed on man, as so many powerful levers, to sanctify all that emanates from the Almighty,—love as well as maternal solicitude,—power as well as knowledge,—beauty as well as wisdom;—rendering, in short, all men truly pious and profoundly grateful to their Creator, for giving them a knowledge of the splendors of nature, and their merited share of the treasures which he has showered down upon us? Oh! that it would please heaven, in a century and a half, that the descendants of my family, faithful to the last wishes of one who is a friend to humanity, may thus be gathered together in one holy community! If heaven grants that among those who may then meet, there be charitable spirits overflowing with pity for those who are suffering—generous souls who are friendly to freedom—warm and eloquent hearts—firm characters—women uniting wisdom and freedom with beauty—how fruitful and powerful would be the harmonious junction of all these ideas, of all these influences, of all these powers, of all these attractions, grouped

around this regal fortune, which, concentrated by union and wisely governed, might render practicable the most utopian schemes! What a wonderful concentration of generous and fertile thoughts; what salutary and vivifying rays would constantly go forth from such a centre of charity, of freedom, and of love! What grand things might be attempted; what magnificent ———; but we must stop, though we have hardly arrived at the middle of the paragraph, which is followed by many others equally magniloquent.

In this literal translation our object is to give, as much as is in our power, an accurate idea of the mind of Eugène Sue, and of his style; we confess that we are much beneath our original; perhaps the British language does not lend itself to the reproduction of the beauties of French romanticism.

In 1832, the capital and accumulated interests of the fifty thousand crowns, according to the accounts regularly kept, balanced and given by M. Sue, in the seventy-second chapter, entitled, Debit and Credit, amounted to two hundred and twelve millions one hundred and seventy-five thousand francs. The grandson of the first depositor, now an old man of eighty-two, had for above fifty years continued and extended the operations begun by his father and grandfather, while at the same time he fulfilled the humble functions of concierge of the old house in St. Francis street, where all the documents and the will were deposited. Samuel, the good old man, and his wife Bathsheba, anxiously awaited the coming of the 13th of February, and of the legitimate claimants to the property, who were dispersed all over the world.

But the Jesuits, who are everywhere, and know everything, not only had discovered that an enormous amount of property was on the point of being divided among the descendants of the relatives of their victims, but also had resolved to become possessors of it. They were acquainted with all the particulars of the will of M. Marius de Rennepont; nay, even more, they had traced out all the parties having a claim to the property, notwithstanding the long time that had elapsed, and the peripatations and vicissitudes they had been subjected to. Thus we find (chap. xvi.) the superior agent of the Jesuits in Paris, receiving the following communication:—

‘A hundred and fifty years ago, a French protestant family, foreseeing the speedy revo-

cation of the edict of Nantes, went into voluntary exile, in order to avoid the rigorous and just decrees already issued against the members of the reformed church, those indomitable foes of our holy religion.

‘Some members of this family sought refuge in Holland, and afterwards in the Dutch colonies; others in Poland and Germany; some in England, and some in America. It is supposed that only seven descendants remain of this family, who have undergone strange vicissitudes. Its present representatives are found in all ranks of society, from the sovereign to the mechanic. These descendants, direct or indirect, are: on the mother’s side:

‘Rose and Blanch Simon; under age. (General Simon married at Warsaw a descendant of the said family.)

‘M. Francis Hardy, manufacturer at Plessis, near Paris.

‘Prince Djalma, son of Kadja Sing, King of Mondri. (Kadja Sing married, in 1802, a descendant of the aforesaid family, then settled at Batavia, in the island of Java, a Dutch colony.

‘On the father’s side:

‘James Rennepont, mechanic.

‘Adrienne de Cardoville, daughter of Count Rennepont, Duke of Cardoville.

‘Gabriel Rennepont, priest of the foreign missions.

‘All the members of the family possess, or should possess, a bronze medal, bearing the following inscriptions:

‘On one side:

‘Victim
of
L. C. D. I.
Pray for me.
Paris,
13th February, 1682.’

‘On the other side:’

‘At Paris,
No. 3, Francis street,
In a century and a half,
You must be.
The 13th February, 1832.
Pray for me.’

‘These words and dates show that all of them have a great interest to be in Paris on the 13th of February, 1832, and not by proxy, but in person, whether they be of age or minors, married or single; but other persons have an equal interest that none of the descendants of the family be at Paris on that day, except Gabriel Rennepont, priest of the foreign missions. At all hazards, therefore, Gabriel must be the only person present at the rendezvous appointed to the descendants of the family, a century and a half ago. To prevent the six other persons from reaching Paris on that day, or to render their presence of no effect, much has been already done; but much more remains to be done to ensure the success of the affair, which is considered as the most vital and most important of the age, on account of its probable results.’

Our readers will conceive the importance of Gabriel being the only one of the claimants present at the appointed place, on the 13th of February, when they are apprised that the young priest has been admitted into the society of Jesuits; and that, according to the rules of the Order, no member of the society can possess any private fortune; and that any property which may, by succession or otherwise, accrue to him, immediately becomes the property of the Order.

Much had been done, as we see in the novel, to prevent all the other claimants from being in Paris, to dispute with the reverend fathers their respective shares in the accumulated capital. At the time when the communication above quoted was received by the director-general (at the beginning of October,) Rose and Blanche Simon were with their mother, captives in Siberia. Prince Djalma was either fighting against the 'cruel' English, to defend the kingdom of his father, with the assistance of General Simon; or, defeated, a fugitive, or prisoner. Gabriel himself was in America, and had been ordered home. James Rennepont, the mechanic, was ignorant of his claims; and Mr. Hardy, the manufacturer, as well as Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville, were supposed to know no more of theirs. So that, in all probability, the treasures would soon pass into the Jesuit's coffers.

The covetous fathers, however, were doomed to disappointment. Some days before the 13th of February two ships—one coming from America, the other from Hamburg—assailed by a tremendous storm, were thrown on the rocky shores of Picardy, completely wrecked. Most of the passengers were drowned, some few only being saved, and hospitably received by the bailiff of the castle of Cardoville. Among these few however, were Gabriel, and Rose and Blanche Simon, Prince Djalma; with an old horse grenadier of the Imperial Guard, and a Malay ruffian who had accompanied the prince, to betray or serve him, as might best suit his momentary interests. All of them were in Paris on the 11th or 12th of February, ready to appear on the 13th at the appointed place; whilst on the other side, Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville let some few words escape which indicated a certain knowledge of the mysterious secret; so that years of Jesuitical toil to obtain the golden prize were completely lost.

In these unfavorable circumstances, the reverend fathers were not discouraged; on

the contrary, they resolved to resort to extreme measures in order that their own claimant should alone be present at the rendezvous. On the fatal 13th of February, Rose and Blanche Simon had been carried away from the lodgings of their humble protector, and shut up in a convent. Mademoiselle Adrienne de Cardoville was confined in a mad-house, where she had been driven in the carriage of her medical doctor, under pretence of conducting her to the residence of the minister. James Rennepont, the mechanic, had been arrested in the middle of a most disgusting orgie, and led to the debtor's prison. Mr. Hardy the manufacturer, had been sent to Lyons, by a forged letter of a friend in that city, claiming his assistance; and Prince Djalma, having drunk a draught given to him by his Malay attendant, was kept in a profound sleep in his apartment at the hotel.

Having disposed, in this summary way, of all the claimants except their own, the Jesuits were masters of the field; and, on the 13th of February, before noon, the provincial Father d'Aigrigny, with his secretary, Rodin, were at the house Rue St. Francis, with the Abbe Gabriel, to assist at the opening of the walled up mansion, to hear the reading of the will, to pass the accounts of old Samuel, in presence of a notary, and to take possession of all the property. Everything went on as they could wish; and all the formalities having been fulfilled, a clock placed in an adjoining room to that in which they were, though it had not been wound up for one century and a half, began striking twelve. No sooner was the last stroke heard, than the secretary, Rodin, exclaimed 'Twelve o'clock!' and the notary said, 'No other descendant of M. Marius de Rennepont having presented himself before noon, I proceed to execute the will of the testator, and declare, in the name of justice and the law, M. Francis Marie Gabriel de Rennepont, here present, the sole and only heir and possessor of the estates, personal and real property, and valuables of whatever kind arising from the succession of the testator,—which property the said Gabriel de Rennepont, priest, has freely, and on his own accord, given by notarial act, to Frederic Emanuel de Bordeville, Marquis d'Aigrigny, priest, who by the same deed, has accepted it, and thereby becomes the legitimate possessor, in the room and place of the aforesaid Gabriel de Rennepont, by a

deed of gift between living persons, which has been, this morning, engrossed by me, and signed Gabriel de Rennepont, and Frederic d'Aigrigny priests.' The notary, then, after having ascertained the amount of the property, which was deposited in a cedar casket, said to Father d'Aigrigny, 'Sir, take possession of this casket.'

Thus far the success of the Jesuits was complete, and both Father d'Aigrigny and Rodin, the secretary, were exulting in their triumph; but when just on the point of departing, the latter holding under his arm the cedar casket, containing the property—at that very moment the door of the room wherein the clock was heard to strike, was suddenly thrown open, and a woman appeared upon the threshold. After pausing some little time, without speaking a word, she advanced slowly, approached one of the pieces of antique furniture, touched a secret spring and opened the top drawer, from which she took a parcel of sealed parchment, and approaching the table, she placed the parcel before the notary, who took it up mechanically, having till that moment been both mute and motionless. After having bestowed on Gabriel, who seemed fascinated by her presence, a look of melancholy sweetness, she directed her steps towards the door of the vestibule. In passing old Samuel and Bathsheba, who had fallen on their knees, she stopped a moment, and bending her beautiful head towards the elderly couple, she contemplated them with tender solicitude, and after having given them her hand to kiss, she retreated as slowly as she had entered, but not without casting a parting look on Gabriel.

Of course, all the witnesses of this extraordinary apparition of a woman, in a house uninhabited and walled up for a hundred and fifty years, had been thrown into a sort of stupefaction. D'Aigrigny and Rodin, however, soon sufficiently recovered their self possession, to seize the opportunity which the amazement of all the parties present offered, of making a hasty retreat with their treasure, without waiting for the opening of the parcel delivered by the mysterious lady, which had begun to excite their apprehension. Their exit however, was observed and prevented by old Samuel, who insisted upon their remaining in the room, until the notary had examined the parchment which had just been put into his hands. The notary being of the same opinion with the faithful trustee, Father d'Aigrigny and the secretary were obliged

to comply with the request. The parcel was opened in their presence, and the notary read the following codicil:—

'This is a codicil, which, for reasons which will be explained in the papers under this cover, adjourn and prorogue to the 1st of June 1832, but without altering in any other respect, the disposition contained in the will made by me this day, at one o'clock in the afternoon. The house must be shut up and walled up again, and the property must remain in the charge of the person who may, at that time, be in possession of it, to be, on the 1st of June, distributed to those who are entitled to it. Villeteuse, the 13th February, 1682, eleven o'clock at night. Marius de Rennepont.'

In conformity with the dispositions of this codicil, the notary, in spite of the protests of the two Jesuits, postponed for three months and a-half the liquidation of the succession, and all the parties left the house. Father d'Aigrigny, with his assistant, repaired to the residence of the Princess St. Dizier, a leader of the female Jesuits in Paris, to report their misadventure. D'Aigrigny, in a state of hopeless despondency, after relating all the particulars of this eventful morning, to the princess, thought it necessary to write, without delay, to the General of the Jesuits at Rome. He ordered his secretary to take his seat at the table, and to write what he was going to dictate. Rodin obeyed, and the reverend Father began in these terms:

'All our hopes, recently amounting to almost a certainty, have been blasted. The Rennepont affair, notwithstanding all the care and ability with which it had hitherto been managed, has completely failed, and without a chance of recovery. As matters are at present, it has unfortunately been worse than unsuccessful. It is a most disastrous circumstance for the society, to whom this wealth morally belonged, by the confiscation decreed in its favor, and from which it was fraudulently withheld. I have, however, the satisfaction of having done every thing up to the latest moment, to defend and secure our rights. But, I repeat, we must consider this important affair as absolutely and for ever at an end, and give no further thought to it.'

These last words were hardly spoken when the secretary rose from his chair, and throwing his pen upon the table, refused to continue writing such a letter, notwithstanding the repeated commands of the reverend father, and the entreaties of the prin-

cess. Rodin, the hitherto humble and submissive secretary, on a sudden assumed such an air of superiority that though he did not speak a word, d'Aigrigny and the princess felt unaccountably subdued. The fact is that, this subordinate agent had been given to him, to act as spy as much and more than as an auxiliary, with power and authority, in certain urgent cases, and according to the constitution of the Order, of superseding and replacing him. D'Aigrigny began to suspect this, and said to Rodin: 'No doubt you have a right to command me, as I have hitherto commanded you?' Rodin without answering, drew from his pocket-book a slip of paper which he presented to his ex-master, who, having read it, returned it with a profound obeisance. The first use that Rodin made of his authority, was to order d'Aigrigny to take the seat which he himself had just left; and to write the following letter to the General of the Jesuits.

'From want of tact, in reverend father d'Aigrigny, the affair of Rennepont has been to-day placed in great jeopardy. The property amounts to two hundred and twelve million of francs. Notwithstanding this check, we think that we may yet be enabled, not only to prevent the Rennepont family from wronging the society, but also to compel that family to restore to the society the two hundred and twelve millions which legitimately belong to us. To effect this we must immediately be provided with the most ample and complete powers.'

Such is the outline of M. Eugene Sue's novel, the continuation of which, in the *Constitutionnel*, has been discontinued for a time, since the opening of the legislative session; the eloquence of liberal members, in behalf of M. Theirs's policy, claiming the space hitherto reserved to the chapters of the Novelist. But, in all probability, the fair subscribers will soon be dissatisfied with the substitute, and our author will resume his work, and add as many chapters as have already been printed.*

* Eugene Sue has resumed the publication of his work, and realized our anticipations. It is an abominable, and, at the same time, stupid production; but it seems that nothing else can, at present, gratify the taste of French readers. All the daily papers imitate and emulate the *Constitutionnel*. The principal organ of the government, the *Journal des Débats*, is now publishing in its *feuilletons*, a novel, equally immoral and disgusting; and one of the proprietors has just been rewarded with a peerage, in addition to the £480, allowed by the government monthly to the other

As to the incidents, which, mixing one with another, or crossing one another, produce a most ludicrous confusion, they are all brought about by the influence of the Jesuits, in order to prevent the members of the Rennepont family from being present to sustain their claim to the succession of Marius de Rennepont, at the time fixed for the division of the property. We therefore have, in succession, all the adventures of all the members of the family, detailed with all the minuteness and prolixity which characterize penny-liners, without their regard for accuracy or probability.

The first personages introduced are Rose and Blanche Simon. No romance, in France, is acceptable, unless the soldiers of the empire are introduced, and play a principal part. General Simon was, according to our author, one of the bravest followers of Napoleon; and for the courage and military skill he displayed in the combat which preceded the battle of Waterloo, he had been made a field-marshal and Duke of Ligny. After the second restoration of the Bourbons, who refused to confirm his titles, General Simon left the service, and repaired to Poland, where he married. But, being soon after implicated in a conspiracy, the object of which was the liberation of Poland from the Russian tyranny, the General was ordered out of the country, in which he left his wife advanced in her pregnancy. The Jesuits, who were already aware of the claims of the lady to a share in the succession of Rennepont, contrived to have her exiled to Siberia, where she gave birth to the twin sisters, and died towards the end of 1830, leaving them under the protection of an old mounted grenadier of the imperial guard, who, at the demand of his general had sworn never to desert his wife, and was faithful to his oath. After the death of Madame Simon, the old soldier, who had been made acquainted with the rights of the young girls, and who knew how important it was for them to be in Paris on the 13th of February, immediately set off with the orphans, and, with the assistance of an old horse, also of the imperial guard (a clever addition to the requisite imperialism), he succeeded in reaching Leipsic, where we find them all in the third chapter.

The Jesuits who, by a singular oversight, had not prevented their departure from Si-

proprietors. In the doctrinarian system, to govern a people, is to enslave and to corrupt them.

beria, hastened to take proper measures to arrest their progress; and, for this purpose, had sent to Leipsic one of their agents, a wild beast tamer, like Carter or Van Amburg, to whom proper directions were given. This man, Morock, an Indian savage, converted by the Jesuits, was at the Falcon Inn, with his assistants, and a tiger, a lion, and a panther, respectively named Cain, Judas, and Death, when the old soldier, Dagobert, arrived. The plans of the beast tamer to hinder the wanderers from pursuing their journey were carried into execution, in the same night. The old horse was taken from its stable, and brought to the panther, who having been deprived of her supper, soon devoured the poor animal; the passports of Dagobert were stolen from his bag; and he was arrested, and led to a prison, where we lose sight of him, as well as of his interesting wards, until we find them, with him, on board of the ship from Hamburg, wrecked on the rocks of the coast of Picardy—rocks created for the purpose, by the author, who takes the greatest liberties with geography and topography as well as with contemporary history.

As we have before stated, the two sisters who had been brought to Paris by Dagobert, and placed under the care of his wife, a simple and bigoted woman, were carried away and secluded in a convent. The place of their confinement was however, soon discovered, thanks to the fidelity and sagacity of Dagobert's Siberian dog, who, after strangling the dog of the lady who had taken the young girls from M. Dagobert, had followed the carriage, and afterwards had conducted his master to the convent. The old soldier resolved to storm the convent that very night, and to rescue the daughters of Marshal Simon. The author gives a long account of this midnight expedition, but interrupts his narration in the middle, without any cause, only leaving us reason to think that the attempt was unsuccessful.

Then follows the history of General Simon, after his expulsion from Poland. Hatred of the English, is also, as it appears, a requisite in novels, as well as in parliamentary harangues, and in the leading articles of the newspapers. General Simon labors under an incurable Anglophobia, ever since the battle of Waterloo; and, in order to take his revenge, he repairs to India, and offers his services to the king of Mondi (a kingdom of the creation of M.

Eugene Sue,) against the British invaders. Of course, his services are accepted, and the general has the gratification of exhibiting his courage and military genius, on many occasions. We have room only for the beginning of one of his bulletins addressed to his wife:—'I have already mentioned the two good days we have had this month. The troops of my old friend, the Indian prince, under European discipline, have effected wonders. We routed the English, and they were obliged to abandon a part of the unfortunate country invaded by them, without law and justice, which they continue to ravage without pity, *for this is English warfare.*' A few days after this success, however, the English, in their turn, routed the army, so well disciplined; the old king was made a prisoner, and deprived of his crown. His son, Djalma, and the general, both badly wounded, succeeded, however, in making their escape, and in reaching Batavia.

Djalma, as we have already seen, was one of the Rennepont family, and the Jesuits determined to prevent his being present in Paris, had beforehand commissioned their agents in the Dutch colony, to get rid of this obnoxious claimant. They found no other means than to apply to some Thugs (stranglers), who had taken refuge in the island, and whose operations are related at length. One of them succeeded in tattooing on the arm of the young prince, while he was in a profound sleep, the signs, which, according to our author, distinguish the Indian murderers. He afterwards enticed him into a cave, where three or four of them had fixed their residence, and where he was arrested with them, and, as evidently one of them, by orders from the governor, and put into a dungeon, where our author leaves him, until, on a sudden, we find him on board the second ship, the Black Eagle, wrecked on the coast of Picardy, which ship 'sailing from Alexandria to Portsmouth, through the straits of Gibraltar, had touched the Azores!'

Gabriel, the young priest, was on board the same vessel, on his return from America. His doings in the new world are not related in the novel. The only thing we find concerning his career as a missionary, is, that some of the savages he endeavored to convert to Christianity, had crucified him. How his life was preserved, we have no means of ascertaining; but he not only was saved, but also, in the shipwreck on the coast of France succeeded in saving

Blanche and Rose from a watery grave. This young priest, though the Jesuits had discovered his lineage, was a sort of foundling, whom the wife of the old soldier, Dagobert, although very poor, and having a son of her own, had reared up from his infancy, until her confessor placed him in a clerical school, to make a priest of him, in spite of himself, and a Jesuit beside. In the last chapters of the published part of the work, Gabriel, disgusted with the doings of his superiors, and convinced of their treachery, determines to leave the society; and, in order to obtain his release from the obligations of his vows, transfers on the provincial, d'Aigrigny, all his rights to the property of Rennepont, without knowing its amount; which inconsiderate bargain he, of course, deeply regrets, when he hears from Dagobert, and his adoptive mother, that, by it, he had deprived Rose and Blanche, and some other claimants, of their legitimate share in the property.

Mademoiselle Adrienne de Rennepont de Cardoville's history is, in some sort, the most curious of all. This young lady, of an eccentric and fanciful character, is the realization of the *femme libre* of the St. Simonists. Endowed with a supreme contempt for superannuated notions of propriety, and for public opinion, she does what she pleases, and in what manner soever she pleases; taking care, however, to do nothing as anybody else. Her dress, her habits, her tastes, are all complacently portrayed; and probably, at this present moment, many musical French ladies of fashion, in imitation of this heroine, *blow the French-horn on a golden instrument*. Adrienne, though not of age, yet having lost both her father and mother, is allowed by her aunt, the Princess of St. Dizier, to live as she likes, and to expend her income as she chooses; so that she might, in the shortest time possible, qualify herself for a residence in a mad-house, or at the least, afford a pretence for inflicting that seclusion upon the thoughtless girl. Her lost lap-dog is found by Agricola, a blacksmith, the son of Dagobert, who, seeing the name of the owner on the collar, takes the spaniel to her mistress. She immediately offers a handsome reward in money, which is unhesitatingly refused with an air of such dignity, that the young lady, begging his pardon, presents him with a most beautiful and odoriferous camelia, lying upon the table, promising at the same time that, in any circumstance, he might apply to her, and rely upon her

best services. The very next day Agricola was in need of her good offices. Our blacksmith was at the same time a poet, and composed popular songs. France is not now governed by Mazarin, who used to say of the satiric songs composed against himself: 'it matters little if they sing and laugh, since they pay.' At present the French people pay, they do not laugh; and if they sing it is at great peril to themselves. Such was the case with Agricola. One of his songs was seized by the police, in the room of another mechanic implicated in some plots against the government, concocted by a secret association. The songster was immediately made an accomplice, and orders to arrest him were issued. Under such circumstances, and aware of the impending danger, Agricola repaired to the hotel of Miss Adrienne, who secreted him in a closet near her apartment, until she could obtain the revocation of the warrant. Unfortunately the blacksmith had been followed by the officers, who discovered his place of retreat, from whence they took him to a prison, while his fair protectress was driven to a private lunatic asylum, by the false friend whom she had requested to accompany her to the residence of a minister, to whom she intended to apply in favor of the mechanic.

In connection with the history of Adrienne, we have that of the Princess of St. Dizier, and of the Marquis-Abbé d'Aigrigny. We cannot pollute our pages with even an outline of the scenes of depravity which are exhibited in this portion of the work, and, for the same reason, we forbear from entering into the particulars of the reckless career of James Rennepont, the mechanic, and another claimant to the property. Numerous chapters are devoted to the illustration of the abandoned life of this man, and of his 'queen of the revels,' and we confess that disgust compelled us to turn over many pages.

There is scarcely anything concerning M. Hardy the manufacturer, and the last of the claimants, with the exception of some hints, on the part of the Jesuits, to get him out of their way, on the 13th of February, and to undermine his credit and reduce him to insolvency, by any means in their power as the only commensurate atonement for the uprightness of his principles and of his conduct, for his patriotism, and his hatred of their society, as much as on account of his being entitled to the property which they coveted.

Around all these personages group many others, too numerous to be mentioned, whose history and doings are equally recorded, so that the principals are generally lost sight of. Such, however, is the poverty of the author's imagination, wild and mad as it is, that the already bulky volumes he has published of this novel, would be reduced to a common sized octavo of three hundred pages, if he had not in the catch-penny fashion, swollen the matter by the description of every one of his personages, of the localities, and of the most insignificant circumstances. Sun risings and sun settings are in abundance. Moonlights and stormy nights occur every two or three chapters, without much variety in their characteristics, however different the climate. Every room, every part of the furniture is described, as well as the posture of the actors in the scenes. When we say described, we do not use the proper word, for the description of the author generally does not resemble any thing that has ever been seen. Countries, localities, national manners, history, natural phenomena; in one word every thing is boldly set at defiance, by the descriptive system of Eugène Sue.

In order to enable our English readers to form an opinion of the merits of Eugène Sue, in this respect, we beg leave to say a few words of another of his novels, in which he describes the manners of England. In his '*Godolphin Arabian*' the principal events take place in England. It is no longer the old soldier, with his horse of the imperial guard, and his dog, but a mute Arab, Agba, with his horse Sham, and his cat Grimalkin, (animals always play a great part in Eugène Sue's novels). A rich quaker had picked them all up in some street in Paris, and brought them all home, to his country residence, '*Buryhall, on the banks of the Thames,*' for the only purpose of making them comfortable and happy. The good-natured quaker was baffled in his designs, by the obstinacy of the horse, which would allow nobody to ride him, except his master and friend, Agba. The quaker tried, and was thrown; which misdemeanor on the part of the animal he generously overlooked. All his servants were treated in the same manner, and did not show the same forgiving disposition, but they dared not manifest their resentment too openly. Unfortunately, *a reverend clergyman, Dr. Harrison, who had married the only daughter of the kind-hearted quaker!!*—and who was proud of his own equestrian abili-

ties, attempted to ride the insubordinate beast, and with no better success than his predecessors. The quaker could no longer bear with the restive spirit of the Arabian stallion, and summoned Agba before a sort of court martial, composed of himself, his daughter, Dr. Harrison, and his friend *the landlord of the Crowned Lion, the principal public-house of the village.* The sentence passed unanimously was, that '*Sham should be sold;*' and it was carried into execution. As the companionship of Agba with his horse was considered the principal cause of the stubbornness of the animal, it was determined that they should be parted, and the horse was taken to London, where every means were employed to tame it. But Agba who could not live happy without his friend, went to town to see it, and being constantly refused admittance, resolved to escalate the house and the stables, during the night, just as Dagobert, in the '*Wandering Jew,*' escalated the convent to rescue Rose and Blanche, but with no better success. Nay, even more, his failure was attended with worse consequences; for he was taken as a burglar, sent to Newgate, where, two or three days after his imprisonment, in a fit of despair he was going to hang himself, when he was providentially saved by the visit paid at the prison by Lady Sarah Jennings, the widow of the great Duke of Marlborough, attended by her eldest son, Lord Godolphin!! The doings of the lady, and the gross language of her son, are in keeping with the strange notions just exhibited of the English manners, and of our aristocratic families. It is with the same knowledge and the same accuracy that our author describes, in the '*Wandering Jew,*' the habits and manners of the several countries to which he chooses to transport his personages.

On reaching the end of the published part of this equally disgusting and absurd publication, we entertained some hope that the author had exhausted his store of filthy reminiscences, and that the continuation of the work would be comparatively free from the demoralizing pictures which fill the first part; but we were soon disappointed. Eugene Sue takes great care to stimulate the depraved appetite of his readers, by promising something still more abominable than that on which he had hitherto fed them. All the events related in the first part were the produce of the combinations of the profligate Marquess Abbé d'Aigrig-

ny, and as they had not succeeded in obtaining the desired results, his successor in the management of the plot, Rodin, convinced that the failure is owing only to the scruples of his late unprincipled master, reproaches him for his want of skill and determination, and expounds his own plans in the following terms:

'You have had recourse to rough and physical measures, instead of acting upon noble, generous, and elevated feelings which, when united, offer an invincible phalanx; but divided, may successively be overcome by surprise, seduction, artifice or by any other common mode of attack. Now do you understand me? . . . Did any one ever die from despair? Will not gratitude and happy love lead to the very limits of insane generosity? Are there not some deceptions so horrible, that suicide is the only refuge against these dreadful realities? May not an excess of sensuality lead to the tomb, by a slow and voluptuous agony? Are there, in human life, some circumstances so terrible, as to bring the most worldly, the most strong-minded, nay, even the most impious characters, blindly to throw themselves, heart-broken and humbled, into the arms of religion, abandoning all their worldly wealth, for sackcloth, prayer, and mystic raptures? Are there not, in fact, a thousand circumstances in which the reaction of the passions produces the most extraordinary transformations, and the most tragical events, in the lives of both men and women? But you are ignorant of the immense resources produced by partial or mutual annihilation, which, playing on the human passions, if skillfully managed, either by combining, opposing, subduing or exciting them, more especially when, perhaps, thanks to a powerful auxiliary, those passions become redoubled in their ardor and in their violence.'

Such is the bill of fare of the forthcoming volumes; which, we sincerely hope, we shall not be under the necessity of perusing.

All our readers will naturally say, after reading this faithful analysis of the work, 'Hitherto we have seen nothing but the Jesuits; where is the Wandering Jew, who gives its title to the work?' We cannot answer the question, except by a supposition, a surmise; for the Wandering Jew appears but once in his real character, without acting, and in the few events in which, we imagine, he acts a part, it is under a sort of incognito. But then we find, not only a wandering Jew, but also a wandering Jewess; not, indeed, pursuing, together, so as to alleviate their mutual fatigues and hardships, their endless journey; but always marching in opposite directions, without ever meeting; and only once casting a

glance at one another, at the beginning of the work, in the '*Prologue*,' from which we now give some extracts, to make our readers acquainted with the descriptive and imaginative genius of our author.

'The polar sea surrounds with a circle of eternal ice the inhospitable shores of Siberia and North America; the extreme limits of Asia and America are separated by Behring Straits. September is now at its close; and the shortening gloomy days are succeeded by long, stormy nights. The dark blue sky, intersected by lines of violet, is hardly illumined by the sun, whose disk, level with the horizon, feebly shines on the dazzling gleam of the snow, which extends over immense steppes. To the westward, this inhospitable desert is bounded by a rocky coast, of rugged and gigantic description; at the foot of which lies the frozen ocean. . . . No human being seems able to explore the solitude of these regions of frosts and tempests, famine and death;—yet strange, the snow which constantly covers the deserts at the extremities of the two continents, is marked by footsteps of human beings! On the American shore, the marks of footsteps, small and light, clearly bespeak the traces of a woman, who has bent her course towards the rocks just described as overlooking the snowy steppes of Siberia, while on the Asiatic side, the same impression, but larger and deeper, betrays the heavy march of a man, who has also directed his journey towards the Straits. One would suppose that this man and woman, thus arriving from opposite quarters, at the extreme points of the two continents, had a hope of gaining a glance at one another, across the narrow sea which separates them.'

Eugene Sue is too good-natured to disappoint them, though he seems not to know them; and repeatedly asks, who they are? He immediately produces an aurora borealis, much superior to any that ever was seen; and at the same time, in spite of the Alpine mountains of ice, he creates a mirage, which has the desired effect. 'On the Siberian cape, a man, on his knees, was extending his arms towards America, with an expression of deep despair; while, on the American promontory, a young and beautiful woman replied to the despondent attitude of the man, by pointing to heaven.' Then, again, our author asks, Whence came, and who are these two creatures? and he closes his prologue, discarding them altogether, until in the epilogue, at the end of the first volume, the man alone is re-introduced in the character of Wandering Jew, to make a speech.

We greatly suspect that, though he is not mentioned, it is the same personage

who seeks, all over the world, the members of Rennepont family, and delivers them their medals;—who, when General Simon, being ordered, at the battle of Waterloo, to carry a battery with his cuirassiers, just when the artilleryman was applying the match to a cannon, in front of which stood the general, placed himself at the mouth of the cannon, and after the discharge was not a bit the worse for it;—who, having been strangled and buried by the Thugs, in India, some time afterwards crosses the path of his murderers, to their utter consternation;—who, in fine, is the invisible promoter of the supernatural incidents crowded in the work. As to the woman, the wandering Jewess, there is little doubt that she is the identical beautiful lady who brought the codicil at the meeting in the house, in Francis-street.

It is time to conclude our observation; and we cannot dismiss the work without expressing our concern at seeing, every day, advertised in the newspapers, translations, not only of this insane publication, but also of the other works of the same author,—works of an equally, and perhaps still more objectionable character. We were in hope that the morbid appetites of our neighbors would not find any one, in our country, disposed to a deplorable rivalry. In this we have been disappointed; and, as public journalists, we feel bound to caution our readers against the poison, both moral and intellectual, of which they are so urgently invited to partake. Were not the works in question obtaining a wide circulation amongst us, we should not have so far deviated from our ordinary practice, as to notice them. It is certainly discreditable to our modern literature, that such publications should be reproduced, at a time when we boast of the progress of reason, and of the advance of religion among us.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE reflective reader will not have found it difficult to forestall the result of the conversation between Mrs. Roberts and her daughters, which was detailed in the last chapter. The persuasive eloquence of Maria was certainly felt the more strongly, because Mrs. Roberts herself had become

heartily sick of Baden-Baden, and much as that fond parent admired the great mental powers of her eldest daughter, she might not have yielded so readily to her spirited reasoning on the subject of the house, had not one or two little circumstances led her very ardently to wish that the whole edifice, balcony and all, had been sunk in the Red Sea before the moment at which she entered it.

It would be useless to follow the progress of her tacit reasonings up to the moment that her bold final resolution was taken; it is enough to say that Mr. Roberts was made to understand that there was no use in saying any thing more upon the subject, for that good sense and proper feeling imperiously commanded their immediate departure. Mrs. Roberts, doubtless from an impulse of female delicacy, did not deem it necessary to state the conclusive anecdote of the kiss to her husband, but by thus resting her argument upon the general ground of good sense and proper feeling, left him no excuse whatever for making himself troublesome by useless opposition. And so Mr. Roberts desired that she would please to do whatever she thought best.

It was therefore within a very short time indeed after the departure of Lord Lynberry and his companions from Baden-Baden, that Mrs. Roberts and the three young ladies might once again have been seen, hanging each over a travelling trunk, laboriously employed in depositing within it rather more than it could conveniently contain. Edward considered himself as one of the most accomplished packers in Europe, and never suffered any one to touch his portmanteau but himself, and poor Mr. Roberts, too, upon all former occasions had rather ostentatiously displayed his power of being useful; but now all packing energy seemed dead within him. In truth, a very important moral revolution was very rapidly taking place in Mr. Roberts. When he first listened to his wife's arguments respecting the great advantages to be obtained by exchanging his sober home in England—for he knew not very well what, upon the continent—he most sincerely believed her to be one of the very cleverest women, and very best managers that ever was born; but, as it turned out, poor man, he was, as the reader must be by this time aware, any thing but "blest in so believing." Nevertheless it was long, surprisingly long, before he began even to guess that it was possible he might have been mistaken. Nay, even

when a vague doubt timidly occurred to him, suggested by meditating on the very puzzling novelties of all kinds upon which they were thrown, it led him no further towards doubting his wife's great financial capacity, than just thinking that she did not seem to be quite so clear in her accounts in Paris as in London. But then came the great master-stroke of obtaining Miss Harrington as an inmate, and this for a long time sufficed to set every thing like pecuniary alarm at defiance, nor did even the splendor of the Balcony House, or the startling innovation of a carriage for the whole summer, occasion him any lasting alarm; but when he heard the admired wife of his bosom lay it down as a law as peremptory as it was new, that upon every occasion where money was greatly wanted, the capital of his little fortune was to be drawn upon to supply the want, he really felt as if the solid earth was in the act of melting away from under his feet.

But if the long confirmed habit of implicit trust was shaken by this, that of conjugal obedience was not, and the terrified but compliant gentleman yielded to the demand made for his signature, in the manner that has been related; yet there was no habit strong enough to keep him from feeling a very new and very disagreeable sensation of doubt, as to what was to happen next. Wonders had followed so quickly on each other, that all conjectures as to what was, or what was not likely to occur to him and his race, were set completely at defiance, and the poor man felt as if he were rolling head over heels in an atmosphere of clouds, athwart which, indeed, occasionally shot beams of exceeding brightness, and coronets, and bleeding hearts, and parks, and palaces, and sons-in-law and a daughter-in-law, all became visible in succession; yet the rolling-over-and-over sensation which accompanied it all, made him exceedingly uncomfortable, and acting like a sort of mental sea-sickness, left him languidly and despondingly unable to help himself.

"What does make papa stand looking so like a fool?" said Agatha. "He seems to grow more stupid and helpless every day."

"My dear Agatha," replied her mother, suddenly pausing in the very act of locking her own particular trunk, "my dear Agatha, you know that my most anxious wish has always been to bring up my children in habits of respect to their father; and that way of speaking is not at all pretty, my dear. Your poor dear papa is *not* so young

as he has been, I won't deny that, Agatha; but you and your brother and sister have a great deal to be thankful for, I promise you. It is not every man, who as he feels himself growing old, has the good sense to make up his mind to let his wife manage every thing for him. Some old gentlemen are dreadfully obstinate I can tell you, and most abominably troublesome, which is what we really have none of us a right to say of your poor dear father. So don't let me hear you speak in that sort of way again, my dear."

Miss Agatha turned on her heel, and screwed up one eye with a merry expression, which was perfectly intelligible to her sister, for whose advantage the grimace was performed; but Mrs. Roberts saw it not, and returned to the occupation she had suspended while uttering her pious lecture, with the noble self-approving satisfaction of a Roman pattern matron, who knows that she has done her duty.

It was fortunate for Mrs. Roberts that she had so fully established her new system of drawing upon capital, before all her Baden-Baden bills came in upon her, or she might have been a little dismayed, and a good deal puzzled as to the means of paying them.

"Mercy on me, mamma, have you got all those bills to pay before we start?" exclaimed Agatha, upon entering the room, where the pains-taking lady was laboriously engaged in endeavoring to ascertain the sum total. "Why, what on earth will you do for money?"

"I never saw such a place as this in the whole course of my life!" replied her mother. "The people must be the very greatest cheats upon earth. I give you my word of honor, Agatha, that there is not a single bill here that I can be said to have forgotten. I have always taken the greatest care to keep in my head a general idea of every thing that was owing; but who in the world can undertake to say that these abominable tradespeople have not put down lots and lots of things that we have never had? and then they write and spell in such a way. I am sure I can't read one quarter of the words in any bill here. All I know is, that from first to last, I have managed every thing with the very greatest economy; but certainly these bills will make a dreadful hole in the sum I have made your father draw for."

"I should think so, ma'am," returned Agatha, raising her eyebrows, and opening

her handsome eyes rather more widely than usual.

"I tell you what, Agatha, I want you to talk a little common sense to Edward for me; he will be more likely to listen to you than to me. He is one of the finest creatures, I know, that ever lived, and I am as proud of him as I ought to be. Nothing can be more manly and spirited than all his notions about Bertha, and I have no doubt in the world that he will manage matters in that quarter perfectly well at last, but the fact is, Agatha, that he is wasting time. When one sees such a sight as this," she continued, pointing to the sinister and threatening looking folios which covered the table, "when one sees such a sight as this, Agatha, it is impossible to help feeling that the sooner Miss Bertha Harrington is turned into Mrs. Edward Roberts the better."

"Edward is a good clever fellow, I know that quite as well as you do, ma'am; but in the first place, I suspect that he is just at present at the feet of another woman, and in the next, I greatly doubt if Miss Bertha has the least inclination to see him at hers."

Mrs. Roberts looked up into the face of her daughter with a rather mysterious sort of smile.

"You have never had any confidential conversation with your brother, have you, my dear, upon the subject of Bertha Harrington?"

"Confidential, ma'am? I don't exactly know what you mean by confidential—he never talks very much about her in any way," replied Agatha; "but he has certainly confessed to me that he dislikes her more than any girl he ever saw in his life."

Mrs. Roberts again smiled mysteriously.

"All that, you know, and Edward knows too, as well as we do, Agatha, has nothing to do with his object in selecting her for his wife," replied Mrs. Roberts, very much with the same accent and manner that a queen mother might have employed, when speaking diplomatically of the espousals of her royal son. "I have taken no notice whatever," she resumed, "of his little flirtation with that pretty-looking Madame de Marquemont. I know that it never answers to plague men about those sort of things. When he is married I dare say he will be quite as steady as other men of fashion, and I really don't see that one has any right to ask more. Young men will be young men, that's the fact, and not all the mothers in the world can prevent it."

"You are quite right there, ma'am," replied her daughter, "but still, under all the circumstances, I should be better pleased if I thought Edward was rather more certain of getting Bertha Harrington. Her fortune, and the connexion too, would unquestionably be very advantageous."

"He is quite aware of it, my dear," returned her mother, with another smile; "but I have promised to keep his secret. If you really feel uneasy about it, Agatha, you had better manage to get a little private, and quite unreserved conversation with him; he would soon set your heart at rest, I'll answer for it. And if you *do* set him talking on the subject, my dear girl, urge him not to lose time. Look there," she added, pointing to the bills, "and that will inspire you with eloquence on the subject."

Agatha was too busy at that moment to seek the *tête-à-tête* her mother recommended, but her curiosity was awakened, and she determined to find an early opportunity for gratifying it.

MEANTIME, Mr. Edward Roberts himself was not altogether without what the immortal Major Sturgeon was wont to call his "little fracasces." His tender friendship for Madame de Marquemont had reached its climax. And we all know that every thing which grows, even an oak-tree, having once attained its highest point of strength and perfection, straightway begins to decline. This process is in oak trees a very slow one, slower a good deal than that by which the soft passion of love evaporates after it has once begun to fall away. Unfortunately, however, the fascinating countess had become fonder of him than ever; she confessed that she was never happy without him, and as to enduring the dreadful bore of shopping without having his delightful chit-chat to amuse her the while, it was quite out of the question! But though fully conscious of this flattering excess of partiality on her part, the young man, in all the thoughtless wantonness of youth, had with little, or no preparation, disclosed to her the heart-rending fact of his almost immediate departure.

"Am I then to see you no more, Edward?" she exclaimed with tender earnestness.

"Oh, dear! yes," he replied, "very often, I hope. To-morrow I am going to

dine with some men at 'La Favorite,' but you may depend upon my calling on you, my sweet friend, the morning after, and then, dear Arabella, we must consult about future meetings."

"The day after to-morrow," she repeated; "oh, that is very long! But you will not fail me then, dear Edward? You will be sure to come?"

Whereupon he reassured her gentle heart by an oath, kissed her hand, and departed whistling "Rory O'More."

The young gentleman kept his oath. On the day after the morrow he came again, but instead of being welcomed by the charming countess in person, he received the following note, put into his hand by the maid of the lodging-house, with something very like a broad grin.

"My husband, my tyrant husband, is about to drag me from Baden and from you! Imagine my despair and pity it! Gracious Heaven! is it possible! Is that hateful rumbling the sound of the diligence into which within five minutes I must throw myself, in order to be dragged away from the only man who ever possessed my heart. He comes—he comes! Farewell, Edward! Oh, a long farewell! But, perhaps, not for ever!"

"ARABELLA."

"How very lucky," exclaimed the unfeeling young man. "I was desperately afraid that I should hear she was going to follow me."

Before the day was half over, however, he discovered that not only a multitude of pretty things, the purchase of which he had certainly sanctioned during the first affectionate weeks of their intimacy, but a very alarming amount of other articles had, as it now appeared, been set down at more than one shop to his account, which, added to the croupier's claims against him, formed a sum total that disagreeably startled him. There was little use, however, in reading and re-reading the items, or in swearing either at the pretty articles themselves, or at their pretty wearer; something more business-like must be done, and the best thing he could think of was to go to the shops with the bills in his hand, and demand with a good deal of vehement indignation, how the devil they dared to send in bills to him with which he had nothing to do; concluding his spirited remonstrance by saying, "Do you take me for the countess's husband, you *scélérat*?"

"Assurément, non, monsieur," replied the master of the shop, with an obsequious smile.

"Then carry your bills to the person who is," returned Edward, in a blustering tone. "I should like to know what sort of law it must be; that could make me pay the bills of another man's wife."

"Come here, Arnould," said the master of the shop to a young man, who was standing at the opposite counter, "and you too, Ernest," he added, addressing another, who was lounging at the door. "Have you not, both of you, served this gentleman at different times with various articles ordered by him for use of Madame de Marquemont?"

"Yes," and "yes," replied stoutly and positively each of the persons applied to.

Edward knit his brows, stamped with his foot, nay, even clenched his fist as he began a bullying reply, but the gentle, peaceful smile, with which the travelling Parisian mercer regarded him, stopped him short, and he concluded his remonstrance, by muting, "The word of your *garçons de boutique* will not be taken against mine."

"We shall be three to one, sir," replied the mercer, with another of his civil smiles; "besides, to be perfectly frank, monsieur, I have other evidence as to the nature of the transaction. I am perfectly prepared to prove before the tribunals that I was not in the habit of trusting Madame de Marquemont—nay, that I had positively refused to trust her three days only before the date of the first entry in this bill. It was you, sir, whom I trusted," he continued, with a bow of profound respect. "If you remember, sir, the lady said, 'Do give your name, dear friend—the people don't know me.'"

Edward bit his lips. There was not so much of able mimicry in the man's tone and manner, that the unlucky young Englishman, even if he had previously forgotten the fact, could not fail to have remembered the words when so repeated. "D'ailleurs, monsieur," resumed the courteous mercer, "your address, as well as your distinguished name and appearance, was quite a sufficient guarantee. We all know that none but the most illustrious families ever take the Balcony House—and every thing, you must be aware, monsieur, is immediately known in a little place like this—so different from Paris! There was not a tradesman in the town who did not immediately know that the Balcony family had hired a carriage for the summer, and were on terms of the most

intimate friendship with Milor Lynberry and Milor Montgomery. Ah! monsieur, who would have a scruple of accepting your name as a guarantee! No one, *assurément!*—and accordingly, monsieur, it has been accepted by myself, as well as by all the other most fashionable *marchands* at the Baths. Nor have we, any of us, the slightest fear that we shall find cause to regret our noble confidence!”

Mr. Edward Roberts had not a word more to say against a claim so every way well established. However, for consistency's sake, he again knit his brows, and then said, “At any rate, you must wait a few days for it.”

The mercer again bowed low.

“Whenever it suited the convenience of monsieur,” he said. “Any time within the next week would be perfectly satisfactory to him. A family of such distinction as that of monsieur, could not leave Baden in the style that had suited Madame de Marquemont, who, *cependant, etait, il faut l'avouer, une femme charmante.*”

With such satisfaction as could be derived from this opinion, the unfortunate Edward quitted the shop, but found more solid consolation in the conviction that his father and mother would not leave him behind in a gaol, than even in the sympathetic admiration of the shop-keeper for Madame de Marquemont.

It was to his mother, therefore, that this pretty specimen of the English nation betook himself, in order to find the means of confirming the French shop-keeper's favorable opinion of himself and his *distinguished* family, and he certainly found, notwithstanding the astounding demand for fresh supplies that he brought upon her, that he was right in conjecturing he should not be left behind in a gaol. Mrs. Roberts, however, did begin to feel that a few more months passed like the three last, would bring her pecuniary affairs into rather a desperate condition, and therefore having distinctly answered Edward's distinct question of “*Dou you intend, ma'am, to leave me here to rot in a gaol?*” in the negative, which answer, by the way, she gave as promptly as distinctly, for her son looked at her as she asked the question with such wide-open round eyes, that she was quite frightened, she ventured to hint that the sooner he put himself in possession of Miss Harrington's fortune, the better it would certainly be for himself and his family, as he must, by this time be aware.

“And the thing shall be done, ma'am,” he replied, “as soon after we leave this cursed place, as you shall be pleased to put the needful quantity of tin into my hands. An old woman—I beg your pardon, ma'am, may not be quite as much up to all the turnings and twistings of such a job as a young man, 'twould not be quite fair to expect it; but yet, mother, I won't believe that you are such a fool as not to know that a man cannot get through with it without a good fist-full of ready money. As soon as you can manage to scratch together a hundred pounds for me, after these d—d debts are paid, I will turn your hateful Miss Bertha into Mrs. Edward Roberts in no time.”

Although these conditions were by no means unreasonable, they were by no means easy—and Mrs. Roberts fairly groaned.

“Oh! very well, ma'am,” resumed the young gentleman. “I am by no means in a hurry about it, I assure you. I will not deny that, as things seem to be going, the scheme which, as I shall manage it, cannot fail, may be convenient; but, nevertheless, it is too disagreeable for me to be at all in a hurry about it. It is *you* who are to look out about it, remember, and not I. All I can say is, if you will furnish the money, I will marry the girl. And if that does not content you, I can't help it.”

“It does, it does content me,” replied his mother, eagerly, “and the money *shall* be forthcoming if I guide your father's hand to make him draw for it.”

“And when am I to have the cash that is to free me from the gripe of all the rascals here?” demanded the young gentleman.

“Nay, it must be done at once, Edward,” replied his mother. “Your father has got into a queer sort of care-for-nothing way lately, which will make getting another draft easy enough. Though it is not very pleasant either to see him do what one asks, just as if he was asleep.”

“Dear me, ma'am,” returned her lively son, “I should have thought that must be the pleasantest possible state in which to find him, when he was required to transact business, unless, indeed, he could be brought to such a desirable state of lucidity as to give his signature when he was asleep outright.”

“For shame, Edward! How can you talk so?” replied the conscientious mother. “You know, my dear, I have always made it a most particular point with you and your sisters, that you should always treat

your father with the greatest respect. He is a very good man, Edward, though perhaps he may not be quite as bright as his children. But it is not his fault, remember, if he had not quite such a mother as you have had."

The sneer with which this well-brought-up youth turned up his heel, and concluded the interview, was an offering from his heart to both his parents, and might, without falsifying his feelings, have been divided very equally between them.

* * * * *

All that now remained to be done before again packing themselves into the identical veterino equipage which had conveyed them to Baden, was to take a proper leave of Agatha's illustrious friend the Princess Fuskymuskoff. They parted fondly, and with mutual regret; the princess was in every respect exactly such a friend as suited Miss Agatha, and Miss Agatha was in every respect exactly such a friend as suited the princess. So they mutually promised a punctual correspondence by letters, and the princess very positively declared that if she were fortunate enough to obtain a prolonged leave of absence from the Emperor of Russia, and the prince her husband, she should certainly pass the next winter in the same capital as her friend. She then put a little diamond ring upon the finger of the enchanted Agatha, kissed her on both cheeks, and dismissed her. And so ended the campaign of the Robertses at Baden-Baden.

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The sort of journey, as to enjoyment, which was now began, continued and ended, *à la veterino*, by our travellers, may very easily be imagined, and for this reason it shall not be described. The great object that the master spirits of the expedition had before them, was the reaching the *imperial city* as speedily as possible. It is vastly probable that they were not the first travellers to whose imaginations this same object acted as a magnet, drawing their bodies after it by a prodigiously powerful attraction; but it may be doubted if the space between the Duchy of Baden and the city of the Cæsars was ever before passed over with such utter indifference to every thing that lay between, as on the present occasion. As to Bertha, it was a feeling stronger than indifference which caused her to submit not only without a murmur, but

with positive satisfaction to this cat-in-a-basket sort of mode of being conveyed over some of the most beautiful and most interesting country in the world. She knew what it was to *look* in the society of the things we call Roberts, and now she knew also what it was to enjoy the happiness, the intense happiness which "bountiful sweet Heaven" can pour into our hearts, through our eyes, when the spirit is roused up and awakened by the companionship of a friend—a friend like Vincent. So that Bertha, like the rest of the party, very greatly preferred getting on as fast as possible to any lingering on the road.

"Good gracious! how lucky Bertha is!" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts. "How she does sleep to be sure!" And no wonder she thought her young companion's power of reposing during the fatigue of this long, tedious journey, both enviable and extraordinary, for never did chance bring to the ear of Bertha the well-known name of some spot, consecrated by history, poetry, or art, without her closing her eyes with resolute firmness, and mentally exclaiming, "Oh! a thousand times rather would I never see it at all than see it with them!"

In this manner they crawled onwards towards Rome, and when at length they passed through the Porta del Popolo, they had at least one feeling that was common to them all, which, though it had but little of classic enthusiasm in it, was at least perfectly unaffected and sincere. It would be difficult to say which of the six persons who occupied the carriage within and without, was the most delighted at feeling that they were about to quit it. This feeling of enjoyment would doubtless have been less unmixed in the fair bosoms of the two Miss Robertses, had they known that almost at the very moment when they were congratulating themselves upon being in Rome, the Lord Lynberry and Mr. Montgomery were in the act of settling themselves very comfortably in private lodgings in Florence. The phrase used by Lord Lynberry respecting the necessity of their "getting on to Rome," had left no doubt on the minds of the Robertses that they were immediately going to honor that favored city with their presence, and as they knew no more than the man in the moon where to apply, in order to ascertain whether they had arrived there or not, they went on hoping and expecting to meet them somehow or somewhere for many and many a tedious day after their arrival. Bertha, indeed, knew

where they were as well as they did themselves, having ascertained the way from the hotel to the post-office within a few hours after her arrival, which enabled her, by profiting by her established license of exit and entrance, to obtain a long letter from her cousin William, informing her of their intention of passing a month or six weeks at Florence. But all and every of the Roberts family would have been as likely to consult an umbrella or a walking-stick upon any point on which they wished for information as Bertha Harrington; and as she was as likely to volunteer intelligence as they were to ask for it, they profited not much by Mr. Vincent's accurate details respecting the future movements of his party.

For above a week Mrs. Roberts and her two daughters did nothing (after getting into private lodgings), nay, they attempted to do nothing save walking about the streets in the hope of meeting their lost friends. But as this did not answer, Agatha, with her usual acuteness of intellect, suggested the necessity of taking more decisive measures for obtaining the intelligence so important to them.

"Necessary!—to be sure it is necessary," said her mother, in reply to this very sensible observation; "but you must please to find out, Miss Agatha, the way to set about it."

"True, ma'am—quite true. We have been to blame in remaining thus long, without taking more effectual measures. I mean to make either my father or Edward go round with me to all the principal hotels. It is a great inconvenience the not being able to speak Italian. But I must make French do. I can bear this suspense no longer. We are wasting our time most deplorably!"

The energetic efforts of Agatha were successful. The civility of a waiter at the second hotel they entered for the purpose of making inquiries, set them in the right way of obtaining the information for which they long wished, and before night they had ascertained, beyond the hope of mistake, that no such persons as Lord Lynberry and Mr. Montgomery were in Rome. It was a dreadful blow, but it stunned them only for a few minutes. They happily remembered that the assertion respecting their intention of coming to the imperial city had been positive, but no one recollected having heard them say how long they intended to be *en route*, or what places they intended to visit by the way. They reproached

themselves severely for having omitted to ask these interesting particulars, while it was yet time, but drew consolation from the obvious fact that nothing could be more natural than that they should wish to see all that was to be seen.

"In short," said Agatha, "it is idle folly for us to spend our hours in fretting over what is past. Let us all remember to be more careful for the future. People who wish to pass successfully through life, must never leave themselves ignorant of the movements of friends who are important to them. But though it is well to impress this upon our minds for the future, it is useless to dwell upon it any more now. Let us rather turn our thoughts to the best manner of employing the interval which may still elapse before we can renew the pleasant *coterie* of Baden-Baden. Perhaps you have forgotten, ma'am, that we have letters of introduction to a Polish lady? She is a relative, I believe, or at any rate an intimate friend of the Princess Fuskymuskoff; and if she should turn out to be at all the same kind of superior person, and likewise disposed to be civil to us, the having a little leisure to cultivate her acquaintance before the arrival of the friends who will be sure to absorb us, as heretofore, may be, after all our regrets, rather advantageous than otherwise."

"It is very natural that *you* should think so, Agatha. But very unnatural that *I* should," said Maria. "However, of course, I don't mean to object to any effort that may lead to our being restored to the society of our fellow-creatures. The life we have led since we came to this shocking dull place is quite too horrid, and, I really do think, that people less high principled and religious than we are, would be found hanging to their bed-posts after such a week as we have endured. The very fact that we have neither of us unpacked a single smart thing since we arrived, speaks plainly enough the sort of condition we have been in."

"It does indeed, my dear!" said her mother. "It does indeed speak volumes! You are always the one to give us a helping hand, Agatha, in all difficulties. What is it you propose to do, my dear, respecting this Polish lady? I forget her name. What is her name, my dear Agatha?"

"Her name, ma'am, is of little consequence," replied Miss Roberts, with a slight sneer, "for you will never be able to pronounce it. She is called Yabiolporakiosky

—the Princess Yabiolporakiosky. Her husband is banished to Siberia, and my dear Siandrina told me she was one of the most charming women in the world."

"Poor dear lady! I dare say if she is so very amiable as the other princess says, we may all of us grow very fond of her, and the more so of course because of her high station, and her being so much to be pitied, which always does touch one's heart coming together; but yet, Agatha, I can't but say that just at present it would have been better for us if she had not been in such a very melancholy condition: for Heaven knows, we want something to cheer us just now. However, her being a princess must be advantageous. What do you mean to do about beginning the acquaintance, my dear?"

"You need not trouble yourself about that, ma'am. The man you have hired may be at my command, I suppose, for an hour or two?"

"Certainly, my dear. All day if you want him, except just at dinner time," replied her mother, with a deep sigh. "I confess I never did feel so dull and miserable in my life. Shall you write, or call, or what, my dear?"

"I wish you would not trouble yourself about it ma'am," replied Agatha. "Depend upon it I will do what is proper, and will tell you the result as soon as I know it myself. Will you let me have a little money, ma'am, in case I should want a carriage? I have not a farthing."

"Upon my word, Agatha, I would rather a great deal that you should give me a good box on the ear than ask me for money. There seems to be some wicked charm at work against me about money—for the more I get from your father, and the more I try to save, the more distressed I grow. I really never did see any thing like it!"

"Just as you please, ma'am," replied her daughter, pushing away from her the pen and ink with which she had been preparing to write. "Just as you please. I don't think the loss of this new acquaintance will be more felt by me than by the rest of you. I know that poor dear Edward expected a good deal from the introduction, and it certainly would be an advantage when our friends come, that they should see we had some decent acquaintance. However, I don't care a straw about it. Only I certainly shall not *walk* to make a call upon the princess."

"Good gracious, mamma, what can you

be thinking about!" said Maria, in an accent that seemed to threaten a burst of tears. "Do you you really intend, for the sake of saving a few pence, to prevent our making acquaintance with a princess?—and we, too, in such a condition as we are now! Upon my honor, ma'am, it seems as if you had been doing every thing you could think of on purpose to break our hearts! First letting us make the most intimate friendships with the most enchanting set of people in the world, and then tying up your purse and saving sixpence, in order to make us sit still, twisting our thumbs, without the comfort of a single soul to speak to—and that, too, in the very dirtiest, dullest old town in the world! Oh, dear! oh, dear! how I wish we were at Cheltenham or Brighton!"

"I am sure, Maria, I came to Rome wholly and solely to please you," returned her mother. "You don't suppose that I care any thing about the curiosities they talk of in this musty fusty old place, do you? And I do think it is too bad turning upon me with reproaches upon its dulness, when we might have lived and died without even being disgusted by the sight of its nasty, dirty, narrow streets, if it had not been for you, and your falling in love with Lord Lynberry."

"Don't you, Agatha," said Maria, turning towards her sister with a face glowing with indignation, "don't you think mamma is the only mother that ever lived who would speak of what has happened as *my* falling in love with Lord Lynberry, and not *his* falling in love with me?"

"Mamma is very queer sometimes certainly; but it is no good wasting our time in talking about it. It is much more to the purpose for me to know at once whether she means for us to make the acquaintance of the Princess Yabiolporakiosky or not. Will you please ma'am, to say what is to be done *at once*, without wasting any more time about it?"

"Done? Why you must go to her, Agatha," said the hard-pressed parent, unlocking the work-box in which was deposited all the ready money she had, and taking out a couple of dollars. "There is no help for it now, I see that; but if Maria does not marry Lynberry, and that pretty soon, I begin to suspect that we shall find coming abroad a bad joke."

The conversation recorded in the last chapter took place immediately after the

family breakfast, and before those who had been engaged in it met again at dinner a great deal of important business had been transacted.

No sooner did Agatha find herself in possession of the two dollars which had been so reluctantly bestowed upon her, and the time of the man-servant at her command, than she rushed into her bed-room, and without another moment's delay began to release the "smart things" whose imprisonment had been so pathetically deplored. Maria had followed her, looking the picture of sour woe and grumbling discontent; a condition which she herself described, when asked by her brother what was the matter with her by saying that she was "only dreadfully out of spirits."

But, to do her justice, her ill-humor was not of an obstinate character, for no sooner did the various treasures from the at-last-opened travelling trunks greet her eyes, than her features relaxed, and in a very few moments she became as gay and as voluble as ever.

"We must make the best of it, Agatha," she said, seizing upon a favorite bonnet, and smiling a welcome to her recovered self in the looking-glass. "Fortunately, Lord Lynberry is not the only man in the world, and though, Heaven knows, I am attached to him most passionately, there is no good in crying my eyes out because he has been longer coming from Baden to Rome than we have. On the contrary, I think that the best compliment I can pay him will be taking care to look as handsome as I possibly can when he arrives. And that's what I will do, you may depend upon it, and I advise you, Agatha, to act upon the same principle with Montgomery. They would think it no compliment, I'm sure, if we were to greet them with pale cheeks and heavy eyes."

"I thank you for your advice, Maria, though it is not exactly necessary on the present occasion. The man lives not for whose sake, when absent, my complexion could vary. And yet I can both see and appreciate superiority where I meet with it. These flowers don't look shabby, do they? This *tour de bonnet* is particularly becoming to me, and my first appearance at Rome, in my own character, shall be in my green silk, black lace mantle, and pink bonnet."

"You can't do better," replied Maria, cordially. "You look so like your own dear princess! That is so exactly the way she puts on her beautiful bonnets! And

how I do envy you, Agatha, having to dress and make a visit! Would it be quite, quite impossible for me to go too? You need only just say, 'give me leave, princess, to present my sister to you.' I would promise faithfully not to interrupt your talk by saying a single word. You know I never *do* talk much if there are only ladies. Would it be quite impossible to take me?"

"Absolutely, Maria, so don't think of it. My dear Siandrina charged me to see her for the first time alone, and, in fact, gave me a very particular message for her that she did not choose to trust in a letter. So you perceive it is impossible."

"Yes, I suppose it is. But will you promise that if she gives parties you will get me asked? Think what it would be to stay at home in an evening with mamma and papa."

"Don't be afraid. You are very pretty, Maria, and I will take care she shall see you. If she gives parties she will be sure to ask you; and I dare say we shall get on very well if we can but screw out money enough for our dress. But I can't stay to talk about it now. I shall write a note to send up with my card, and while I get it ready do go and tell Stefano to dress himself neatly to go out with me."

* * * * *

In half an hour afterwards Agatha was driving along the Corso, dressed with great care, and attracting many eyes by the fashionable-looking gayety of her attire, and the newness as well as the beauty of her face.

As soon as she had left the house, Maria sought relief from her own very oppressive company by going to her mother's room, whom she found engaged in unpacking a writing-desk, for the sake of examining the addresses of one or two letters of introduction which had been given her at Paris.

"I know, Maria," she said, "that there are one or two for Italy, but I am afraid that there is not one for this nasty tiresome Rome."

"Oh! what a blessing it would be if there were!" replied Maria, eagerly. "Open every cover, mamma! Don't overlook any thing, for goodness sake!"

"You may look too, if you will, child. See, here is Milan one, Florence two, Naples one; but none for Rome. I suppose nobody ever does stay here, it certainly does seem to be the very dullest place in the world."

"What's that cover directed to you, mamma?" said Maria. "I suppose there

must be something in it, or you would not have kept it."

"It is only an old letter, I believe, from my good friend Mrs. Bretlow at Paris," replied her mother.

"Let us look at it at any rate, mamma, that won't cost money you know," returned Maria, "and it is just possible that we may find what may be useful. Drowning folks, you know, catch at straws; and considering that we have been a whole week in this dirty old place without having had a single soul to speak to, we may be said to be as badly off in point of society, you know, as drowning people in point of air."

Mrs. Roberts had persevered during the whole of this speech in taking out one by one every paper in her desk with her right hand, while she continued to hold Mrs. Bretlow's letter in her left, and having in this manner completed her unprofitable search, she at length graciously listened to the remonstrance of her daughter, and opened the envelope.

"There!" cried Maria, triumphantly, as not only a note from Mrs. Bretlow, but another neatly folded and sealed, appeared within it, "there ma'am! Rome! I was sure of it, I had quite a presentiment."

"Rome it is, sure enough," returned Mrs. Roberts. "Mrs. Horace Hopperton, Rome. Well, that is a bit of good luck, certainly. Let us see what Mrs. Bretlow says about her. I have had such a quantity of things to think of, that I had forgotten this letter altogether." Then turning to the epistle of her old acquaintance she read, "I have enclosed you a letter to Mrs. Horace Hopperton. She has been living at Rome for several years, and, I am told, sees a great deal of company. She is a widow lady, with one son (unmarried), and both he and his mother are very rich. As she is exceedingly good-natured, and very fond of giving balls, and having young people about her, I think the introduction may be useful."

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"Was there ever such a piece of luck?" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, raising her eyes to heaven in thankfulness.

"Luck indeed! Now I don't care for any thing, mamma," replied Maria. "We have had pretty good success both at Paris and Baden, and who knows what may happen to us here? But for pity's sake waste no time about it. I do think Agatha is very selfish, taking out the man for the whole day, this way. If Stefano was at home I don't see any reason why you and I should

not dress too, and set out to make a visit to this Mrs. Horace Hopperton directly. I'm sure I'd give the world to get out."

"It would be capital fun, Maria, to be sure," replied her mother, "if you and I could steal a march upon her in this direction, while she is pushing herself forward all alone in another. Where is Edward?"

This question immediately suggested a whole train of hopeful possibilities, and, without waiting to reply to it, Maria rushed from the room and ran up a dark, narrow little staircase which led to that appropriated to her brother. To her extreme satisfaction she found him in it, busily occupied in parting his hair according to a new model which he had just been lucky enough to see in the Piazza de Spagna, where a very elegant looking young man on horseback had taken off his hat to salute a lady who was stopping at the library in a coroneted carriage.

"Never mind me, Edward," said his sister, holding out to him Mrs. Bretlow's letter. "Just read that, will you?"

"The devil! Where did this come from?"

"From mamma's writing-desk. This may be worth something Edward, may'nt it?"

"Worth? Why it may just turn Rome into Paris for us. What upon earth made the old lady keep it so close?"

"She forgot it; but don't scold about that now. Let us lose no more time about it if we can help it. You know Agatha's selfish, independent ways. She has made mamma give her two dollars for a carriage, and has taken Stefano with her that she may make her solitary visit in style to her intended Polish friend—the Princess Heaven knows what. She might so very well have taken either you or me with her! But mamma says, and she was quite right, that it would be capital good fun to steal a march upon her here; and we might do it as easily as possible, if you would help us."

"Help you? I'll help you fast enough," replied her brother. "It was a confounded shame for her to set off by herself, considering that we have not a single soul to speak to here. I'll help you, depend upon it. Where does this promising Mrs. Horace Hopperton live?"

"Ah! that's the worst of it—the only direction upon the letter is Rome."

"Never mind that—I know all about finding out people now—if you and the old lady will dress yourselves directly, I will run out and find where she lives, and bring back a carriage to take us. If my mother

can shovel out two dollars for Agatha, she can do as much for us, with herself into the bargain, I suppose. Never mind about a footman—the people will never find out—away with you, Maria—make yourself look as elegant as you possibly can; I shall do, shan't I?"

"Perfectly, Edward! your hair is divine. Off with you, and we will be ready for you in less than half an hour. Every thing is unpacked now."

In a wonderfully short space of time after the discovery of the precious letter, Mrs. Roberts, with her son and youngest daughter, had made their way to the drawing-room of Mrs. Horace Hopperton. The lady was fortunately not yet in it, and their cards and introduction were sent to her. The examination of their documents, however, did not detain her long, for she made her appearance before her stranger guests had had half time enough to admire all the elegance of the apartment into which they had been shown.

Nothing could be more courteous than her reception of them. She looked at the handsome faces of the brother and sister, and immediately decided that they would do very well in a waltz; and as Mrs. Roberts was very handsomely dressed, there seemed to be no impediment whatever to her producing them, by way of variety, at her weekly *soirée*, which was to take place on the morrow. Mrs. Roberts failed not to mention, incidentally, that besides a husband, who did not now go much into company, she had the happiness of possessing another daughter, and also that Miss Harrington, the daughter and heiress of Sir Christopher Harrington, was travelling with them. This information produced a general invitation for the whole party, and never did three visitors depart from a house better satisfied with the reception they had received in it, than did Mrs. Roberts and her son and daughter. There was a fine triumphant glow on the cheek of Agatha when she met the family at the dinner-table on that eventful day, but there was something in the glances exchanged between Mrs. Roberts and her two youngest children that was perhaps more triumphant still; but each party was coquetting with the curiosity of the other, and the soup was done with, and the *pièce de résistance* half carved, before either began to utter what they were bursting to say.

At length Mrs. Roberts addressed her eldest daughter in a gentle, humble sort of

tone, saying, "Well, my dear, had you the good fortune to meet the princess at home?"

"Yes, ma'm, I had," replied Agatha. And there she stopped.

"Was she civil, my dear?" resumed Mrs. Roberts, meekly.

"Civil, ma'am?" echoed her daughter, in rather an indignant accent. "Civil!—what a phrase! The Princess Yabiolparakiosky, ma'am, was every thing to me that I had a right to expect from the bosom friend of my dear Siandrina! She is an angel! But I am sorry to say that I fear she will be found extremely exclusive in her circle. I am not without fear that I shall have some difficulty in introducing you all—we are such an immense party! Perhaps I might manage as to Edward and Maria, but as to Miss Harrington, I am sorry to tell you, my dear," she added, bowing to Bertha across the table, "that I see no chance for you. And as to you, ma'am," turning to her mother, "we must see about it; we must have a little patience."

"Oh, certainly, my dear! I am quite aware of that. Does the princess receive, Agatha?"

"Yes, ma'am; a very brilliant assembly, I believe, once every month."

"Once every month," repeated Mrs. Roberts, exchanging glances with Maria and Edward.

"Why you don't suppose, ma'am, that a person so sought, as I am quite sure the Princess Yabiolparakiosky is, could stay at home to receive every night, do you?"

"No, Agatha, not *every* night; but many people of fashion, you know, receive every week, and that, if it is well done, helps the society of a place amazingly. The princess did not happen to invite you to come to her in a friendly way to-morrow evening, did she?"

"To-morrow evening? No, ma'am, she did not," replied Agatha, rather solemnly. "But I think it extremely likely she might have done so, had she not been engaged, as she told me, to a very splendid party; to which, dear creature, she said she would give the world to introduce me, were it possible to do so; but till I have been seen, she confesses, it would be more than she could venture. Mrs. Horace Hopperton, she told me, was the most exclusive person in Rome."

"Who, my dear?" said Mrs. Roberts, with increasing gentleness.

"Mrs. Horace Hopperton," repeated Agatha, haughtily; "but I really cannot

conceive, ma'am, what interest you can feel in hearing me repeat her name."

"I beg your pardon for troubling you so, my dear," returned her mother; "but I thought I might have mistaken what you said. We are going, that is, your brother, and sister, and I, to Mrs. Horace Hopperton's to-morrow night."

"You, ma'am?" cried Agatha, becoming suddenly as red as an old-fashioned peony. "You? what *do* you mean, ma'am? What joke have you got now?"

"Joke, Agatha? What joke have *you* got, child? Do you suppose that because you stalk off with the footman in search of princesses, the rest of the family are to sit still at home till you please to come back again? Is that your notion, Miss Roberts?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" replied Agatha, curling her lip. "You intend to punish me for the sin of having a friend of my own, by trying to mystify me. I really should hardly have expected that Edward and Maria would have joined in such an abortive attempt."

"I don't know what you call an abortive attempt," returned Maria, "unless it was that mamma's attempt to get you invited with us, might be said to be rather abortive, I don't think that you would easily find any adventure less so, than our visit of this morning to Mrs. Horace Hopperton. If the greatest kindness and most cordial reception could justify one's calling a middle-aged lady an angel, I should be apt to declare that our new acquaintance was probably quite as angelic as yours."

Agatha stared at them all with astonishment and agitation.

"Are you really in earnest?" said she, almost panting with emotion.

"Yes, to be sure we are," cried Edward, laughing. "One would think, to hear you, that we had never been invited to a party before. What is there so very extraordinary in it?"

"What is there extraordinary? How on earth have you managed to get an introduction and an invitation since I left you all languidly looking out of the window this morning?" demanded Agatha. "And such an introduction, and such an invitation!" she added. "I don't, I won't, I can't believe it."

"Very well," said Edward, "we won't say any more about it now: when we come home to-morrow night, we will bring you a description of the Princess Yab—you

must let me call her Yab if she be ten times an angel, Agatha—for I shall never remember her infernal name. And so the Yab told you that she could not take you to Mrs. Horace Hopperton's, did she? Poor you! I am really very sorry for you, Agatha."

"If you *are* in earnest, and if you all have contrived to get invited without me," returned Agatha, "you have used me shamefully, and you shall be punished for it, as sure as I am alive; that you shall, one and all of you, TRUST ME."

"Why, what a goose you are, Agatha!" cried her mother, with a timely laugh; "what a perfect gosling not to understand a joke better than that."

"What, it is all a joke then!" returned her daughter, with a look of very unequivocal scorn. "I certainly shall not retort your elegant compliment, ma'am, and call *you* a goose, but I must take leave to think that there was but little wit in your pleasantry."

"I don't think there was much, my dear," replied her mother, with exquisite sweetness of temper; "but who would have thought of your ever believing seriously for a single moment, that I had really suffered you to be left out of the invitation? Did I ever do such a thing in my life, Agatha?"

"Was it only *that* part of it that was the joke?" cried Agatha, with more earnest solemnity of manner than she would have indulged the jesters with, if she could have helped it; but her feelings really overpowered her too completely to permit her studying accent. "Do you really mean that you have contrived to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Horace Hopperton, and that you have seen her?"

It must be observed that at the critical moment when there appeared to be considerable probability of a serious quarrel between Mrs. Roberts and her eldest daughter, the peaceable master of the family (who was sinking with wonderful rapidity into the slippered pantaloons) left the room, the dinner being over, and Miss Harrington rose likewise, and followed his example; so that the conclusion of this interesting scene, was not witnessed by any, save the actors in it. In reply to Agatha's last question, Mrs. Roberts got up, and kissed the sublime forehead of her eldest daughter, with strong emotion.

"Yes, my dear love!" she exclaimed; "yes, we do mean it; and is there any one for whose dear sake, this little clever manoeuvre on my part, has given me more pleasure than for yours? But there shall be

no reproaches, girls—no reproaches, Edward. We are all now going on so well, we are in such an excellent train for recovering all we have lost, that it would be worse than foolish, it would be positively sinful, to do any thing but rejoice, and push forward."

"Hurrah! mother!" exclaimed Edward, vehemently clapping his hands. "Upon my soul you are, in your way, the very best old woman in the world."

"Upon my word," said Maria, "I think so too."

"And I am sure I have no inclination to differ from you," rejoined Agatha, very graciously. "If mamma's joke produced too great an effect upon me, she must reproach her own good, clever acting for it. I certainly am very thankful," she added, "that we seem at last likely to get out of the slough of despond into which we had suffered ourselves to plunge so desperately upon finding that our friends had not yet reached Rome. How differently every thing appears now, doesn't it? I declare to you that at this moment, dearly as I value, and ever must value, the flattering attachment of Montgomery, I feel that I am capable of enjoying the society of my fellow-creatures, provided they are of a proper class, as much as I ever did in my life."

"And I assure you, Agatha, I am not disposed to be behind-hand with you in good sense and proper feeling. Thank Heaven! I, too, have a heart capable of loving more than one of my fellow-creatures," replied her sister.

"That is all very well, my dears," said Mrs. Roberts, rather gravely. "I am very well pleased to see you looking like yourselves again. But you must not forget, if you please, that noblemen with twenty thousand a year don't grow on every hedge."

YOUNG ENGLAND.

From the British Quarterly Review.

Sybil, or the Two Nations. By B. D'Israeli, M. P. London, H. Colburn, 1845.

WE are no admirers of coteries or cliques—social, literary, or parliamentary. They are always exclusive, almost always narrow-minded, conceited, and intolerant—preposterous self-praisers, and virulent abusers of all who would presume to differ

from them in doctrine or opinion. Whether we look to the Cockneys or the Lakers, the Owenites or the Spenceans, the Della Crusicans, or to the small phalanx led by old George Bankes, formerly member for the ancient borough of Corfe Castle—the result is still the same. It is the same exhibition of intolerant conceit, based on limited views and extravagant self-worship. The pleasant feeling of self-importance which induced the three tailors of Tooley-street to call themselves the people of England, ferments through the veins of every true disciple of Young England, from Benjamin D'Israeli down to the histrionic member for Evesham—gentlemen who may be regarded as the beginning and the ending of this notable though not numerous clique.

But this clique includes Lord John Manners, and Mr. George Frederick Augustus Percy Sydney Smythe, M. P. for Canterbury. Lord John Manners is a young nobleman of twenty-seven years of age—hopeful, generous, benevolent, and well disposed. This is something to say in favor of a scion of nobility, and what some men would account a positive recommendation as said in favor of the descendant of a territorial duke. Mr. George Frederick Augustus Percy Sydney Smythe is the son of Viscount Strangford, and also a young man of the same age as Lord John; and in addition to much literary cultivation, he is said to possess as many extraordinary virtues as he possesses Christian names. He is a pleasing writer of prose and poetry, a facile and fluent, if not a powerful speaker, and very capable of taking fresh, broad and general views. His discourse delivered in Manchester, in the month of October, on the occasion of the Athenian *soirée*, is in the remembrance of some of our readers, while his more recent speech in the Maynooth debate, whatever we may think of the soundness of some of his opinions, or the wisdom of some of his views, was distinguished by a rare order of talent, and a choice, copious, and brilliant felicity of diction. He is evidently a man of various reading, and varied accomplishments—of an ardent temperament, with a deep tinge of sentiment and enthusiasm, and no mean share of what is called genius.

Something of romance, gleams of sentiment, and fond illusion may be pardoned in young men of his age and stamp, but when a veteran author, like Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli the younger, who, by the way, is

no longer young, for his age must range somewhere between forty-five and forty-seven (having been born according to one account in 1798, and according to another in 1800)—when, we say, a man in mature middle age, wears, with settled and wrinkled brow, the guise of an eager and too believing boyhood, it is fitting that facts and dates should be laid before the public, and that asystem of spurious enthusiasm and counterfeit juvenility should be reprehended and exposed. To borrow the language of the French Theatre, Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli is far too faded and *fané*, too hackneyed in the ways of the world, to play the parts of the *jeunes amoureux*; indeed, he is sufficiently senile to be promoted to the *pères nobles*;* and airs and gestures, and modes of thought and feeling, which may be pardoned in his younger friends, are in him misplaced, not to say ridiculous. Nearly, if not fully, twenty busy years have passed since Vivian Grey at once startled and amazed the town; and though the fancies that now flit across Mr. D'Israeli's brain might have been pardoned him then, yet they cannot be so easily overlooked in a person, who, commencing his political career at an age beyond thirty, has now been thirteen years more or less prominently before the public, either as an Ultra-Radical, seeking to be a joint of O'Connell's tail—as a Liberal, seeking to be elected for an English constituency, under the auspices of Sir E. L. Bulwer,—or as an Ultra-Tory, or Tory-Radical, seeking to represent, if we remember rightly, Aylesbury or Buckingham, and actually representing Shrewsbury.

Of the member for Evesham, the less that is spoken at any time the better. But of Mr. D'Israeli it was absolutely necessary that we should speak personally as a man, as a legislator, and as the leader of a politico-literary party, consisting of three, four, or five individuals; inasmuch as he puts himself ostentatiously forward as an actor and a politician—as at once an historian, a painter of manners, a witness, and a proponent of new theories,—social, political, economical, and religious. For all this, we do not in the least find fault with him, nor are we disposed, like others, too nicely to scan or question his motives. Mankind are almost in every case guided and governed by mixed motives; and though pique

and disappointment may have had the effect of whetting the unappeasable desire of Mr. D'Israeli to be distinguished—though his ambition may have become somewhat more vaulting since he has encountered the neglect of the person estimated as the most mediocre statesman that ever guided the destinies of England, yet what have the public to do with that private passage in Mr. D'Israeli's history, further than to congratulate themselves that this disrelish of Sir Robert Peel has furnished them with two novels, *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, blending together politics, personality and fiction, and possibly preserved them from an indifferent official man, having neither the tact of Tadpole, nor the tenacity of Taper, nor the routine of Rigby, nor the decorous dullness, called discretion, possessed in so eminent a degree by the Sandons, and Clerks, and Rosses, and such 'small deer,' of the conservative majority. We are not of the number of those who think that there is an absolute incompatibility between a man of genius and a man of business; but the finer edge of the mind is not always well set against the every-day business of human life. Swift tells us a blunt knife cuts paper better than the keenest edged razor; and, from the days of Addison down to the times of Canning and Macaulay, we have seen that the initiation into state-craft of literary men and men of genius, has in no degree contributed to their personal happiness, and not always either to their character or renown. That Mr. D'Israeli is excluded from the favor of 'the sublime of mediocrity' is with us rather a matter to his honor. If he were good enough to march through Coventry with the right honorable Premier, the member for Tamworth—or ready to act on the *volti subito* principle of that prop and pillar of our estate ecclesiastical, the author of that misty, incomprehensible work called 'The Church in its Relations to the State'—he would be good in our minds for nothing else, and we should leave him to his lot with a slavish majority;—but with all his conceit, mannerism, and saucy affectations, there is much serviceable stuff in him, and his tales, his theories, and his portraits of classes and individuals, may be turned to excellent popular account. From whatever cause or motive, he has done much to break the spell that hung around the name of Peel, and has painted that politician to the life, in unfading colors. Cold, cautious, incommunicative—utterly without fixed princi-

* In the French Theatre, old and young parts are thus technically distinguished.

ples or opinions—every accurate observer knew Sir R. Peel to be; but little did the world think the voice which was once raised in his praise, would so soon discover that the sublimity of his state-craft was to be found in an ever-ready recurrence to Hansard, and the profundity of his wisdom to be disclosed in an *argumentum ad hominem* reference to the *Mirror of Parliament*. Though backed by a great party, every well-informed person knew the minister to be without personal friends, destitute as he is of qualities to attach and fascinate the minds of men; but no one expected the admirable kit-cat sketches of his servile flatterers, with which we are presented in the striking likenesses of *Tadpole*, *Taper*, and *Rigby*, would follow so speedily. The silly stuff in *Coningsby*, about the 'pure Caucasian breed—the Venetian origin of the British constitution,' and the purity and perfection of the Hebrew race, would be an insufferable impertinence if it were not for these personal sketches, shadowing forth the politician Peel, with his paltry instruments. The dissertations—the strange and whimsical fancies—nay, even the puppyism and offensive priggishness of the ideas and opinions, may be pardoned for those sparkling sketches, so true, characteristic, and evidently the result of minute personal observation. It is said there is a spice of malice and malignity ill disguised in the well-drawn characters of *Rigby*, *Tadpole*, and *Monmouth*. Perhaps there may be, but Mr. D'Israeli is not the first among English novelists who has, by means of personal satire, given a zest and currency to wholesome truths. De Foe, Swift, Fielding, Smollet, and Henry Brooke, have all preceded him in this walk; and though his manner of handling his subject, and enforcing his views, has been gravely objected to, we see no reason to concur in this hypercriticism.

The volumes at present before us begin with a most preposterous dedication, conceived in the worst taste, and expressed in the most affected manner. They are inscribed 'to the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife'—qualities which we had heretofore considered wholly incompatible; but on this point we suppose we must yield to the happy or unhappy experience of Mr. D'Israeli.

The volumes, we are told, 'aim to illustrate the condition of the people; and there is not a trait in them for which the author has not the authority of his own

observation, or evidence given before parliamentary commissioners.' The object is undoubtedly praiseworthy; and the volumes bear internal evidence that the author has been at no inconsiderable pains to accomplish his purpose. Mr. D'Israeli is evidently a great observer of external manners, dress, air, and modes of expression; and we are disposed generally to recognize the truthfulness of his characteristics. His sketches, more especially the characters drawn from the mill and the mine, are real beings of flesh and blood; and merit, so far as we are capable of judging, the praise of perfect fidelity of outline. Nor is our artist less faithful in the coloring and filling up. The dialogues are, we doubt not, either the undefiled transcript of notes made on the spot, or the result of careful and accurate observation. This faithfulness and truth to nature is a great merit; and in reading the account of the Tommy shop, the scenes at the Temple, with the conversations of Dandy Mike, Devil's-dust, and Chaffing Jack, with the observations of Julia, Mrs. Mullens, Dame Toddles, Liza Gray, Stephen Hatton, and Master Nixon, we at once perceive that Mr. D'Israeli writes like a person *qui connaît bien son monde*. His dialogue is as accurate as his setting forth of air, manner, and dress. This genuine truthfulness in describing the inhabitants of a *terra incognita* to our summer tourists and travellers, is of such importance that we forgive the absurd theories—the apologies for the Stuart family, learned under the paternal roof of D'Israeli the elder—the abuse of the Reformation and the Revolution—of the great Whig families—of the Stadtholder of Holland, and of Dutch finance.

No doubt there was much which might have been softened and improved in the character of Luther—no doubt there was much plunder of religious houses at the Reformation, which went to enrich the minions of a selfish and remorseless debauchee—no doubt the Revolution was produced in a degree by intrigue, social and political—no doubt there was nothing more amiable and attaching in the personal character of William III. than in the character of Sir Robert Peel; but the Reformation and the Revolution are great events, which are not at this time of day to be written down by any pen, however bold, confident, or aspiring; and as little is it in the power of Mr. D'Israeli to change the general and fixed opinion of the people of England as

to the character of William III. As a private individual, William was cold, taciturn, and unsocial—in his domestic life he was somewhat of a tyrant; but as a public man he achieved great objects, and was distinguished by that cool, calm courage, that fixed tenacity of purpose, without which no great measures or objects are ever fully effected. Nothing but a desire to be singular, and to take views different from all other men, could have induced Mr. D'Israeli to put forth such crude trash as these historic fancies. Indeed, his gentlemanly dissertations on history are about the most monstrous fictions in his volumes; but whether he deals in paradox or politics, or in the trick of unduly running down some reputations, or unduly elevating others, he always exhibits great skill, occasionally great vigor and picturesqueness of diction, and not unfrequently an impudence and flippancy, zestful and amusing. His recent apprenticeship to diurnal journalism has made him master of that craft and mystery. He has learned the knack—and it is, after all, a knack—of stimulating curiosity and seizing the attention by a *coup-de-main*. The ready, off-hand manner, the application of strong epithets, and the use of startling contrasts, are had recourse to in the mode which he practises in the great journal which in its turn bestows its praise on his Philippics. Vivid and animating are his words and phrases, but they are often used recklessly, and sometimes they only suggest or half express the dark and wicked meaning which lurks behind.

Sybil is meant as a sequel to Coningsby, and it opens with a scene at Crockford's, preparatory to the Derby of 1837. The interior of that luxurious resort of fashion and folly, with its vast and golden saloon, is accurately described. There are Lord Milford and Mr. Latour, Lord Eugene de Vere and Alfred Mountchesney, and Egremont, the younger brother of an English Earl, who has just completed the termination of his fifth lustre. His patent of nobility, indeed, is not an old affair; nay, the arms on the panels of his coach are hardly yet dry, for his nobility, saith our author, only dates three centuries. The founder of the family had been a confidential domestic of one of the favorites of Henry VIII. The elder brother of Egremont, the Earl of Marney, is a hard-hearted New Poor Law politician; but he does not appear till we get somewhat into the marrow of the story. The conversation at Crockford's is silly,

shallow, and conventional; and as it is on a race which is to come off on the following day, each man, of course, tries to cheat his neighbor. Before, however, the race is delineated, we have the history of the Greymount family, from which the Egremonts descend, which is evidently meant for a sly hit at the ducal house of Russell. In 1668, this family became friends of civil and religious liberty, and not being in anywise distinguished, furnish Lord Presidents, Privy Seals, and Lord Lieutenants of Ireland. We are told, in an antithetical period, that they plundered the church to gain the property of the people, and changed the dynasty to gain the power of the Crown. The people, meanwhile, had lavished their blood and treasure 'to maintain a dignity that had neither ancient memories to soften, nor present sciences to justify their unprecedented usurpation.' These truths are, however, hardly enunciated, when the startling theory is propounded that some of the most influential personages in our history are not mentioned by any of our historians. Not one man in a thousand, it appears, has ever heard of Major Wildman, yet he was the soul of English politics from 1640 to 1688. So that, on the faith of this new theory, men must give up Cromwell, Ludlow, Pym, Hampden, Monk, Harry Martin, John Milton, and a host of others, and follow the D'Israeli idea of deifying Major Wildman!

To return, however, to the story, the Derby is rapidly and vigorously described. Much is expressed in a few words, and the animal excitement of the race, with its train of titled and untitled thimblerriggers—now in the elation of hope, now in the jaws of disappointment—is artfully and artistically dressed up. It was about three years before this famous race, in 1833, that Charles Egremont, a younger son, with extravagant tastes and expensive habits, had left Oxford and entered on the great world. His mother, Lady Marney, was, in the language of Mr. D'Israeli, a distinguished stateswoman—i. e. a female politician, and his elder brother is a hard-hearted, cold-headed member of the Upper House. For a couple of years, Charles hovers about town till his heart becomes entangled; but the mother of the Lady Arabella cannot permit her daughter to marry a younger son, and it is a hopeless passion, at all events, for the lady marries an elder one. Charles goes abroad in melancholy mood, vowing never to return,

but returns nevertheless, in the spring of 1837, and re-enters the world, where he once sparkled. He again bets on the Derby, contests the borough of Marney, and is returned to parliament. It is during a visit which he pays to his brother, at Marney Abbey, after his election, that he sees in the cemetery two men, one of lofty stature, whose appearance interests him. An incendiary fire had taken place but a few days before, at one of the Abbey farms—but instead of first talking of the ‘condition of England question,’ one of the strangers bemoans the hard fate of the monks, who were driven out of this their resting-place. This stranger is Walter Gerard, the overlooker at Trafford’s factory—Mr. Trafford being a Catholic—while in the veins of this overlooker flows gentle blood, whose ancestor indeed had been the last abbot of Marney. He is accompanied by his friend, Stephen Morley, the editor of the ‘Mowbray Phalanx,’ and his daughter, Sybil Gerard, who is not at first seen by Egremont; but at the close of an interesting conversation, Egremont hears in the grey twilight in the interior of the ruined church, the evening hymn to the Virgin. The hour—the scene—the solemn sound and the stillness of the evening, repress controversy, and induce silence. The melody ceases; the eider stranger now rises from his knees on which he had dropped, and then, within the vacant and star-lit arch, on which his glance was fixed, Egremont beholds a female form, apparently in the habit of a religieuse, yet scarcely could she be a nun, for her veil had fallen on her shoulders, and revealed her thick tresses of long fair hair. Egremont believed her a seraph, or the fair phantom of some saint haunting the sacred ruins. This is no saint or seraph, however, but Sybil Gerard, who gives the name to the story, and a new destiny to Charles Egremont; and the ‘Two Nations,’ on which the strangers discoursed with the brother of Lord Marney in the Abbey precincts, are not England and Ireland, as one might be led to suppose, but rich and poor.

Now our readers have a key to the story; but ere we resume the narrative, let us stop to state that the situation of Marney Abbey is well described. There are many passages of picturesque word-painting and really beautiful writing, mingled with much shrewd observation and solid common sense. A school-boy’s ideas of the church, in those days, we are told, were fat-livings;

and of the state, rotten boroughs; while to do nothing and to get something, formed a boy’s idea of a manly career. But if a spirit of rapacious covetousness has been the besetting sin of England for a century and a half, we do not know that the worship of Mammon has been much mitigated by the passing of the Reform Act. We will not go the length of saying, with Mr. D’Israeli, ‘that we are startled from our voracious strife by the wail of intolerable serfage,’ but we very much fear, that to acquire and to accumulate has been too much of late the heartless business of England. Wealth and toil are no doubt necessary to our existence, as much as to our well-being; but they are not the only things necessary. And in the hot and hasty pursuit after gain, we too often overlook other things equally necessary, which ought to be inseparably incident to wealth and labor. We feel the full force of Mr. D’Israeli’s observation, that ‘we are an aggregation, but no community;’ but it will not do, by way of bettering our condition, to roll back the tide of civilization, and leave us as we were in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Furious insurrections, frightful famines, beggary, and rapine, plague, and pestilence, then desolated the land; and men’s minds were subdued by the sword, or swayed by superstition, into a temporary tranquillity which was not contentment. We even prefer colonels without regiments, and housekeepers of royal palaces that exist but in name, to monks and nuns; and had infinitely rather have the New Poor Law, and Union workhouses, and the law of settlement, with all their vices, than go back to begging from convent door to convent door with a huge wallet. The principle of modern English society may be a dissociating rather than an uniting principle; men may be careless of neighbors, and live in a state of isolation to make fortunes now-a-days; but this isolation, with its accompaniment of vitality, activity, and eager spirit of inquiry, is preferable to the community and aggregation, accompanied by that utter stagnancy of mind, and that complete stifling of all inquiry which distinguished the monastic system with which Mr. D’Israeli is so much in love.

But to return to the story. We had stated that the last abbot of Marney was a Walter Gerard; and it appears that another of the overlooker’s ancestors fought at Agincourt. Walter, therefore, though he wends his way back to Mowbray, to his

daily task of overlooking the factory of Mr. Trafford, is of old family and of the ancient faith. To Mowbray also journeys shortly after, on a visit to its lord, the peer, Lord de Mowbray, Lord and Lady Marney, and Charles Egremont, his brother, whom Lord de Marney would talk into a marriage with Lady Joan Mowbray, a person who, from the death of an only brother, is to possess, in the slang of inheritance, an elder son's portion. But Charles likes her not. While staying in the house he became intimate with a Puseyite clergyman of the name of St. Lys, who visits the sick and the poor of the parish of Mowbray. In this Christian duty, he is accompanied by Charles Egremont; and, again, unexpectedly, in the sick chamber of a 'harrassed Saxon' weaver of the name of Warner, does he meet Sybil, and is again enchanted. The form of Sybil Gerard was now stamped in his brain; it blended with all his thoughts, it haunted every object. He could not resist the conviction that from the time he had met the strangers in the abbey ruins, his sympathies had become more lively and more extended, and, while pondering on these things, in returning from a fishing excursion, he encounters Sybil's father, is invited to his cottage, where Gerard tells him his own history, discourses of his daughter, and relates, too, the history of his friend Stephen Morley, the editor and journalist. Confidence ought to beget confidence, but Charles Egremont, instead of revealing his name, passes as a person connected with the press, and tells his host his name is Franklin. As Franklin, he becomes domiciled at Mowbray, and frequently passes his evenings at Gerard's cottage. There he sees more and more of Sybil, and exclaims to himself, in a reverie which betokens the state of his feelings, 'Were it not for my mother, I would remain Mr. Franklin for ever!' He feels there is something sublime, yet strangely sweet withal, about this Sybil. He seeks her company, walks with her, talks with her, and dreams of her. Father and daughter present him to their friend Stephen Morley, on Stephen's return to Mowbray. He had been absent on a journey to Woodgate, to seek one Stephen Hatton, through whom he hoped to obtain some tidings of another Hatton, an antiquary, pedigree-maker, and genealogist, who had been entrusted with certain papers touching the family history of Walter Gerard, and affecting his right to an estate and title. Day after day, week after

week—nay, months thus passed on in company with Sybil. Her beauty, the earnestness of her intellect, the repose and dignity of her manner charmed and captivated Egremont. But early in October, his mother, who communicated with him through a faithful servant admitted to the secret of his residence, entreated Egremont in urgent terms to repair to her without a moment's delay. He was now to quit Mowbray and Mowedale. He took his leave in almost silent sorrow; but ere he parted from Sybil, he offered her an English translation of Thomas-a-Kempis. There was one who appeared pleased with his departure, and that was Stephen Morley.

A new scene now opens on Egremont: he becomes a working member of parliament, and 'has crotchets about the people.' A new scene also opens on Walter Gerard: he comes a delegate to the national convention, sent up to London by the chartists to contend for the five points. He is accompanied by Sybil. It is one of the duties of Walter to wait on certain members of parliament, and among others on the Honorable Charles Egremont. Ushered into the room in the Albany in which Charles Egremont lives, Walter Gerard and Stephen Morley see before them the reporter of Mowbray and Mowedale, Mr. Franklin. On the following day, Charles, in passing through Westminster Abbey, encounters Sybil. He accompanies her to her temporary abode in Smith's square, Westminster; and at the door they meet her father. Egremont asks to enter. The permission is granted, with some reserve, by Gerard; and then an explanation follows, in which Sybil learns, for the first time, that Mr. Franklin the reporter, is none other than the brother of Lord Marney. On the following day, Egremont again calls, and, finding Sybil alone, discloses his affection, and proffers his hand; but the daughter of the chartist delegate reminds him that the gulf between rich and poor is utterly impassable, and rejects his offer; and thus ends the second volume.

The third commences with the outbreak of riots at Birmingham, which render Sybil feverish and uneasy, principally on her father's account. Soon after this event, Egremont recognizes her in the park, as he is proceeding to attend a committee of the House. He had, a few nights before, made a 'beautiful speech' in favor of the people, for which he is gratefully thanked by Sybil. Egremont, aware from his position that the Government are about to lay a heavy hand

on the chartists, counsels Sybil to induce her father to leave London ere the Government shall strike at the convention. Sybil exerts her influence, but in vain; and Gerard and his daughter are both arrested, the daughter having tracked her father to a secret meeting of delegates somewhere about Silver-street. In this agony of her fate, she addresses, from Bow-street Police-office, a letter to Charles Egremont, which is delivered to him at a ball where Lord John Russell is also present, and Sybil (through the instrumentality of the noble lord) is liberated. Walter Gerard, her father, is committed for a seditious conspiracy, is held to bail, and immediately on his liberation proceeds to Mowbray, to attend a political meeting. He is received with triumph; and now Baptist Hatton appears on the scene, a prosperous pedigree-maker. He has seen Sybil, and is touched by her beauty; he has seen Gerard, her father, and the thought that the representative of an old family had been cheated out of his birth-right by him, by one of the same faith—for Baptist Hatton is also a Roman-catholic—weighs heavy on his mind. The country is in the throes of political excitement. There is a talk of strikes, and of rising of tens of thousands of working men; and Hatton now conceives the idea, through the instrumentality of Morley, Field, and others of the convention, of inducing the working people to attack Mowbray Castle, where, in a strong box, are Walter Gerard's title-deeds to a title and estate which Lord de Mowbray has unjustly obtained by the fraudulent efforts of this same Baptist Hatton. The people proceed to the attack, headed by Morley and Stephen Hatton, a ferocious lock-maker, and brother of Baptist. They enter the cellars, drink the wines, destroy the furniture, and in the confusion, Morley mounts the minaret tower, and gets possession of the box containing the title-deeds. But the yeomanry arrive at this juncture, and Stephen is fired at, and mortally wounded by a trooper. In his last agony, he perceives the commander of the forces is Egremont; and throwing the box of title-deeds to Dandy Mike, conjures him to deliver them to Sybil—a request which Dandy faithfully fulfils. While these things are enacting at the castle, Walter Gerard is endeavoring to calm and tranquilize a vast multitude assembled on Mowbray Moor, when Lord Marney encounters the people with his yeomanry. The Riot Act is read; the people are fired on and

sabred. The indignant spirit of Gerard resists; he strikes down a trooper to the earth, and calls on those about him not to yield. But the father of Sybil is picked out and shot dead. Instantly rose a groan which almost quelled the spirit of Lord Marney. The people rush on the troopers, armed with bludgeons and stones, and Lord Marney falls lifeless on Mowbray Moor, literally stoned to death. Sybil, who is in the park of Mowbray Castle, is assailed by a band of drunken rioters. One ruffian had grasped her arm, another seized her garments, when an officer, covered with dust and gore, sabre in hand, jumped from the terrace, and hurried to the rescue. 'We will never part again!' said Egremont. 'Never!' murmured Sybil. Sybil, in due season, with her title-deeds, and trial by jury, gained possession of Mowbray Castle and £40,000 a-year; and Egremont having become Earl of Marney, marries her; and so ends the third and last volume.

Such are the main features of the story, in so far as the hero and heroine are concerned; but there are various episodes and minor *dramatis personæ*. The condition of the people, however, and more especially the condition of the poor, is kept permanently in view, and the condition of the mill and the mine, and that of the agricultural laborer, is mapped forth with breadth of outline and minute fidelity. But few of the individual characters are natural, though the dialogue is in general racy and characteristic. Sybil is a gentle and delicate being, instinct with deep feeling and self-possession, but yet ever brooding over the wrongs of her race and her religion—her race, the Saxon, one which predominated over every other in England, and which is now mingled with Norman, Dane, Celt, and Hun; and her religion the Roman-catholic, freed from every disability, and enjoying for the last sixteen years at least, no small favor. Walter Gerard, too, with all his chartism, is ever thinking of his old blood and older faith. Stephen Morley, the journalist, in love with Sybil, is an enigma rather than a man—at one period he exhibits the malignity of a demon; at another, the self-devotion and purity of an angel—now, he makes a cowardly attempt on the life of Egremont; and again, an unmanly attack on the feelings of Sybil. Yet maintaining the property in common principle, he puts to hazard his ease, and sacrifices his life to gain an estate for Walter Gerard, who laughs at his politics and loathes his infi-

delity. Simon Hatton, the locksmith, is such a character as never existed, though his brother, Baptist, the pedigree-maker, is well drawn. Lord Marney, too, is a correct sketch, and may be taken as a type of the mean, mercenary, hard-hearted portion of our nobility; but his brother Charles, the hero of the story, is an undefined and undeveloped personage, meant to represent the Normans. And the manner in which he introduces himself to the hearth of a Saxon Catholic, and passes under a false name and false profession, is neither reconcileable with honor, honesty, nor gentlemanly feeling. Tadpole and Taper appear but rarely; but then we have mobs of gentleman and ladies, who talk with ease to show their breeding, who discuss persons instead of principles, and 'cloak their want of thought in mimetic dogmas, and their want of feeling in superficial railery.' The social, heartless stupidity of the higher classes, is occasionally happily handled; nothing can be truer than the description of a great dull dinner in a great dull house, were the servants even become infected with the genius of the place, and supply your wants with a lofty air of empty pomposity. But it is in describing the very lowest classes of our increasing and manufacturing population, and the shallow political intriguers of the day, male and female, that Mr. D'Israeli conspicuously shines. The description of the girls of the coal mines, and of Degg's Tommy, is admirable, and the characters of Devil's-dust, Dandy Mike, and Master Nixon, are well brought out. Nor is there a better conceived nor a truer character in the book than that of Hoaxem, in the third volume. It is plain that Hoaxem has been a right-hand man in high places for some time past. There is an extract we cannot resist the pleasure of making in reference to this useful person.

'Well, Mr. Hoaxem,' resumed the gentleman in Downing Street, as that faithful functionary entered, 'there are some deputations, I understand, to-day. You must receive them, as I am going to Windsor. What are they?'

'There are only two, sir, of moment. The rest I could easily manage.'

'And these two?'

'In the first place, there is our friend Colonel Bosky, the members for the county of Calshire, and a deputation of tenant farmers.'

'Pah!'

'These must be attended to. The members have made a strong representation to me

that they really cannot any longer vote with government unless the Treasury assists them in satisfying their constituents.'

'And what do they want?'

'Statement of grievances; high taxes and low prices; mild expostulations and gentle hints that they have been thrown over by their friends; Polish corn, Holstein cattle, and British income tax.'

'Well you know what to say,' said the gentleman in Downing Street. 'Tell them generally that they are quite mistaken; prove to them particularly that my only object has been to render protection more protective, by making it practical, and divesting it of its surplusage of odium; that no foreign corn can come in at fifty-five shillings; that there are not enough cattle in all Holstein to supply the parish of Paneras daily with beef steaks; and that as for the income tax, they will be amply compensated for it by their diminished cost of living through the agency of that very tariff of which they are so superficially complaining.'

'Their diminished cost of living!' said Mr. Hoaxem, a little confused. 'Would not that assurance, I humbly suggest, clash a little with my previous demonstration that we had arranged that no reduction of prices should take place?'

'Not at all; your previous demonstration is of course true, but, at the same time, you must impress upon them the necessity of general views to form an opinion of particular instances. As, for example, a gentleman of five thousand pounds per annum pays to the income tax—which, by-the-by, always call property tax—one hundred and fifty pounds a year. Well, I have materially reduced the duties on eight hundred articles. The consumption of each of those articles by an establishment of five thousand pounds per annum cannot be less than one pound per article. The reduction of price cannot be less than a moiety; therefore a saving of four hundred per annum; which placed against the deduction of the property tax leaves a clear increase of income of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum; by which you see that a property tax in fact increases income.'

'I see,' said Mr. Hoaxem, with an admiring glance. 'And what am I to say to the deputation of the manufacturers of Mowbray complaining of the great depression of trade, and the total want of remunerating profits?'

'You must say exactly the reverse,' said the gentleman in Downing Street. 'Show them how much I have done to promote the revival of trade. First of all, in making provisions cheaper; cutting off at one blow half the protection on corn, as for example, at this moment under the old law the duty on foreign wheat would have been twenty-seven shillings per quarter; under the new law, it is thirteen. To be sure, no wheat could come in at either price, but that does not alter the principle. Then as to live cattle, show how I

have entirely opened the trade with the continent in live cattle. Enlarge upon this, the subject is speculative, and admits of expensive estimates. If there be any dissenters on the deputation who, having freed the negroes, have no subject left for their foreign sympathies, hint at the tortures of the bull-fight, and the immense consideration to humanity, that instead of being speared at Seville, the Andalusian Toro will probably in future be cut up at Smithfield. This cheapness of provisions will permit them to compete with the foreigner in all neutral markets,—in time beat them in their own. It is a complete compensation, too, for the property tax, which, impress upon them, is a great experiment, and entirely for their interests. Ring the changes on great measures and great experiments till it is time to go down and make a house. Your official duties of course must not be interfered with. They will take the hint. I have no doubt you will get through the business very well, Mr. Hoaxem, particularly if you be 'frank and explicit;' that is the right line to take when you wish to conceal your own mind and to confuse the mind of others. Good morning.

But the story of this tale is ill contrived, and the plot vulgarly managed, in the worst spirit of the Minerva-press school. Few will read the volumes for either the story or the plot. The book may no doubt be taken as a sort of official state-paper of Young England theories, which are, after all, very old exploded English doctrines, in the sense in which they are put forth, and may be comprised in the words, Queen, Church, and People. But the queen must be a Tory queen—with real power—who not only reigns, but *governs* by her own will; the church must be a high church, either Romanist or Puseyite, or a blending of both together; and the people must be a people, fed with good butcher's meat certainly, but clad in coarse woollens, and humbly disposed to bow to the right divine of princes and of priests. But these jaded, outworn doctrines, however picturesque and mediæval they may seem on paper, are gone for ever by, and are abhorrent to the people of England; and though they may please the romantic taste of pure Caucasians, and find favor with scions of aristocracy, more poetical than wise or far seeing, yet they never again can find large favor in this good land of ours.

GOVERNMENT AND SOCIETY IN RUSSIA.

From the British Quarterly Review.

Revelations of Russia, and the Emperor Nicholas and his Empire, in 1844. London: Colburn, 1845. Second edition.

A COMPLETE and faithful work on Russia has long been a desideratum in English literature. The older English works of Milton, Carlisle, Perry, and Motley, are now antiquated, while the contemporary French works, with the exception of Rulhière, who treats only of a particular epoch, are superficial and utterly unworthy of trust. Voltaire and D'Alembert were paid for their praises; and though Ségur may not be obnoxious to the reproach of receiving a bribe in solid money, still there are many ways of influencing an author without resorting to the expedient of greasing his hands with silver rubles. The Cabinet of Petersburg perfectly understands the effect of ribands and orders, diamond rings, and Malachite vases, and has made unscrupulous use of these persuasives to praise, not only in France and Germany, but also in England.

The modern works on Russia are all imperfect. Jones has long been out of date; Frankland is unpardonably silly, shallow, and superficial; Slade, though somewhat more grave and serious, only touches on portions of Russia; Bremner, though fuller, yet speaks with reserve and discretion, as though he had friends and relatives in the country who might be injured by his frankness; and the authoress of 'Letters from the Baltic,' though she writes fluently and in flowing strain, is entitled to no credit whatever. Her work, from beginning to end, is a *pauky* panegyric on Russia, written, perhaps, with the pardonable motive of praising a country which afforded a home and a settlement to some of her Scotch relatives;—but it is not entitled to the least credit as a description of the condition, habits, mode of life, manners, and government of the Russian nation. When we state, as we do, on the authority of the book at present under review, 'that the authoress of the 'Letters from the Baltic' lived in the house of the chief of the secret police during the whole period of her sojourn,' we think we state enough to exclude her testimony from consideration. Loath should we be, indeed, to accuse a lady of deliberate misrepresentation; but without going that length, or any thing like it, we think it very plain that the fair au-

thoress must have been insensibly influenced by the misrepresentations of the unscrupulous functionary under whose roof she had consented to remain a guest. In fact, she saw with the eyes, and heard with the ears, of the *respectable* functionary, her brother-in-law, who had become her host. There remain but the works of Kohl and Custine, both of which have been given to the public in an English dress. The former is a minute and painstaking observer, but he wants vigor and profundity, and that political education in a free state without which no writer, however book-learned he may be, can ever write a perfect work on Russia. The work of Custine is, in every respect, valuable. He has, with the piercing eye of a man of genius, looked through the very core of the Russian system, and detected its canker and rottenness with intuitive quickness. His impressions are almost always correct. He gives them forth in a style forceful, varied, picturesque, and graphic; and it is an attestation at once to his truthfulness and genius, that the author of the 'Revelations of Russia,' who has evidently long lived in the country,—who has studied its history thoroughly, and seen the working of its administrative system in every part,—comes, on the evidence of facts, and of facts alone, exactly to the same conclusions as the polished, elegant, and somewhat fanciful Marquis de Custine. The Russian Embassy and Consulate will, of course, raise a cry against this later work as they did against the work of Custine. Some of our own journalists will perform their allotted tasks with zeal and alacrity, but there is not a material representation in it for which we could not vouch from personal observation, and we rejoice to think that not all the Rigby rhetoric in the civilized world will suffice to rail down the evidence of facts which these volumes supply of the tyranny, the perfidy, and the moral turpitude of the Russian system and government; of the cureless cupidity, corruption, and malversation of her public servants, and of the prostrate and unhappy condition of her sixty millions of slaves.

To the humane and inquiring minds of the people of England, the condition of the inhabitants of the eighth part of the habitable globe, and the one-twelfth of the human race, can never be indifferent; and we do not hesitate to say, that more light is thrown, in these volumes, on the Emperor and his subjects and serfs, on the secret police, the civil police, laws, and tribunals,

the religious persecutions, the military and naval strength of the empire, the commerce, manufactures, and mines, on the region of the Steppe and of the Nomades, on the capitals of Moscow, Novogorod, Kien, and Kasan, on Circassia and Georgia, than in any other work or works with which it has been our good fortune to meet. Whether the fact be, as our author states, that the general dislike entertained towards Russia in England is instinctively true to the national interests, feelings, and position, whether, still to use his words, 'Russia, or at least its cabinet, is the implacable, insidious enemy of British commerce, enterprise, and prosperity,' we will not at present stop to inquire or to determine,—for it is not necessary to the matter in hand that we should do so,—but of this, at least, after reading these volumes, there can be no shadow of the shade of a doubt—namely, that Russia is a power invasive of all human liberties, civil, political, social, and religious.

To the Christian and philanthropist the sufferings of sixty millions of Russian subjects will not be less affecting—they will rather be more heeded, because they are voiceless and hopeless in their misery, without the power of appeal to any human protective sympathy, or, as they are taught, even to any in Heaven, which in their eyes is the accomplice of the power for whose sole advantage they are born, and toil through life, and die.

If these volumes were the production of one who spoke from personal pique and prejudice—of one who, like some expatriated Pole, had wrongs to revenge—we should receive the statements they contain with some grains of doubtful reserve; but the internal evidence of truth which they exhibit—the candor not less than the caution of the author—induce us to afford him a willing, though not too ready credence. It is plain that he speaks without prejudice or passion, and that his volumes are the result of long personal observation, exceeding in extent and minuteness the opportunities afforded to the herd of travellers who generally spend a portion of a winter between Petersburg and Moscow, and then obtrude their crudities on the British public as the result of personal observation. The author of the 'Revelations' distinctly disclaims any prejudice against the Russian nation. He has pointed out many traits in its character which render it amiable in the midst of its degradation. Neither does

he profess to be actuated by any personal antipathy to the Emperor Nicholas, because a long study of his character and acts have taught him, that if he be a more complete tyrant, he is not a worse individual than the average of his predecessors.

The following extract will explain the author's view of the character of the Emperor :—

'The Emperor Nicholas, is a more complete tyrant than any of his predecessors, because he has the power of being so: many successive reigns, like the growth of succeeding years which bring a tree to maturity, have improved and completed the mechanism of a vast engine of levelling oriental despotism, and enabled him to use it with the full light of European science, whilst all his passions and propensities, tending to the acquisition of absolute power, have never diverted him, like his predecessors, from that object. The Emperor Nicholas, has not the brutal instincts of the Tsar Peter the First, any more than his talents; he has not the disordered passions of the lustful Catharine, his grandmother, any more than her brilliant intellect, and her innate liberality; he has not the fitful ferocity of Paul, his murdered sire, any more than his enthusiastic generosity; neither has he the irresolute, impressionable nature of Alexander, his brother and predecessor, nor Alexander's benevolence of intention.

'If the Emperor Nicholas had been born in the place of Peter, he is the man to have shut himself up with his slaves, in the isolation of a Chinese despot, although he might never have cut off heads with his own hand, or presided at the impalement of his enemies. Incapable of the vices of his grandmother, he would never, like her, have turned his imperial palaces into temples of the Venus Meretrix; but he is equally incapable, either of allowing his subjects, like his bold progenetrix, the liberty which did not immediately impede the march of her government, or of conceiving the idea of giving them liberal institutions—a project which the intoxication of her pleasures and successes caused her to postpone until too late, but not to abandon. He is not the man to shoot, for a wager, a female slave working in his garden, like his brother Constantine, any more than to have given up, like Constantine, an empire to dry the tears of a woman. He would not, like Alexander, for the sake of seeing his favorites smile, have allowed them to tyrannize over his subjects on their own account, any more than he would, like Alexander, have wept to see it, any more than he would, like Alexander, have advocated a charter for the French people, although to be given without prejudice to his own autocratic rights, but in sacrilegious precedent against the right divine of princes. On the whole, therefore, Nicholas is neither better nor worse than the average of his predecessors, inclusive of the great Tsar, who first

made Russia European; but he has done, and he bids fair to do, more injury to mankind than all of them put together. Without, perhaps, the genius or the boldness to have ever played more than a very subaltern part in many situations of life, he was peculiarly calculated, when placed by the chances of birth in possession of such power, and at the head of such a system, to push it to its extremest limits. He possesses, besides his singleness of purpose, precisely the quantum of moral courage, of obstinacy, and of intellect, to allow him to use the means in his power, in the most effective manner, to attain this end, and withal the exaggerated self-veneration to induce him to do so. During the nineteen years of his reign, only seven men have been condemned to death, but probably more than in all the united reigns alluded to, have in reality perished by the hands of the executioner. Men, indeed, are not decapitated, impaled, or hanged up by the ribs with hooks, as formerly; but whole companies of Polish prisoners are flogged to death; the knout and plitt, which tear away in strips the muscles from the bone, have been inflicted upon thousands and thousands for political offences, who die within a day or two, or perish on the Siberian journey which inevitably follows. So those have been treated who only refused to change the faith of their fathers on an imperial order.

'We read with horror, that, under the long regency of Biren, twenty thousand individuals were banished to Siberia for political crimes. The Emperor Nicholas, on the lowest computation, has sent on the same weary journey two hundred and fifty thousand—a quarter of a million of individuals. Of these, three-fifths had offended politically, in some direct, or indirect manner.'

This is horrible to read—horrible to think of—but the vice may be more of the system than the man, for the self-deification to which absolute and irresponsible power acting on a limited intellect and selfish heart leads, it is not in the power of human intellect to conceive, or human pen to portray. This emperor who recently appeared among us, all blandness and smiles, is the greatest slave-proprietor in the world—upwards of twenty millions of slaves belonging to his personal domain. Each year he lends money on the slaves of his nobles, and each year he appropriates them as unredeemed pledges. Not only does he trample on the bondsman and the slave, but on his vanquished enemies, the nobility of the Polish nation. In that unhappy land, he has uprooted whole races, and succeeded, according to the author of these volumes and every trustworthy traveller, in extirpating the religious creed of millions. At the very moment at which we write, he seems bent, not only in destroying the nationality, but

the religious faith of Poland, by transplanting its population into Asia. This, however, is not the worst effect of these proceedings, for our author well observes:

'Political violence and cruelties, the mere extirpation of races or of creeds, would be nothing, however, to the condition to which his own subjects are reduced—comparatively nothing; because races are doomed according to the law of nature to perish, and creeds flourish and wither, and, being immaterial, spring again from their ashes. But the dull, monotonous, hopeless, all-pervading oppression to which his subjects are reduced, producing the same moral effect on the human mind, as the slough of his northern bogs on the human frame, sinking into it, blinding the eyes, silencing the tongue, and paralyzing the agglutinated limbs, is infinitely more terrible—doubly terrible, because it is a destiny the sufferers must not only endure, but propagate by foreign conquest, and by the natural re-production and increase of population.'

Such a system destroys all generous, manly feeling. Our readers, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that there is no national interest in Russia; there only the interest of the house of Romanoff prevails. However obvious, therefore, the interests and wishes of the nation, they are always sacrificed to those of the autocrat, who treats Russia as the Duke of Newcastle used to treat East Retford,—i. e., 'does what he likes with his own.' But, notwithstanding this unlimited power, and the unscrupulous use made of it, Russian influence and conquests extend not because of the power she does possess, but of that which she is thought to possess. The influence of Russia, at the courts of Sweden, and Berlin, is thus accounted for:

'The suspicion of his subjects which the late King of Sweden entertained to the last, gave Prussia all the ascendancy at Stockholm, that it was impossible for her to possess in a constitutional country. In Russia, her present sovereign led away by his fears for his Rhenish provinces, and the hope of being able to walk alone when he should have obtained that ascendancy over the petty German states, which he hoped to dispute with Austria, entered into a strict alliance, so repugnant to his natural feelings and personal antipathies, with the Russian cabinet; he has surrendered himself, as Faust, to Mephistopheles; coil after coil winds around him, and compromises his position in that civilized Europe in which he would have wished to play the liberal leader, whilst retaining the power and the sweets of despotism; and its Byzantine craft must smile as it sees the very advantages for which he prostituted his obedience and dignity escaping from his ex-

pectant grasp into its own; for whilst the sovereign of Prussia leaned for support on Nicholas to take a prominent lead amongst the German states, in the visionary hope of uniting and heading a homogeneous German people, Nicholas himself, by marriages, intrigues, and bribes, has made that progress for his own interests, to effect which the Prussian Cabinet sold itself to him.'

Our author divides the Russian people into three great classes; first, the landed aristocracy; second, all those who are, or have been employed by the government; third, the peasantry, whether private serfs, crown serfs, or freed men. Of these three classes, he gives the following description:—

'The first of these classes, more polished than civilized, generally given to licentiousness and extravagance, and crushed by a sense of its humiliating condition, is insignificant by its want of spirit, and numbers, and by the fact of a paramount influence which destroys that which it once possessed over its serfs, and which it has not even the means of counteracting by the dissemination amongst them of such enlarged and liberal ideas as its own comparative civilization might suggest, and which might weaken the power of that arbitrary tyranny which is weighing it down, though without strengthening its own. Its members must, therefore, naturally bear in their hearts a bitter enmity to the oriental despotism which crushes them in the dust. At the close of the late Emperor Alexander's reign, they made a final effort to shake off this galling tyranny, and the numerous secret societies which were conspiring against the imperial authority, included in their ranks some scion of every noble family in the empire, and with each were the hearts and wishes of the stock to which he belonged. These efforts terminated in a hasty and pusillanimously conducted attempt at rebellion on the accession of the present emperor; but he overturned it by his energy, and has since kept his heel upon the throats of the helpless prostrate aristocracy, who attempted to subvert his aristocratic power.'

'This hatred is not, however, perceptible to the casual observations of the traveller; and few lips dare utter it in a state where, Venice-like, the very walls have ears; and it is only on a more intimate acquaintance, that he can catch the accent of those universal curses, 'not loud, but deep.' The conquered nobility may therefore now be considered harmlessly inimical to the imperial crown.'

'The second class—the nobility of office—raised in the very hot-bed of corruption and venality, and divested not only of all public virtue, but of all private honesty, may be considered incapable of a patriotic idea, and can be animated by none but the most selfish feelings, which would naturally lead them to side with the strongest party in the event of a national commotion. The inferior ranks of

this class, which constitute the great bulk of it, have been brought up traditionally to regard the regal power as the most solid and unshakable of human institutions.

'The third of these three great classes into which the Russian nation may be naturally divided, many times more numerous than the other two united, constitutes the bulk, the power, and the name of the Muscovite people. It is composed of a peasantry on whom civilization has yet made no impression, and knowledge thrown no ray of light. For, that a few can read, who are now allowed to read nothing but those prayers which were formerly read to them, and that they are now acquainted with the use of sugar and tobacco, will scarcely invalidate the assertion which we boldly venture to make, that they are as barbarous now as previously to the days of the first Peter; that they are, in fact, identically the same as a century and a half ago, in ideas, in manners, and in costume; as blindly superstitious, as servilely devoted as then; and have only transferred this feeling from their patriarchs and boyars to the person of a single ruler.

'Counting its millions, as this class does, to the thousands of the preceding two, and animated as it is by the blind zeal of barbarism, it lies a ready and tremendous instrument of good or evil, in the hands of one man, to execute his commands with a reckless and fanatical devotion.—This man is the Emperor Nicholas.'

The description of this race is admirable, and to the letter true:

'The type of this class may be seen in every government office. A personage who sits in a coat with the Imperial button, his green or purple velvet collar designating the department to which he is attached; but who beneath this insignia of his rank, eschews a shirt; who wraps his feet in a tattered rag instead of stockings, using his fingers for a pocket-handkerchief, and smelling strongly of *vodtka* (corn-brandy) and onions. He must be addressed as '*vashe blagarodié*,' 'your nobility.' He rejoices in a salary of 15*l.* per annum, and maintains the dignity of the imperial service by unblushingly pocketing a bribe of a grionik, a coin of the value of threepence halfpenny English—without which, if you have occasion to ask him even a question, he will not open his lips: this class of employés are to be found in every grade, from the individual just described up to the minister of the imperial court—whose salary is 4,000*l.* and who is calculated to sell his favors at 100,000*l.* per annum more: they differ indeed in fortune, and in external refinement, but, in point of corruption, venality, and servility, may be unhesitatingly ranked together.'

The real nobility of Russia, however, as contradistinguished from these harpies, has tried hard to adopt the tone, manners, and

external refinement of the society of other countries; and as they are apt and imitative to a certain extent, they often contrive to gloss over the Slavonian savageness with a little European varnish, or more commonly with what we would call the mere 'Plaster of Paris' of politeness; but before you have associated with these hyperborean boyars half a dozen times, you discover that they have no solid instruction, and still less, to use the very phrase of our author, of 'those feelings inherited by other nations from the chivalrous institutions which for so many centuries tempered their feudal darkness, tinging the public mind unconsciously with an admiration for what was noble, an abhorrence of what was base.' In the education of the Russian noble every thing is calculated for show. He is a proficient in music and dancing, and can speak the *Manuel du Voyageur*, in three, four, or five languages by heart; but he is deficient in all solid, useful knowledge—knows nothing at all of classical lore, and is almost always deficient in historical, geographical, and political knowledge. His ambition generally is to imitate the French; but, notwithstanding the appearance of veneering and polish, you cannot be in his company for a week without perceiving, to use the expressive phrase of Madame d'Abantes, the paw of the bear. He is the slave of his own sensualism and crapulousness, spending his nights and days in drinking tokay and champagne, and eating sterlet-pies, and cutlets, at the period when that fish sells extravagantly dear. Five-sixths of his time is spent in playing at cards and dice; at which if he happen to take a dishonorable advantage, the only disgrace is in detection which can in a few months be got over. Fortunes of 10, 20, 30,000*l.* per annum thus, in a few years, utterly disappear, principal and interest, and without as much show as the mere entanglement of the annual revenue would have occasioned in England. In heart and soul the Russian noble is a mere barbarian. In his profusion it is evident that he esteems all things by the money they cost, and not for their intrinsic beauty or excellence. At St. Petersburg and Moscow he will give from one to five guineas a lb. for the celebrated sterlet, a fish not superior to a brill. He will thus often expend fifty guineas on a fish, and have two of them at his table boiled down to soup in oceans of champagne. On the spot where the sterlet is caught,—where it is in perfection,—he

rarely touches it. He purchases tokay at ten guineas a bottle, gives 2,000 guineas for a Cachmere shawl, which he sells a few weeks after for 1,500*l.*: wears cambric shirts, and places the summum bonum of life in perfumes and essences, in expensive jewels, furs, and rings. If he be a man of family and fortune his conversation will amuse you for an hour, for he appears high-bred and gentleman-like; but talk with him for one thousand hours, and the theme is always the same—Champagne, cards, and French actresses. 'Make your way into his confidence,' says the author of the Revelations, 'and learn the nearest wish of his heart, and a hundred to one it is to get rid of his uniform.'

These volumes supply abundant evidence of the wretched social state of Russia. There are few robbers in Russia, says the author, but how many Russians are there who are not thieves? As to the condition of the serf, he is as completely at his master's mercy as any slave has ever been at any period. He can sell him, he can strip him of his property, he can separate families for ever, he can torture him to death:

'It is true,' says the author, 'he must evade the law to do these things; but this evasion entails not even a risk, but merely an additional formality. An ukase forbids, under severe penalties, the sale of any slave without the land to which from protective motives it attaches him; but the owner may let out slaves on a 90 years' lease, to work in the mines of Siberia. The law does not give him the direct right of seizing his slave's property; but he has a thousand ways of extorting it, which he may employ without the necessity of evading the law, since the law gives him absolute disposal of his serf's time and labor. The author has seen a nobleman amuse himself by making his slaves stand for hours on one leg.'

It is a fact generally well known, that some of the wealthiest men, whose word is good for £100,000 on the exchange of Petersburg, are mostly slaves. The proprietor of these slaves can order them into his scullery or kitchen, or send them as swineherds or miners to their village, as well as their children, brought up in all the refinements of luxury.

Our readers have but to open these volumes, to be convinced that servitude exists in the Russian empire with more severity than slavery has ever done between any masters and slaves, not only of the same race, but of the same origin, in any country, or at any period, either in the old world

or the new. The Emperor, the greatest proprietor in the empire, holding twenty millions of serfs, or as much as all his nobles together, is an abolitionist as far as regards the slaves of all other proprietors. If a Russian noble is pressed for money, the government grants mortgage after mortgage, which his extravagance seldom allows him to redeem; and thus his slaves pass away from his control. After having stated these facts, the author shrewdly observes:

'The inquiry naturally suggests itself, when we hear of the efforts the Emperor makes to free these serfs, and couple it with the fact that he is himself so large a slaveholder, why he does not begin by emancipating his own. But how ought we to characterize his vaunted liberality, when on examination we find that in three-fourths of the eventualities which free the slave from the yoke of his private master, he passes directly into the domain of the crown.'

The unblushing venality and corruption of all who wear the Imperial button, and who are employed in any capacity, high or low, in any branch of the administration, is demonstratively set forth in these volumes. From the door of the Emperor's ante-chamber, to the sentinel at his gate, every man is an extortioner and a public robber, and all are united in one vast conspiracy to deceive the only man in the empire who cannot be bribed—the possessor of it. In Russia, every man has his price in money;—the minister, the judge, the general, the admiral, the long list of subordinates, which completes the link of this chain, down to the petty chenoonik, the serjeant, the boatswain, the bontuschnik, and the executioner, must all be included in the censure. From high to low all equally conspire to rob the government by their peculations, and the public by their extortions; making the power (in the very words of the writer under review) with which an arbitrary system invests them down to the last refraction of sub-delegated authority, a matter of notorious purchase. No inhabitant of Western Europe can form an idea of the extent of the universal corruption of Russian employés. This author agrees with Custine in attributing the all-pervading vice to the absence of that chivalric feeling which has influenced all classes in modern Europe. The author's denunciations might be considered too general if he did not cite specific instances. It is thus he introduces the subject:

'The author feels that the reader may consider him as almost too sweeping in the preceding denunciations, until he shall have shown him one of the principal favorites of the Emperor Nicholas—a man whose power exceeds that of half a dozen German princes united; till he has shown him a personage whose name has become celebrated in history, who was many years the intimate friend of one of the first crowned heads in Europe, and is now elevated to one of the most lucrative posts in the empire; till he shows that individual connected with the court, holding his daily levees, and receiving a crowd of contractors, suitors, German tradesmen, French artistes, actresses, and courtesans, with whom he bargains for the amount of the perquisite which is to secure the Imperial custom and his protection; till he has shown a general officer, a judge of one of the highest courts, unblushingly, and in a business-like manner, naming the amount of the bribe he requires; colonels and majors in rank pocketing for the same purpose a five-rouble note (4s. 6d.); a senator giving up his own favorite nephew to the executioner, when half-frozen by spending part of a winter's night under the arch of a bridge, and just escaped from the massacre of the 25th of December, he sought an hour's refuge beneath his roof; and further, though not lastly, till he shows the family of Troubetzkoi, whose claim is more legitimate to the throne of the Tsars than that of the Romanoffs, all licking the dust beneath the Emperor's footsteps, and fawning and flattering, through every humiliation, whilst the head of the house is kept in Siberia, with an unrelenting hate that no suffering of his heroic wife could touch—no length of years or enduring devotion soften.

'It has been asserted that the Emperor, here and there, at long intervals, punishes these malpractices; but almost always the cases he selects, or which come to his notice, are comparatively far from flagrant, and the punishment is utterly useless as a warning. Here are two instances:—A fire took place in Cronstadt, in the summer, and it was found that there was not a horse on the island in which it is situated, although the police-master had for years charged for the keep of a large number; he was degraded to a private sailor. The very instalment of his successor began by the extortion of a bribe.

'Two years ago, the bank surveyor in the mortgaging department was applied to, by an aid-de-camp of the Emperor's, to value a house he intended pledging to the bank. The bank surveyor observed, 'My charge is 2,000 roubles, (£90); pay them down, and I will give a good valuation without looking at the place, otherwise it shall not be valued at all for three weeks,—and undervalued then.' The aid-de-camp reported the affair to the Emperor; the surveyor was sent to the galleys. Three days after, in the same office, a similar demand was made to a fresh applicant.

'A poor nobleman had been carrying on a lawsuit for several years, when he received an intimation from the secretary of the tribunal, that unless he paid over 10,000 roubles (450*l.*) to the president, the case would be decided against him. The unfortunate litigant, who could not raise as many pence, bethought him of applying to Count Benkendorf, the chief of the secret service, whom he had been led to believe was personally anxious to make an example of the delinquents, and who is one of the four or five men holding office in the empire who are deemed incorruptible by the common rumor,—or at least, if the Russians utterly disbelieve in the existence of an unlimited integrity, of whom they say, 'We do not think even such a sum would buy him!' The party referred to offered the count to furnish him with an unquestionable proof the venality of the president of the Court of Appeal; and for that purpose proposed that he should be entrusted with the amount of the bribe demanded. He undertook that these notes should be found on the president's person. The count consented. Since the good old times of the reign of Alexander, neither the secretaries, vice-presidents, nor presidents (the parties who in the courts of law receive all bribes affecting the immediate decision of civil or criminal cases) ever make their bargain, or receive any money, before a third party, their dread of the anger of Nicholas even occasions them to resort to many precautions, formerly not dreamed of; and in this instance the president declined receiving the money in his house, but proposed that the litigant should invite him to dinner at a tavern which he indicated, and there pay over the amount to him. However, the judge's proposition was acceded to; and his host caused an officer of gendarmerie to be stationed in an adjacent closet. The president made his appearance; he signified, by the action of his fingers, that their pecuniary transaction had better precede the gastronomic entertainment: the host gave him over a small roll of bank-notes; the president counted them in a very business-like way, and tossed them into his hat. As this was not yet quite satisfactory, in the hope that his guest would finally transfer the money to his person, his Amphytrion deferred giving the signal for the appearance of the secret police agent, and they sat down to dinner. At this moment some one knocked; it was the president's nephew, come to him with some trifling message from his lady. The judge gave him a brief answer, and bowed him out. At the conclusion of their dinner, he was preparing to depart; he had pulled on his shube, and put his hat upon his head: when on the preconceived signal the officer of gendarmerie rushed into the apartment with an order from Count Benkendorf, whose dictum every dignitary in the empire must obey, to search his person. 'Do not give yourself the trouble to search him,' said the excited nobleman, 'you will find the bank-notes in his hat.' The president smiled

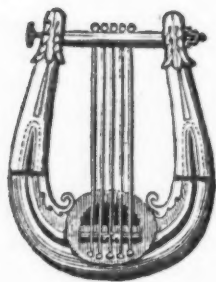
blandly, and took off his hat at once; it was empty. When his nephew went out he had taken up his uncle's hat instead of his own. The judge thus not only avoided the trap laid for him, but secured the bait, and doubly punished the informer: firstly, by deciding the case against him; and, secondly, because, not having substantiated his charge, he was obliged to refund the ten thousand roubles advanced by the police. Can any one doubt that this worthy minister of public justice had received a private hint from Count Beckendorff's officer?"

From these and other instances adduced in these pages, it appears that nine-tenths of the income of official persons is made up by fraud;—that functionaries, from the highest to the lowest, are purchased by hard cash;—nay, that the senate itself three times altered its decision in consequence of the spirited bidding of the parties. Thus was justice openly prostituted, and in a manner put up to sale in the public market. This, however, will seem the less extraordinary when it appears, as it does at p. 118 of the first volume, that a notorious burglar caught in flagrant delict actually turned out to be a member of the senate! Such a system as this is the fruitful parent of every crime, of every baseness, and of every conceivable turpitude. It is therefore not wonderful that the seeds of distrust and deceit are sown in the very social habits, amidst the *lares* and *penates* of this peculating, prostrate, corrupt, yet most suffering people. It is not wonderful that, under such a system, the bridegroom questions (vol. i. p. 171) whether the bride does not consent to be his to worm from him some secret; that a father (vol. i. p. 189) betrays his own son to the police; that more robberies and assassinations are committed in St. Petersburg than in Paris, London, nay, in all the European capitals together, (p. 215;) that the friend runs to the police to betray all his associates, (p. 288;) that the nephew who seeks refuge in the house of his uncle Lanskoi, is given up by that uncle (p. 288;) that an unfortunate lady is hurried off to Siberia, from a ball, in her ball dress, (p. 195;) that a foreign merchant is obliged to pay £8,000 to official persons, not to be harassed in his business, (p. 207;) that the tavern-keepers of Petersburg have from forty to sixty per cent. of their gains wrung from them by the police, (p. 211;) that thieves are taken into custody for thefts which they never committed, (pp. 217, 218;) and men's

tongues cut out for pasquinades which they never wrote, (p. 218;) that a wholesale system of murders is carried on, (p. 219,) in which the lower villains of the police are participant, and that a constant emulation is kept up in crime. These are some of the blessings consequent on an autocratic, irresponsible rule. The very enumeration of them causes the blood to run cold. We confess we can hardly venture to write on them with temperance and moderation; for we cannot think on them without loathing and indignation. That we have exaggerated no statement—set down nothing in malice, will plainly appear from a reference to the pages which we have cited from the first volume. The individual, whoever he be, who has brought these infamies of the Russian system to light deserves well, not alone of England and Englishmen, but of the civilized world. In the second volume, however, there are more important '*Revelations*' concerning the army, navy, and secret police of Russia; but on these we cannot now enter, but must content ourselves with recommending the book to the attentive perusal and consideration of our readers. It is certainly the most copious, correct, and searching account of Russia and her political system, that has hitherto appeared.

‘ON THE ORIGIN OF THE AURORA BOREALIS, by the Rev. G. Fisher.—The author professes to establish the following propositions: “The principal displays of the aurora occur near the edge, or exterior limits of the frozen sea, where the process of congelation goes on with the greatest rapidity. The aurora is an electrical phenomenon, and arises from the positive electricity developed by the congelation of humid vapors and the consequent induced negative electricity of the surrounding portions of dry atmosphere. It is the accompanying indication of the restoration of the electrical equilibrium, which is effected by the intervention and conducting power of minute frozen particles, which particles are rendered luminous by the transmission of the electricity, and thereby gives rise to the phenomenon of the aurora.—*Athenæum*.”

SEA VOLCANO.—On the 18th ult. the ship Victory, Capt Caithness, encountered a remarkable phenomenon in the Mediterranean, lat 36° 40' 55" and long 13° 14' 36"; whilst quite calm, a sudden blast of wind carried off her top-gallant and royal masts, and the gale continuing, the crew were almost choked with sulphurous exhalations and dust, accompanied by intense heat, and the issue of balls of fire from the sea.—*Lit. Gaz.*



THE POET'S SONG TO THE STARS.

Paraphrased from the German of Körner.

O ye that calmly move—
In holy peace above—
Ruled by harmonious love—
Since first the world was new!
Oh, solemn stars of night!
Upon your path of light—
Eternal, pure, and bright—
I speak to you!

While trustingly I gaze
Upon your shining rays,
A tender softness plays
Within my breast and brain.
Sweet stars! I have but three
Fond wishes dear to me,—
Oh, do not let them be
Breath'd forth in vain!

The love that I have known,—
The love I thought my own,—
It fails!—and left alone,
Mine is a joyless lot!
Restore that love which blest
The poet's clinging breast;
This is my first request—
Refuse it not!

And deem it not too hard,
Oh, stars! to grant the bard
One—only one—reward
For all his glowing lays!
The lyre beneath my hand,
Oh, let it but command
In this, my Fatherland,
One voice of praise!

And when death's hour is nigh,
Then swan-like let me die,
And sunwards let me fly,—
A singer pure and true!
When hence I shall depart,
Oh, bear my fervent heart,
From sorrow's piercing dart,
Sweet stars, to you!

ALICIA J. SPARROW.

FRAGMENTS.

The bitterness of death is felt by those
Who lie neglected on a foreign shore,
With no kind eye to watch the pallid brow,
With no sweet voice to speak of hope and heaven,

And of the love that lives beyond the grave!
And those who die by the assassin's hand,
And even those who fall upon the field
Of glorious battle, feel the shock of death—
A fearful shock perchance. But ye who lie
Dying at home, take courage from the thought,
That through the darkened valley love will guide
Thy step until the last dim shade hath fled,
And thou dost wake to life, and light, and joy,
Before the throne of God.

Teach ye the poet this:—to nurse with care
His energies of mind, its healthy powers
Of calm endurance, and its cheerful thoughts
Of hope and love; to sink not though the blight
Seems setting on his heart; to rise again—
Ah! and again—from grief's o'erpowering wave,
And to look upward ever to the stars
Shining above earth's dust.

I saw Time standing by the dark sea-shore,
And casting summer roses on the wave
Fast hastening onwards, past the things of life,
I thought of that fair future promised us
When time no longer is to gather up
Our treasures for the tomb—of those blessed
words,

"There shall be no more sea!"

EMMA B.

HOME AND FRIENDS.

Oh, there's a *power* to make each hour
As sweet as heaven design'd it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
'Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us:
For life hath here no charm so dear
As Home and Friends around us!

We oft destroy the present joy
For future hopes—and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them!
For things *afar* still sweetest are
When youth's bright spell hath bound us:
But soon we're taught that earth hath nought
Like Home and Friends around us!

The friends that speed in time of need,
When Hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken:—

Though all were night; if but the light
 From *Friendship's* altar crown'd us,
 'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this—
 Our Home and Friends around us!
 CHARLES SWAIN.

THE PROGRESS OF A SOUL.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Lit by the Creator's hand,
 By his breath to brightness fanned,
 Weak and scarce discerned at birth,
 Comes the pilgrim soul to earth,
 Shrined within the babe's frail frame,
 Never dreaming whence it came,
 Never dreaming of the powers
 Slumbering in its depths—the seeds
 Of many thoughts, and words, and deeds;
 Never knowing how it feeds;
 Never counting passing hours,
 Yet every hour increased and brightening,
 Every day the bondage tightening
 Which must fetter it while here,
 Wanderer through this darkened sphere.
 Yet, though earthly ties are round it,
 Though the shroud of day hath bound it,
 Still it struggles to be gone,
 On, on, on!

Through the infant's wailing sadness,
 And its gleams of quiet gladness,
 Soon of inward thoughts and feelings
 Come the short but sure revealings.
 When it clasps the offered flower,
 Feeling beauty's thrilling power—
 When its eye will clearly scan
 Common things with look intense—
 Brightened hath the intelligence
 That shall after be the sense
 Of the full-grown, careful man—
 Then it is forever striving
 With Thought's ocean, floating, driving;
 Wondering, with most wondrous glee,
 That such things indeed should be.
 Truths that on the surface lie,
 Seem its own discovery.
 Might it but thus happy stray,
 Ever in this stage delay?
 No! its task must all be done—
 On, on, on!

On! through all the Cloudland wrought
 From dreaming fancy mixed with thought;
 On through all the heavier clouds,
 Where the lightning Passion shrouds;
 Onward still, to the clear air,
 Of cloud, and mist, and tempest bare;
 But is this the soul? Alas!
 What stains of dark and clinging clay—
 What dust has gathered by the way—
 What earthly fire is in its ray?
 It may no farther pass.
Upwards it hath striven till now,
 But its wings are drooping low;
 It cannot bear the clearer space
 That leadeth to a holy place;

In its fallen nature see,
 Vain its strugglings up must be,
 Yet its spirit cannot fly
 From its immortality.

On, on, on! no stop, no rest!
 It is on earth a pilgrim guest
 Not a dweller—all in vain;
Upwards cannot pass the stain
 On its essence! But beside
 The pathway doth a fountain glide.
 Here that saddened pilgrim may
 Wash the darksome stains away,
 And drink from that eternal spring,
 Draughts that shall sustain its wing,
 Till it reach the bright abode
 Of Him who traced its upward road—
 Its Maker and Redeemer—God!
 Where the tree of life doth grow,
 Where the living waters flow,
 It shall rest, no more disturbed;
 No wild passions to be curbed;
 No more struggling to be gone,
 On, on, on!

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

Maiden! we met, we loved, and now we part—
 Ours have been pleasant hours,
 Passed by the sea, or amidst sweetest flowers,
 While heart grew close to heart.
 Ours was no common love, no childish dreaming—
 We spake not of it oft;
 But in our souls we felt it calm and soft,
 And from our eyes 'twas beaming.

And yet we are far different—thy sweet life
 A bright and pleasant rill,
 All beautiful, and pure, and singing still—
 Mine the dark ocean's strife,

Or dead, not calm! The river seeks the sea,
 Pouring its stainless waves
 Into the ocean's deep-embosomed caves—
 So came thy thoughts to me!

We part! yet sweet! we never shall forget
 Each other—many a thing
 Simple and done in carelessness, shall cling
 To memory fondly yet.

Thou wilt remember me whene'er thy thought
 Is fixed on grassy bank,
 Or weedy pond, or water-lily dank,
 That we so dearly sought.

And with the sweet wild thyme, or yellow furze,
 And the full-sounding sea—
 Blended with things like these my form will be,
 When thy dear memory stirs.

I shall remember thee, too—not with flowers,
 For with full many a one,
 Swept from the world, like lightning seen and
 gone,
 I've sat in summer bowers—

Not with the rippling of the stormless wave—
A dearer e'en than thou,
Once watched it with me, and I've buried now
Such memories in Hope's grave.

But when I see a rose in its full prime,
A cloud all pure and bright,
A single star with richer, fuller light
Than most in our cold clime ;

Then I will think of thee, and thy bright eye,
Radiant with happiness—
Then, star-like, shall thy treasured image bless
My dark, chill memory.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY OLIVER SELWYN.

"Dum eris felix multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila solis eris."

I let a man be thought rich and his sky will be
clear ;
All the world will flock round him and bid him
good cheer ;
The doctor will smile, and the squire doff his
hat,
And the ladies will bend, and wave hands, and
all that.

Well to do in the world ? Then of friends you've
no lack ;
You'll daily find cards in the hall—quite a pack—
Invitations to dine, to the social chit-chat,
To the musical soirée, balls, whist, and all that.

Your wife at bazaars will sit down at a stand,
With old *Lady Mouser* upon her right hand ;
Nolens volens, yourself will be clapp'd up at
Public meetings to speak, motions make, and all
that.

You'll be asked for permission your name to put
down
On all the committee lists printed in town.
For the post of C. C. your good friend *Latitat*,
Will say, "You're so fit you must stand," and all
that.

Your wine's the most racy that ever was tasted,
Your game the most *goûtant* that ever was basted ;
Your dog is a model, a dear is your cat,
A cherub your babe—toadies say—and all that.

Now I'll give you a touchstone for testing a
friend—
Try to borrow, solicit some crony to lend ;
Don't you wish you may get it ? he'll call you a
flat !
'Tis the way of the world—you can pocket all
that.

All that, and that's all ! Let adversity come,
And your sky will be clouded, your friends be
struck dumb ;
To Coventry sent, you're a brute or a bore,
If you venture to hint, you'll get that and no
more.

No more dining out ! there's no *dining* alone,
For who calls a *dinner* a crust and a bone ?
Not a rap of your own, you'll get none at your
door,
Excepting *duns' raps*—you'll get them and no
more.

Your actions are passive, you *do* on compulsion,
Your drink is the cooling teetotal emulsion ;
Your wine-bins are empty, you've *nothing* in
store—
There's a rat starv'd to death in your pantry—no
more.

Who now doffs his hat as you pass ? Man,
you're needy !
You know you've "had losses," your broadcloth
is seedy ;
Your *mots* are not quoted, the smiling is o'er,
Your purse is the cause, *that* is sparkling no
more.

Gold's a very good thing, though the love of it's
bad
(I know who'd be better if more gold he had !) ;
But a cord for the cut-purse who cuts you when
poor—
When your gilt is rubbed off—that's the rub !
So no more.

THE GIPSY COUNTESS *—A DUET.

BY MRS CRAWFORD.

Oh ! how can a poor Gipsy maiden like me
Hope to keep the proud heart of a noble like
thee ?
To some bright jewel'd beauty thy vows will be
paid,
And thou wilt forget her, the poor Gipsy maid.

Earl.

Away with that thought ! I am free, I am free
To devote all the love of my spirit to thee ;
Young rose of the wilderness, blushing and
sweet,
All my heart all my fortunes I'll lay at thy feet.

By yon bright moon above !
Gipsy. That can change like man's love ;
Earl. By the sun's constant ray !
Gipsy. That night's tears chase away ;

Earl.

Oh ! never by me shall thy trust be betrayed,
I will love thee for ever, my own Gipsy maid.

Gipsy.

Go, flatterer, go ; I'll not trust to thine art,
Go, leave me, and trifle no more with my heart !
Go, leave me to die in my own native shade,
And betray not the heart of the poor Gipsy
maid.

Earl.

I have lands and proud dwellings, and all shall be
thine ;
A coronet, Hilda, that brow shall entwine ;

* From an old legend.

Thou shalt never have reason my faith to up-
braid,
For a countess I'll make thee, my own Gipsy
maid.

Then fly with me now;
Gipsy. Shall I trust to thy vow?
Earl. Oh, yes! come away;
Gipsy. Wilt thou never betray?

Earl.

No, never by me shall thy trust be betrayed,
And to-morrow I'll wed thee, my own Gipsy
maid!

EARLY FRIENDSHIPS.

BY THE STUDENT.

Where are the friends of earlier years—
The fond, the faithful-hearted—
With whom we shared the smiles and tears
Of days long since departed?

The friends who cheer'd our infant hours,
And childhood's moments brighten'd,
Whose fondness strewed life's path with flowers,
And every sorrow lighten'd—

Oh! *where* are they! The stream of time
Has never ceased its flowing,
But on its breast our manhood's prime
To age is swiftly going.

And swiftly, too, adown that tide
Have passed those friends once round us;
But death's dark stream shall ne'er divide
The links of love that bound us.

No! though the friends of earlier years
Within the tomb are sleeping,
This thought shall dry our falling tears,
This hope shall stay our weeping—

The thought, that when our days are past,
The links death cannot sever
Shall then be made more truly fast
In perfect bliss forever.

PRAY FOR THOSE THOU LOVEST.

BY MRS. ADDY.

"Pray for those thou lovest; thou wilt never have any com-
fort of his friendship for whom thou dost not pray."
Parr.

Yes, pray for those thou lovest—thou mayst
vainly, idly seek
The force of fervid tenderness by feeble words to
speak;
Go, kneel before thy Father's throne, and meek-
ly, humbly there
Ask blessings for the lov'd one in the silent hour
of prayer.

Yes, pray for those thou lovest; if uncounted
wealth were thine,
The treasures of the boundless deep, the riches
of the mine,
Thou couldst not to thy cherish'd friend so dear a
gift impart
As the earnest benediction of a deeply-loving
heart.

Seek not the worldling's friendship, it shall droop
and wane ere long,
In the cold and heartless glitter of the pleasure-
loving throng;
But seek the friend who, when thy prayer for
him shall murmur'd be,
Breathes forth in faithful sympathy a fervent
prayer for *thee*.

And should thy flowery path of life become a
path of pain,
The friendship formed in bonds like these thy
spirit shall sustain;
Years may not chill, nor change invade, nor pov-
erty impair,
The love that grew and flourished at the holy
time of prayer.

THE TWO MAIDENS.*

FIRST MAIDEN.

Sister, sweet sister, why pluck ye the flowers,
That bloom all so bright in the garden bowers,
Where the sunshine of heaven falls light on
their head,
And the dew of the evening is over them shed?

SECOND MAIDEN.

I'll weave thee a coronal for thy hair,
Of these lowly flowrets so fresh and fair.

FIRST MAIDEN.

Sister, sweet sister, oh, weave not now
A wreath to bind on my aching brow,
For I feel in my head such a burning pain,
As a fire within were searing my brain.
Sister, dear sister, oh, bring them not nigh,
Or the flowers will wither, the blossoms die!

SECOND MAIDEN.

I'll make thee a bouquet, so bright and gay,
To wear near thy heart—oh! say me not nay!

FIRST MAIDEN.

Sister, fair sister, 'twould find no rest,
O'er the throbbing pulse of this feverish breast.
It would seem to share in my bosom's strife,
And flutter as though each fair flower had life!
Let them still feel the sunshine, the dew, and the
showers—
Oh, let them not perish, the beautiful flowers!

FLORENCE.

* Suggested by wearing flowers which were
fresh at noonday, yet withered ere night.



SCIENCE AND ART.

A LATIN HEXAMETER MACHINE.—One John Clark, late of Bridgewater, and now of Paddington, for thirteen years has been occupied, as it would seem from the mere sport of the thing, and in a spirit of indifference as to what might be its subsequent use, with the invention of a machine for composing hexameter Latin verses. The invention is stated to be less difficult of realization than might have been expected. The rules of verse, Mr. Clark tells me, the measured syllables and the measured time of dactyls, spondees, trochees, &c., which act as fetters of confinement to the writers of verses and much increase their difficulties, have an opposite effect when applied to a machine;—it being much more practicable to construct one for composing verse than for composing prose. The problem may be compared with that of forming an indefinite number of geometrical figures by a machine; Sir David Brewster succeeded in doing this in *The Kaleidoscope*; and it is this principle, carried out, which the Latin Hexameter Machine illustrates. It is capable of composing about one verse a minute. The actual verses produced in my presence are the following: each, it will be perceived, is complete in itself, and independent of the other:

1. Horrida sponsa reis promittunt tempora densa.
1. Sontia tela bonis causabunt agmina cr-ha.
3. Bellica vota modis promulgant crimina fusca.
4. Aspera pila patet depromunt praelia quædam.
5. Effera sponsa fere confirmant vincula nequam.
6. Barbara tela reis præmonstrant nubila dura.
7. Horrida vota bonis progignunt jurgia crebra.
8. Sontia castra modis prosunt somnia fusca.
9. Trucida regna quidem conquirunt opera cara.

Such are the verses, the mechanical nature of which is evident by their all belonging to the same grammatical formula and scansion. The exterior of the machine resembles in size and shape a small bureau book-case; in the frontispiece of which, through an aperture, the verses appear in succession as they are composed. Since its completion it has never, I understand, repeated the same; and, being capable of several

millions of changes, such an occurrence is not likely to happen. Moreover, though the visible display of the line is effected simply by mechanical movements, the conception of it is not mechanical, but “essentially an imagination only, partaking somewhat of the nature of an arithmetical infinite series.” Each verse is conceived at the precise moment of time when its corresponding geometrical figure is produced by the Kaleidoscope in the machine; every identical verse with its corresponding figure, and every figure with its corresponding verse. Nor can it by any possibility be otherwise. So much for Mr. John Clark’s Latin Hexameter Machine. As I have said, I do not see its immediate utility; but as something curious, it is, perhaps, entitled to take a place with Babbage’s Calculating Machine, and inventions of that class.—*Athenæum*.

THE EUREKA.—The “Eureka,” which is now exhibiting at the Egyptian Hall, as “an extraordinary piece of mechanism,” for the construction of Latin hexameters, will be found, on consideration, to be little better than a mere puzzle, which any school-boy might perform by a simpler process. On analyzing the verses produced, it will be seen that every one of them consists of six words, that each word is adapted, by its prosodial and grammatical construction to one certain position in the verse; and that every Latin word similarly constructed can be dovetailed into that particular part of the verse for which it is formed, without violating prosody, grammar, or even sense. I will take four of the verses produced by this machine as illustrative of my position:—

- | | | | | | |
|---------|-------|-------|------------|---------|--------|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| Aspera | fræna | cito | promittunt | nubila | mæsta. |
| Lætida | verba | malis | corradunt | vincula | dura. |
| Bellica | facta | domi | prænarant | tempora | fusca. |
| Impia | sacra | focis | cepiant | fulgura | mira. |

All the verses exhibited are of the same metrical construction; and, from these four examples, it will be seen that the first word is uniformly a dactyl, and an adjective of the neuter plural; the

second word, a trochee, and a substantive of the same gender and number, always beginning with a consonant; the third, an iambic, of an adverbial signification; the fourth, a verb of the third person plural, consisting of three long syllables; the fifth and sixth, a dactyl and spondee, of similar construction with the first and second words, and with which they can be transposed without altering the structure of the verse. Now for the experiments. Of the above four verses write down the twenty-four words on as many loose slips of paper, numbering their respective places in the line from 1 to 6; and at every transposition of the slips, you will produce a new verse correct in grammar and prosody, though sometimes equivocal in sense. Increase the number of words, similarly formed, to twenty or thirty for each line; and you will then have the means of forming some thousands of hexameter lines, as fast as you can shuffle and distribute the slips, without the probability of the same verse ever recurring a second time. For school-boys and Latin students, it may be a very curious and instructive amusement,—but nothing more. It is on this simple principle, and not by letters, as affirmed, that the “Eureka” constructs its verse; which can be as readily performed in the way I have described, as by the machine. Yours, &c.,
—*Athenæum*. P. A. NUTTALL.

MODEL OF THE MOON—Sir John Herschel, in the British Association, exhibited and enlarged upon the exceedingly beautiful model of the moon, the work of a female amateur astronomer. The figures of the mountains in relief were all taken by micrometrical measurements, and their precision in the model was most marvellous: the material employed was a composition of mastic and wax. In speaking of the atmosphere of the moon, Sir John Herschel again referred to the probable altered character of the heat reflected from the moon. He said, that during a fortnight's unmitigated day the moon must grow immensely hot, but that we had no experiments to show this, and probably, though the heat may not be in a condition to penetrate our atmosphere, yet it may tend to clear it. He did not insist upon this, but thought it highly probable, and instanced in support of this view the remarkable quantity of clear sky prevailing just about full moon. The effect of this strong heat must be to evaporate all water; and if any remain, it must exist on the hinder part, and perhaps in the state of ice. Besides several other prominent and well-known mountains, Sir John pointed out Aristarchus, which glows at different times with a peculiar reflection, and which has been repeatedly mistaken for a volcano. A great many streaks down its sides are visible: these are not lava-streams, but lava-cracks filled with other matter. This and other peculiarities of the lunar craters resemble those of our earth, and reference was especially made for proof to the Baron Walter-hausen's map of Etna.

The Baron said that in the moon there were two different systems of mountains: 1. mountain chains, not so extensive as those of the earth; 2. craters elliptic and circular, larger and more perfectly constructed. He pointed out the perfect analogies between the lunar and terrestrial volcanic formations, and especially the cracks men-

tioned by Sir J. Herschel. They were numerous on Etna, and filled with black hornblende. He supposed those of Aristarchus, the white streams, were feldspar.—*Lit. Gaz.*

SINGULAR PHENOMENON—At the last meeting of the British Association, Sir D. Brewster described the existence of crystals in the cavities of topaz, which melted under the influence of heat. In pursuing this investigation, he observed a phenomenon produced by heat of the most novel and surprising kind, and one which he felt himself utterly unable to explain. Upon the first application of heat, one or two of the crystals leaped from their resting-place, and darted to the opposite side of the cavity. In a few seconds the others quitted their places, one after the other, performing the most rapid and extraordinary rotations. One crystal joined another, and four of them thus united revolved with such rapidity as completely to efface their respective shapes. They separated on the withdrawal of the heat, and took the position which their gravity assigned to them. Prisms also performed the same rotation; and the small crystals have been driven between the inclined edges of the cavity. The pyro-electricity of topaz suggests itself as a moving power: it may produce attractions and repulsions, or certain motions in straight lines; but how could it turn a crystal on its axis? The experiments of Libri and Fresnel on the repulsions which heated bodies exert upon each other at sensible distances, afford but little aid. They may assist to account for the mere displacement of the crystals by the application of heat, or for their sudden start from their places of rest, but they do not supply a force fitted to give and to sustain a rapid rotatory movement. Why the crystals rotate is not known.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PAGING MACHINE—A machine designed to page account books has been recently patented by Mr. W. Shaw, of Liverpool. The machine, which occupies a space less than three feet square, is so constructed as to number the pages of a book, whether bound or unbound, progressively, from one to ten thousand;—the simple movement of a lever performing the combined operations of taking and distributing ink, transferring the same to the figures, making the impression, and changing the figures to the succeeding number. The machine, it should be remarked, is equally applicable to the numbering of bank notes, and railway tickets.—*Athenæum*.

PROFESSOR BUCKLAND'S HYENA—Professor Buckland has had for some time in his possession the bones of an animal discovered in a cave. He believes them to be those of the hyena; but not being quite certain on the point, we must presume, he bespoke the skeleton of an old hyena, now in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and which became the property of Mr. Cross more than thirty years ago, in order that he may compare his bones with those found in the cave. The old hyena is, however, perverse, and will not die to gratify Professor Buckland. The Professor called at the Gardens some short time since to inquire after his subject; he found him alive and healthy. “He may survive myself,” said the Professor; and thus it may be that a great geological theory is kept in suspense by the perverse vitality of an old hyena.—*Spectator*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

Amarakosha; ou Vocabulaire d'Amarasinha, publié en Sanscrit, avec une Traduction Française, des Notes, un Index et des Vocabulaires. Par A. Loiseleur Deslongchamps. Seconde Partie. Paris, Duprat.

THOSE who take an interest in Sanscrit literature will see with pleasure that the second part of the 'Amarakosha' has at last made its appearance. It contains the Index and the Sanscrit and French Vocabularies to that important lexicographical work, the publication of which its learned editor has survived but a few days.

The value which every Sanscrit scholar attaches to the 'Amarakosha' renders a detailed account of the work superfluous, its merits have long been acknowledged; to lay them before the uninitiated would be an useless and ungrateful task; and nothing remains but to lament that the man who has bestowed on Indian literature this judicious and well-timed edition of a standard work, should have been called away from his friends and his labors in the prime of his manhood and the dawn of his fame.

Auguste Louis Armand Loiseleur Deslongchamps was born at Paris, on the 14th of August 1805. Destined to the medical profession, in which his bereaved father enjoys a high reputation, he passed the earlier part of his academical career in the study of botany and the other branches of Natural Philosophy, subservient to the science of Medicine. He soon, however, turned his attention to the Oriental languages. He learnt Persian and Arabic, and in 1825 he began to read Sanscrit with the late De Chézy. As early as 1830, a new edition of 'The Laws of Manu' appeared at Paris under his superintendence, accompanied by a judicious selection of notes. In 1833, he published the French translation of the Code, which he elucidated to the general reader by annotations of considerable value. In the mean time, viz. in 1832, he obtained an appointment in the Manuscript Department of the Bibliothèque du Roi, where his services proved as valuable as they were well appreciated, and his remarkable talents procured him as many admirers as he gained friends by his amiable temper. The work which he next published is conspicuous among others of the same kind for the extent of research and erudition it displays; indeed the 'Essai sur les Fables Indiennes et sur leur Introduction en Europe,' which appeared in 1838, fully established the reputation of its author. This was followed by a new edition of Galland's translation of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' to which he added numerous notes, and appended the Contes Turcs, translated by Petis de la Croix. The last labor to which he devoted his energies was the revision of the text and a French translation of the 'Amarakosha,' the first part of which appeared in the last days of December 1839. On the 9th of January 1840 he breathed his last. He died of consumption.

This notice of his life is extracted from his minute biography by M. Dubeux, which accompanies the volume before us, and to which the portrait of the deceased is a welcome addition. There is also an advertisement of his father concerning the delay in the publication of the second

part, for which he states we are indebted to the indefatigable industry of the well-known translator of the 'Harivansa,' M. Langlois.—*Athenæum*.

The Physiology of the Human Voice; being a Treatise on the Natural Powers of the Vocal Organ, pointing out the difference between the speaking and singing Quality of Tone, and giving Laws for the proper production of the Musical Voice, from its lowest to its highest Pitch. By F. Romer. 8vo, pp. 68. London, Leader and Cock.

We would wish to call the attention of physiologists, as well as of the musical world, to this curious essay, the object of which is fully expressed in the title-page. We do not feel ourselves quite competent to give an opinion upon so abstruse a subject; in which the sciences of anatomy, physiology, acoustics, and music, are all brought to bear upon the points mooted. We are satisfied, however, by a perusal of the work, that the best and latest authorities have been consulted and carefully digested before Mr. Romer has ventured to put forth views which he has long entertained, and which appear to present quite a new field in the art of teaching. Mr. R. argues that the larynx and glottis are not the sole points which produce the musical tones of the voice; while his explanation of the said musical voice, as distinguished from the speaking voice, being a vibrated column of air, depending upon the openness of the tube, alone indicates what a change such considerations are calculated to induce in the system of vocal tuition.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, accompanied by a geological map, sections, and diagrams, and figures of the organic remains. By P. E. De Strzelecki. Octavo, pp. 462. Longman & Co.

This, so far as we are aware, is the first systematic and complete Natural or Physical history of the great southern region which has lately been added to the civilized world. The circumstance of its being given to us by a foreigner is of no significance whatever; science being happily a cosmopolite. The author has been a traveller and voyager round the globe for twelve years, several of which have been devoted to Australia, in exploring which he seems to have been subjected to considerable peril. In these countries he made a tour of seven thousand miles on foot. The work opens with a retrospective view of what others have already done in surveying New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, in their different Physical aspects; and proceeds, through distinct sections, to treat of their *geology* and *mineralogy*, *climatology*, their fossils, and existing *flora* and *fauna*, and with notices on the state of the aborigines, concludes with a view of the condition and prospects of colonial agriculture, and of the yet undeveloped or untouched natural resources of the great Southern Lands. What is to be expected from a country into which the first ram was imported a little more than thirty years since, and which has now nine millions of sheep! Our author goes deeper into the subject than most casual observers, when he ascribes the sad reverses, the total ruin of so many emigrant settlers, not to natural obstacles or im-

pediments, but to the perilous facilities offered to those seeking for a short and easy cut to fortune. These reverses, he remarks, "need create no alarm in those interested in the future progress of the colony. The easy, quiet, smooth way of passing through life is incompatible with the race to which the settlers of Australia belong. Difficulty of position, labor, anxiety, hard struggles, and all the tear and wear of life, are the elements in which that race thrives, and in which the Anglo-Australians will not fail to thrive likewise, and to work out their own prosperity in the truly national way." We recommend this work to all interested in the prosperity of the Australian colonies, or in science for its own sake, and regret that we cannot more fully indicate its character.—*Tait's Magazine*.

Photography made Easy; a Practical Manual, By a Practical Chemist and Photographer.

The date affixed to the introduction of this little work is "July 1845," and the same date is evidenced in the text of the manual by a relation of the most recently suggested improvements in manipulation. In proof of the truth of the date, as to the former, we may refer the judicious comments of the writer on the "injustice and validity of the patent," especially in reference to the still pending proceedings, "*Beard vs Egerton*;" and as to the latter, to Sir David Brewster's improved method of taking positive Talbotypes. Photography is truly made easy, clearly and comprehensively, and this will bring the manual into general favor.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Inquiry into the Probable Causes of the Continued Prevalence and Fatality of Small-Pox. By James Stark, M.D. F.R.S.E. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh.

The increase and fatality of small-pox is an acknowledged fact, and the cause, it is equally clear, is neglect of vaccination. Before the introduction of vaccination, between forty thousand and fifty thousand of the population of Great Britain and Ireland were annually cut off by this scourge of the human race; but it is more astounding to learn, that of late years nearly half that number have died from natural small-pox, in consequence of the culpable neglect of the preventive measure of vaccination; for Dr. Stark exposes, and we think quite satisfactorily, the antiquated fallacy of the vaccine matter in the lapse of years losing its original properties. His pamphlet is the result of an extensive and careful examination of medical and statistical reports; the word statistic being now generally applied to medical details, as to every thing else. His tables show, that wherever vaccination has been introduced, it has fallen into neglect, and in no situation more than in the British dominions. Even in Edinburgh, a city teeming with medical practitioners, and medical institutions and charities, it is inferred that one half of the population is unvaccinated, and affirmed that the number vaccinated cannot exceed two-thirds. In this condition of the population—and the same thing applies to the whole of Great Britain and Ireland,—Dr Stark contemplates the probable breaking out of the disease among the lower classes as a virulent epidemic, extending its ravages to every rank of society, and even not a few of

those who are protected by vaccination. With this certainly by no means improbable consequence in view, he raises a warning voice, and exhorts individuals of the influential classes, for their own sakes, if no other motive is sufficient, to lend their aid to banish this pest from the British Islands. The faults or deficiencies of the Vaccine Act are pointed out; which yet, in spite of its defects, is a useful measure, and ought to be immediately extended, in an improved form, to Scotland. It has been found that the power placed in the Poor-Law guardians, who, by the act, are authorized to contract for the vaccination of the poor, has failed of the desired object; as the law has been in operation for several years, and in the course of the last year no fewer than eighteen hundred and four died of natural small-pox in the metropolis alone. This number is nearly equal to that of the average deaths from this disease before vaccination had been heard of. In brief, unless our rulers and legislators believe that there are too many of us, that we increase too fast, and tolerate small-pox as an auxiliary to some of their emigration or other schemes, the subject demands their early attention; and in this pamphlet they will find the case fully, yet succinctly made out, and clearly stated. So is the collateral fact—the foundation, indeed, of the whole question—that vaccination, as already known and practised, affords as perfect a protection against small-pox as it is possible to obtain—an immunity as complete as if the individual had passed through small-pox in the natural form. This is proved by a tabular statement drawn from various and remote sources. But these tables speak for themselves, and, merely referring to them, we shall mention some of the hints which Dr. Stark throws out for improving the Vaccine Act. He considers one of its best existing provisions making the practice of small-pox inoculation penal. He says:

Every one who reflects on the subject, but especially on the statistical facts brought forward for the first time in this paper as to the state of our population with respect to vaccination, must be convinced that some more efficient measures must be used in order to secure the people from the ravages of small-pox. This could only be done efficiently by passing an act obliging every medical practitioner, or midwife who attends the birth of a child, to see that child vaccinated, or give a satisfactory reason, such as the refusal of the parents, for its non-performance. In order to carry such a measure into effect, it would be necessary to have a salaried officer under Government, to whom regular monthly, quarterly, or half-yearly returns, should be directed to be made from all such practitioners and midwives, under a severe penalty; and this Government officer should be bound to return to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and publish annually a list of the number of births and vaccinations, with such other particulars as might be desirable. This officer should also be a director or superintendent of a central Vaccine establishment in the metropolis, where a constant supply of vaccine virus should be kept up, and transmitted to applicants in all parts of the kingdom. Three such officers would be required, and three such central Vaccine establishments—one in London, one in Dublin, and one in Edinburgh; and if we reflect that such means would undoubtedly have the effect of efficiently propagating the ben-

efits of vaccination, and consequently producing an annual saving of from 15,000 to 20,000 lives, all will admit that an annual grant of £5000 or £6000, which would probably cover the expenses of such establishments, would be well bestowed.

The subject is well worth the attention of the Legislature, and Dr. Stark deserves praise, both for the object, and the execution, of his inquiry; although, until a few of the First-born of Egypt are swept away by small-pox during some virulent epidemic, Wisdom will, too probably, lift up her voice in vain.—*Tait's Magazine*.

The Chemistry of Vegetable and Animal Physiology. By Dr. G. J. Mulder. Translated from the Dutch. Part I.

So far as it can be judged of by a fragment like the present, this work promises to be a very valuable contribution to zoo-chemistry. The science is one the importance of which is universally admitted; and one, too, of whose fundamental principles and laws we are as yet profoundly ignorant. With regard to the very first principle in the science—are the molecular forces of inorganic nature sufficient to explain the phenomena of organized being; or are we entitled from these phenomena to deduce the existence in the latter of a peculiar force, superseding or modifying those of the former—chemists and physiologists are at issue alike with each other, and among themselves. Dr. Mulder adopts the first, and we believe the less prevalent, of these views; and shows with much originality and clearness, how entirely unwarranted by facts is the assumption of a so-called vital force; and how perfectly adequate the chemical forces of inorganic nature are to achieve the most complex phenomena of animal and vegetable life. The present portion of the work is for the most part introductory; treating of these chemical forces, and of the atmosphere, water and the soil, in their general relations to organic nature. Till the specific applications of the views propounded are before us, it were premature to pronounce any judgment more special than this—that the author exhibits qualifications for his task of no common order; possesses much of that openness of mind, without which the man who searches into nature will find only himself and his prejudications; and of that fearlessness of speculation which, when conjoined, as in him, with accuracy of observation and fidelity of induction, has been the true instrument of human discovery.

The translation bears marks of being faithfully executed; though we must regret that clearness should not unfrequently be sacrificed in the attempt to preserve the construction and idioms of the original. Occasionally, too, manifest errors of rendering occur—as, for instance, one of the sections is headed, 'Apparent quiescence of the forces during combination;' the true reading evidently being, 'Apparent rendering quiescent, or neutralization of the forces by combination.'

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THE GREAT RAILWAY BRIDGE, VALLEY OF THE RHINE, 1851.

